THE

SPEAKER;

OR,

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

SELECTED FROM THE

BEST ENGLISH WRITERS,

AND DISPOSED UNDER PROPER HEADS,

With a View to facilitate the IMPROVEMENT of

YOUTH

In Reading and Speaking.

To which is prefixed an ESSAY on

ELOCUTION,

ALSO AN ESSAY ON

READING WORKS OF TASTE.

By W. ENFIELD, LL. D.

Oculos, paulum tellure moratos,
Sustulit ad proceres; expectatoque resolvit
Ora sono: nec abest facundis gratia dictis. OVID

A NEW EDITION CORRECTED.

London:
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS; BY LOCHHEAD AND GRACIE.

1801.

CHAP. XXII. Macbeth's Soliloquy. *ibid.* 335
——XXIII. Macduff, Malcolm, and Roffe. *ib.* 336
——XXIV. Antony's Soliloquy over Cæfar's Body. *ibid.* 338
——XXV. Antony's Funeral Oration over Cæfar's Body. *ibid.* 339
——XXVI. The Quarrel of Brutus and Caffius *ibid.* 341
——XXVII. Othello and Iago. *ibid.* 344
——XXVIII. Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage *ibid.* 349
——XXIX. Hamlet and Ghoft. *ibid.* ---
——XXX. Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death. *ibid.* 352
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AN ESSAY

AN ESSAY

ON

ELOCUTION.

Much declamation has been employed to convince the world of a very plain truth, that to be able to ſpeak well is an ornamental and uſeful accompliſhment. Without the laboured panegyrics of ancient or modern orators, the importance of a good elocution is ſufficiently obvious. Every one will acknowledge it to be of ſome conſequence, that what a man has hourly occaſion to do, ſhould be done well. Every private company, and almoſt every public aſſembly affords opportunities of remarking the difference between a juſt and graceful, and a faulty and unnatural elocution; and there are few perſons who do not daily experience the advantages of the former, and the inconveniences of the latter.—The great difficulty is, not to prove that it is a deſirable thing to be able to read and ſpeak with propriety, but to point out a practicable and eaſy method by which this accompliſhment may be acquired.

Follow Nature, is certainly the fundamental law of Oratory, without a regard to which, all other rules will only produce affected declamation, not juſt elocution. And ſome accurate obſervers, judging perhaps, from a few unlucky ſpecimens of modern eloquence, have concluded that this is the only law which ought to be preſcribed; that all artificial rules are uſeleſs; and that good ſenſe, and a cultivated taſte, are the only requiſites to form a good public ſpeaker.—But it is true in the art of ſpeaking, as well as in the art of living, that general precepts are of little uſe till they are unfolded, and applied to particular caſes. To obſerve the various ways by which nature ex-

preſſes the ſeveral perceptions, emotions, and paſſions of the human mind, and to diſtinguiſh theſe from the mere effect of arbitrary cuſtom or falſe taſte; to diſcover and correct thoſe tones, and habits of ſpeaking, which are groſs deviations from nature, and as far as they prevail muſt deſtroy all propriety and grace of utterance: and to make choice of ſuch a courſe of practical leſſons, as ſhall give the ſpeaker an opportunity of exerciſing himſelf in each branch of elocution: all this muſt be the effect of attention and labour; and in this much aſſiſtance may certainly be derived from inſtruction. What are rules or leſſons for acquiring this or any other art, but the obſervations of others, collected into a narrow compaſs, and digeſted in a natural order, for the direction of the unexperienced and unpractiſed learner? And what is there in the art of ſpeaking, which ſhould render it incapable of receiving aid from precepts?

PRESUMING then, that the acquiſition of the art of ſpeaking, like all other practical arts, may be facilitated by rules, I proceed to lay before my readers, in a plain didactic form, ſuch rules reſpecting elocution, as appear beſt adapted to form a correct and graceful ſpeaker.

RULE I.

Let your ARTICULATION *be* DISTINCT *and* DELIBERATE.

A GOOD Articulation conſiſts in giving a clear and full utterance to the ſeveral ſimple and complex ſounds. The nature of theſe ſounds, therefore, ought to be well underſtood; and much pains ſhould be taken to diſcover and correct thoſe faults in articulation, which, though often aſcribed to ſome defect in the organs of ſpeech, are generally the conſequence of inattention or bad example. Many of theſe reſpect the ſounding of the conſonants. Some cannot pronounce the

the letter *l*, and others the ſimple ſounds *r*, *s*, *th*, *ſh*; others generally omit the aſpirate *h*. Theſe faults may be corrected, by reading ſentences, ſo contrived as often to repeat the faulty ſounds; and by guarding againſt them in familiar converſation.

OTHER defects in articulation regard the complex ſounds, and conſiſt in a confuſed and cluttering pronunciation of words. The moſt effectual methods of conquering this habit, are, to read aloud paſſages choſen for that purpoſe (ſuch for inſtance as abound with long and unuſual words, or in which many ſhort ſyllables come together) and to read at certain ſtated times, much ſlower than the ſenſe and juſt ſpeaking would require. Almoſt all perſons, who have not ſtudied the art of ſpeaking, have a habit of uttering their words ſo rapidly, that this latter exerciſe ought generally to be made uſe of for a conſiderable time at firſt: for where there is a uniformly a rapid utterance, it is abſolutely impoſſible that there would be a ſtrong emphaſis, natural tones, or any juſt elocution.

AIM at nothing higher, till you can read diſtinctly and deliberately.

> LEARN to ſpeak ſlow, all other graces
> Will follow in their proper places.

RULE II.

Let your PRONUNCIATION be BOLD and FORCIBLE.

AN inſipid flatneſs and langour is an almoſt univerſal fault in reading; and even public ſpeakers often ſuffer their words to drop from their lips with ſuch a faint and feeble utterance, that they appear neither to underſtand nor feel what they ſay themſelves, nor to have any deſire that it ſhould be underſtood or felt by their audience. This is a fundamental fault: a ſpeaker without energy, is a lifeleſs ſtatue.

IN order to acquire a forcible manner of pronoun-

cing your words, inure yourſelf, while reading to draw in as much air as your lungs can contain with eaſe, and to expel it with vehemence in uttering thoſe ſounds which require an emphatical pronunciation; read aloud in the open air, and with all the exertion you can command; preſerve your body in an erect attitude while you are ſpeaking; let all the conſonant ſounds be expreſſed with full impulſe or percuſſion of the breath, and a forcible action of the organs employed in forming them; and let all the vowel-ſounds have a full and bold utterance. Practiſe theſe rules with perſeverance, till you have acquired ſtrength and energy of ſpeech.

But in obſerving this rule, beware of running into the extreme of vociferation. We find this fault chiefly among thoſe, who, in contempt and deſpite of all rule and propriety, are determined to command the attention of the vulgar. Theſe are the ſpeakers, who, in Shakeſpear's phraſe, "offend the judicious hearer to the ſoul, by tearing a paſſion to rags, to very tatters, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings." Cicero compares ſuch ſpeakers to cripples who get on horſeback becauſe they cannot walk: they bellow becauſe they cannot ſpeak.

RULE III.

Acquire a COMPASS and VARIETY in the height of your VOICE.

THE monotony ſo much complained of in public ſpeakers, is chiefly owing to the neglect of this rule. They generally conduct themſelves with one certain key, which they employ on all occaſions, and on every ſubject; or if they attempt variety, it is only in proportion to the number of their hearers, and the extent of the place in which they ſpeak; imagining, that ſpeaking in a high key is the ſame thing as ſpeaking loud; and not obſerving, that whether a ſpeaker ſhall be

be heard or not, depends more upon the diſtinctneſs and force with which he utters his words, than upon the height at which he pitches his voice.

But it is an eſſential qualification of a good ſpeaker, to be able to alter the height, as well as the ſtrength and the tone of his voice, as occaſion requires. Different ſpecies of ſpeaking require different heights of voice. Nature inſtructs us to relate a ſtory, to ſupport an argument, to command a ſervant, to utter exclamations of anger or rage, and to pour forth lamentations and ſorrows, not only with different tones, but different elevations of voice. Men at different ages of life, and in different ſituations, ſpeak in very different keys. The vagrant, when he begs; the ſoldier, when he gives the word of command; the watchman, when he announces the hour of the night; the ſovereign, when he iſſues his edict; the ſenator, when he harangues; the lover, when he whiſpers his tender tale; do not differ more in the tones which they uſe, than in the key in which they ſpeak. Reading and ſpeaking, therefore, in which all the variations of expreſſion in real life are copied, muſt have continual variations in the height of the voice.

To acquire the power of changing the key on which you ſpeak at pleaſure, accuſtom yourſelf to pitch your voice in different keys, from the loweſt to the higheſt notes you can command. Many of theſe would neither be proper nor agreeable in ſpeaking; but the exerciſe will give you ſuch a command of voice, as is ſcarcely to be acquired by any other method. Having repeated this experiment till you can ſpeak with eaſe at ſeveral heights of the voice; read, as exerciſes on this rule, ſuch compoſitions as have a variety of ſpeakers, or ſuch as relate dialogues, obſerving the height of voice which is proper to each, and endeavouring to change them as nature directs.

In the ſame compoſition there may be frequent occaſion to alter the height of the voice, in paſſing from one part to another, without any change of perſon. Shakeſpear's "All the World's a Stage," &c. and his deſcription of the Queen of the Fairies, affords exam-

ples of this. Indeed, every ſentence which is read or ſpoken, will admit of different elevations of the voice in different parts of it; and on this chiefly, perhaps entirely, depends the *melody* of pronunciation.

RULE IV.

PRONOUNCE your words with PROPRIETY and ELEGANCE.

IT is not eaſy to fix upon any ſtandard, by which the propriety of pronunciation is to be determined. Mere men of learning, in attempting to make the etymology of words the rule of pronunciation, often pronounce words in a manner, which brings upon them the charge of affectation and pedantry. Mere men of the world, notwithſtanding all their politeneſs, often retain ſo much of their provincial dialect, or commit ſuch errors both in ſpeaking and writing, as to exclude them from the honour of being the ſtandard of accurate pronunciation. We ſhould perhaps look for this ſtandard only among thoſe who unite theſe two characters, and with the correctneſs and preciſion of true learning, combine the eaſe and elegance of genteel life. An attention to ſuch models, and a free intercourſe with the polite world, are the beſt guards againſt the peculiarities and vulgariſms of provincial dialects. Thoſe which reſpect the pronunciation of words are innumerable. Some of the principal of them are: omitting the aſpirate *h* where it ought to be uſed, and inſerting it where there ſhould be none; confounding and interchanging the *v* and *w*; pronouncing the dipthong *ou* like *au* or like *oo*, and the vowel *i* like *oi* or *e*; and cluttering many conſonants together without regarding the vowels. Theſe faults, and all others of the ſame nature, muſt be corrected in the pronunciation of a gentleman who is ſuppoſed to have ſeen too much of the world, to retain the peculiarities of the diſtrict in which he was born.

RULE

RULE V.

Pronounce every word conſiſting of more than one ſyllable with its proper ACCENT.

THERE is a neceſſity for this direction, becauſe many ſpeakers have affected an unuſual and pedantic mode of accenting words, laying it down as a rule, that the accent ſhould be caſt as far backwards as poſſible; a rule which has no foundation in the conſtruction of the Engliſh language, or in the laws of harmony. In accenting words, the general cuſtom and a good ear are the beſt guides: only it may be obſerved, that accent ſhould be regulated, not by any arbitrary rules of quantity, but by the number and nature of the ſimple ſounds.

RULE VI.

In every ſentence diſtinguiſh the more ſignificant words by a natural, forcible, and varied EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS points out the preciſe meaning of a ſentence, ſhows in what manner one idea is connected with, and riſes out of another, marks the ſeveral clauſes of a ſentence, gives to every part its proper ſound, and thus conveys to the mind of the reader the full import of the whole. It is in the power of emphaſis to make long and complex ſentences appear intelligible and perſpicuous. But for this purpoſe it is neceſſary that the reader ſhould be perfectly acquainted with the exact conſtruction and full meaning of every ſentence which he recites. Without this it is impoſſible to give thoſe inflections and variations to the voice, which nature requires: and it is for want of this previous ſtudy, more perhaps than from any other cauſe, that we ſo often hear perſons read with an improper emphaſis, or with no emphaſis at all, that is, with a ſtupid monotony. Much ſtudy and

and pains are neceſſary in acquiring the habit of juſt and forcible pronunciation; and it can only be the effect of cloſe attention and long practice, to be able, with a mere glance of the eye, to read any piece with *good emphaſis and good diſcretion.*

It is another office of Emphaſis to expreſs the oppoſition between the ſeveral parts of a ſentence, where the ſtyle is pointed and antithetical. Pope's Eſſay on Man, and his Moral Eſſays, and the Proverbs of Solomon, will furniſh many proper exercises in this ſpecies of ſpeaking. In ſome ſentences the antitheſis is double, and even treble; theſe muſt be expreſſed in reading, by a very diſtinct emphaſis on each part of the oppoſition. The following inſtances are of this kind:

Anger may glance in the breaſt of a wiſe man; but reſts only in the boſom of fools.

An angry man who ſuppreſſes his paſſion, thinks worſe than he ſpeaks: and an angry man that will chid, ſpeaks worſe than he thinks.

Better to reign in Hell, than ſerve in heaven.

He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She brought an angel down.

Emphasis likewiſe ſerves to expreſs ſome particular meaning not immediately ariſing from the words, but depending upon the intention of the ſpeaker, or ſome incidental circumſtance. The following ſhort ſentence may have three different meanings, according to the different place of the Emphaſis: Do *you* intend to go to *London this Summer?*

In order to acquire a habit of ſpeaking with a juſt and forcible emphaſis, nothing more is neceſſary than previouſly to ſtudy the conſtruction, meaning, and merit of every ſentence, and to adhere as nearly as poſſible to the manner in which we diſtinguiſh one word from another in converſation; for in familiar diſcourſe we ſcarcely ever fail to expreſs ourſelves emphatically, and ſeldom place the emphaſis improperly.

perly. With respect to artificial helps, such as distinguishing words and clauses of sentences by particular character or marks; I believe it will always be found, upon trial, that they mislead instead of assist the reader, by not leaving him at full liberty to follow his own understanding and feelings.

THE most common faults respecting emphasis are, laying so strong emphasis on one word, as to leave no power of giving a particular force to other words, which, though not equally, are in certain degree emphatical; and placing the greatest stress on conjunctive particles, and other words of secondary importance. These faults are strongly characterised in Churchill's censure of Mossop.

> With studied improprieties of speech
> He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
> To epithets allots emphatic state,
> Whilst principals ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
> In ways first trodden by himself excels,
> And stands alone in indeclinables;
> Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
> To stamp new vigour on the nervous line;
> In monosyllables his thunders roll,
> HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.

EMPHASIS is often destroyed by an injudicious attempt to read melodiously. Agreeable inflections and easy variations of the voice, as far as they arise from, or are consistent with just speaking, are deserving of attention. But to substitute one unmeaning tune, in the room of all the proprieties and graces of good elocution, and then to applaud this manner, under the appellation of *musical* speaking, can only be the effect of great ignorance and inattention, or of a depraved taste. If public speaking must be musical, let the words be set to music in recitative, that these melodious speakers may no longer lie open to the sarcasm; *Do you read or sing? If you sing, you sing very ill.* Seriously, it is much to be wondered at, that this kind of reading, which has so little merit considered as music, and none at all, considered as speaking, should be so studiously practised by many speakers, and so much admired

admired by many hearers. Can a method of reading, which is ſo entirely different from the uſual manner of converſation, be natural and right? Is it poſſible that all the varieties of ſentiment, which a public ſpeaker has occaſion to introduce would be properly expreſſed by one melodious tone and cadence, employed alike on all occaſions and for all purpoſes?

RULE VII.

Acquire a just VARIETY of PAUSE and CADENCE.

ONE of the worſt faults a ſpeaker can have, is to make no other pauſes than what he finds barely neceſſary for breathing. I know of nothing that ſuch a ſpeaker can ſo properly be compared to, as an alarm-bell, which, when once ſet agoing, clatters on till the weight that moves it is run down. Without pauſes, the ſenſe muſt always appear confuſed and obſcure, and often be miſunderſtood; and the ſpirit and energy of the piece muſt be wholly loſt.

IN executing this part of the office of a ſpeaker, it will by no means be ſufficient to attend to the points uſed in printing; for theſe are far from marking all the pauſes which ought to be made in ſpeaking. A mechanical attention to theſe reſting-places has perhaps been one chief cauſe of monotony, by leading the reader to an uniform ſound at every imperfect break, and an uniform cadence at every full period. The uſe of points is to aſſiſt the reader in diſcerning the grammatical conſtruction, not to direct his pronunciation. In reading, it may often be proper to make a pauſe where the printer has made none. Nay, it is very allowable for the ſake of pointing out the ſenſe more ſtrongly, preparing the audience for what is to follow, or enabling the ſpeaker to alter the tone or height of the voice, ſometimes to make a very conſiderable pauſe, where the grammatical conſtruction requires none at all. In doing this, however, it

it is neceſſary that in the word immediately preceding the pauſe, the voice be kept up in ſuch a manner as to intimate to the hearer that the ſenſe is not completed. Mr GARRICK often obſerved this rule with great ſucceſs. This particular excellence Mr STERNE has deſcribed in his uſual ſprightly manner. See the following work, Book VI. Chap. III.

BEFORE a full pauſe, it has been cuſtomary in reading to drop the voice in an uniform manner; and this has been called the *cadence*. But ſurely nothing can be more deſtructive of all propriety and energy than this habit. The tones and heights at the cloſe of a ſentence ought to be infinitely diverſified, according to the general nature of the diſcourſe, and the particular conſtruction and meaning of the ſentence. In plain narrative, and eſpecially in argumentation, the leaſt attention to the manner in which we relate a ſtory or ſupport an argument in converſation, will ſhow, that it is more frequently proper to raiſe the voice than to fall it at the end of a ſentence. Interrogatives, where the ſpeaker ſeems to expect an anſwer, ſhould almoſt always be elevated at the cloſe, with a peculiar tone, to indicate that a queſtion is aſked. Some ſentences are ſo conſtructed, that the laſt word requires a ſtronger emphaſis than any of the preceding; whilſt others admit of being cloſed with a ſoft and gentle ſound. Where there is nothing in the ſenſe which requires the laſt ſound to be elevated or emphatical, an eaſy fall, ſufficient to ſhow that the ſenſe is finiſhed, will be proper. And in pathetic pieces, eſpecially thoſe of the plaintive, tender, or ſolemn kind, the tone of the paſſion will often require a ſtill lower cadence of the voice. But before a ſpeaker can be able to fall his voice with propriety and judgment at the cloſe of a ſentence, he muſt be able to keep it from falling, and to raiſe it with all the variation which the ſenſe requires. The beſt method of correcting an uniform cadence, is frequently to read *ſelect ſentences*, in which the ſtyle is pointed, and frequent *antitheſis* are introduced; and argumentative pieces, or ſuch as abound with interrogatives.

RULE VIII.

Accompany the EMOTION and PASSIONS which your words express, by correſpondent TONES, LOOKS, and GESTURES.

THERE is the language of emotions and paſſions, as well as of ideas. To expreſs the latter is the peculiar province of words; to expreſs the former, nature teaches us to make uſe of tones, looks, and geſtures. When anger, fear, joy, grief, love or any other active paſſion ariſes in our minds, we naturally diſcover it by the particular manner in which we utter our words; by the features of the countenance, and by other well-known ſigns. And even when we ſpeak without any of the more violent emotions, the ſame kind of feeling uſually accompanies our words; and this, whatever it be, hath its proper external expreſſion. Expreſſion hath indeed been ſo little ſtudied in public ſpeaking, that we ſeem almoſt to have forgotten the language of nature, and are ready to conſider every attempt to recover it as the laboured and affected effort of art. But Nature is always the ſame; and every judicious imitation of it will always be pleaſing. Nor can any one deſerve the appellation of a good ſpeaker, much leſs of a complete orator, till to diſtinct articulation, a good command of voice, and juſt emphaſis, he is able to add the various expreſſions of emotion and paſſion.

To enumerate theſe expreſſions, and deſcribe them in all their variations, is impracticable.—Attempts have been made with ſome ſucceſs to analyze the language of ideas; but the language of ſentiment and emotion has never yet been analyzed; and perhaps it is not within the reach of human ability, to write a Philoſophical Grammar of the Paſſions. Or, if it were poſſible in any degree to execute this deſign, I cannot think, that from ſuch a grammar it would be poſſible for any one to inſtruct himſelf in the uſe of the language. All endeavours therefore to make men Orators, by deſcribing to them in words the

the manner in which their voice, countenance, and hands are to be employed, in expreſſing the paſſions, muſt in my apprehenſion, be weak and ineffectual. And perhaps, the only inſtruction which can be given with advantage on this head, is this general one: Obſerve in what manner the ſeveral emotions or paſſions are expreſſed in real life, or by thoſe who have with great labour and taſte acquired a power of imitating nature; and accuſtom yourſelf either to follow the great original itſelf, or the beſt copies you meet with; always, however, "with this ſpecial obſervance, that you O'ERSTEP NOT THE MODESTY OF NATURE."

IN the application of theſe rules to practice, in order to acquire a juſt and graceful elocution, it will be neceſſary to go through a regular courſe of exerciſes; beginning with ſuch as are moſt eaſy, and proceeding by ſlow ſteps to ſuch as are more difficult. In the choice of theſe, the practitioner ſhould pay a particular attention to his prevailing defects, whether they regard articulation, command of voice, emphaſis, or cadence: and he ſhould content himſelf with reading and ſpeaking with an immediate view to the correcting of his fundamental faults, before he aims at any thing higher. This may be irkſome and diſagreeable; it may require much patience and reſolution; but it is the only way to ſucceed. For, if a man cannot read ſimple ſentences, or plain narrative, or didactic pieces, with diſtinct articulation, juſt emphaſis, and proper tones; how can he expect to do juſtice to the ſublime deſcriptions of poetry, or the animated language of the paſſions?

IN performing theſe exerciſes the learner ſhould daily read aloud by himſelf, and as often as he has opportunity, under the correction of an Inſtructor or Friend. He ſhould alſo frequently recite compoſitions *memoriter*. This method has ſeveral advantages: it obliges the ſpeaker to dwell upon the ideas which he is to expreſs, and hereby enables him to diſcern their particular meaning and force, and gives him a previous knowledge of the ſeveral inflections, *emphaſis*, and tones which the words require. And by taking

off his eye from the book, it in part relieves him from the influence of the school-boy habit of reading in a different key and tone from that of conversation; and gives him greater liberty to attempt the expression of countenance and gesture.

It were much to be wished, that all public speakers would deliver their thoughts and sentiments, either from memory or immediate conception; for, beside that there is an artificial uniformity, which almost always distinguishes reading from speaking, the fixed posture, and the bending of the head which reading requires, are inconsistent with the freedom, ease, and variety of just elocution. But if this is too much to be expected, especially from Preachers, who have so much to compose, and are so often called upon to speak in public: it is however extremely desirable that they should make themselves so well acquainted with their discourse, as to be able, with a single glance of the eye to take in several clauses, or the whole of a sentence *

I have only to add, that after the utmost pains have been taken to acquire a just elocution, and this with the greatest success, there is some difficulty in carrying the art of speaking out of the school or chamber, to the bar, the senate, or the pulpit. A young man who has been accustomed to perform frequent exercises in this art in private, cannot easily persuade himself when he appears before the public, to consider the business he has to perform, in any other light, than as a trial of skill, and a display of oratory. Hence it is, that the character of an Orator has of late often been treated with ridicule, sometimes with contempt. We are pleased with the easy and graceful movements which the true gentleman has acquired by having learnt to dance; but we are offended by the coxcomb, who is always exhibiting his formal dancing-bow, and minuet-step. So, we admire the manly eloquence and noble ardour,

* See Dean Swift's advice on this head in his Letter to a young Clergyman.

dour, of a Britiſh Legiſlator, riſing up in defence of the rights of his country: the quick recollection, the forcible reaſonings, and the ready utterance of the accompliſhed Barriſter; and the ſublime devotion, genuine dignity, and unaffected earneſtneſs of the ſacred Orator: but when a man, in either of theſe capacities, ſo far forgets the ends, and degrades the conſequence of his profeſſion, as to ſet himſelf forth to public view under the character of a Spouter, and to parade it in the ears of the vulgar with all the pomp of artificial eloquence; though the unſkilful may gaze and applaud, the judicious cannot but be grieved and diſguſted. Avail yourſelf then, of your ſkill in the Art of Speaking, but always employ your powers of elocution with caution and modeſty; remembering, that though it be deſirable to be admired as an eminent Orator, it is of much more importance to be reſpected, as a wiſe Stateſman, an able Lawyer, or an uſeful Preacher.

ESSAY

ON

READING WORKS OF TASTE.

Quod cibus corpori, lectio animæ facit. SENECA.

FEW situations in life, however busy and laborious, but afford some intervals of leisure, which cannot be occupied better, than in replenishing the mind with such information and advice as may best fit her for discharging honourably, her various duties and avocations. Of this indespensible requisite, the perusal of the best authors is an infallible and fertile source. The pleasures and utility of thus cultivating early and assiduously an habit of reading, are seldom duly appreciated, except by such as know the value of them from experience. And to all who have made the acquisition, it is such a treasure of substantial enjoyment at all times, and of the soundest wisdom on every emergency, that there is nothing on earth for which they can wish it exchanged.

IT is an observation, in one of Addison's Spectators, which never could have occurred but to a good mind, so impressive and accordant with the feelings and experience of all mankind, so much in the spirit of this essay, and implicates advice to youth of such importance, as strongly recommend it to attention.—" How different," says he, " is the view of past life in the man who is grown old in knowlede and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly: the latter is like the owner of a barren country, which fills his eye with the prospect of barren hills and plains which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental:

ornamental: the other beholds a beautiful and ſpacious landſcape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields; and can ſcarce caſt his eye upon a ſingle ſpot of his poſſeſſions, that is not covered with ſome beautiful plant or flower."

How falſely do they eſtimate this agreeable exerciſe, who regard it merely, as a paſtime for ſpending an hour they cannot otherwiſe fill up to their liking, as an amuſement when none more to their taſte is at hand, or at beſt, as an expedient for ſupplying them with ſmall talk, or the ſuperficial common place of ordinary converſation; fuel to feed the flame of juvenile vanity, a ſtory teller, or jeſt book, to excite good humour or produce a laugh. It will doubtleſs anſwer all theſe, and ſimilar purpoſes, which may be proſecuted with a laudable induſtry, as far as innocent entertainment is neceſſary. Nor is it eaſy to point out any practice more truly pleaſurable, leſs fatiguing either to body or mind, better calculated to leave the ſweeteſt effect on all our faculties, or ſo likely to awaken the greateſt ſatisfaction, on reflection, in all who judiciouſly indulge it. And ſurely, in this enlightened age, when knowledge is become ſo general, there is hardly any condition or department in ſociety but has occaſion for the information derived from reading, where reading is not more or leſs adopted, or where its uſefulneſs can be ſupplied by any other means.

This, though the loweſt view in which the importance of reading can be conſidered, is ſtill of much greater than is generally imagined. Give but this turn to youth, and it is odds but, their morals and preferences are ſecured for life. It is a fundamental maxim in their tuition, to employ every moment they have to ſpare. And, indeed, ſuch are the active powers of the human mind, that ſhe cannot, by any means, ever remain wholly at reſt. Notwithſtanding the ſluggiſhneſs of the organs with which ſhe is ſometimes connected, ſhe is always in action, and her powers and habits are chiefly faſhioned and coloured by the objects with which ſhe is moſt converſant. If theſe are not of

of an excellent kind, and ſelected with diſcretion, others ſtill more exceptionable may uſurp their place, attach her familiarity, and prove a ſource of miſchievous, inſtead of uſeful exertions.

By accuſtoming the growing taſte of youth to an early acquaintance with uſeful truth, impreſſing their ductile hearts with the charming ſenſibilities of virtue, and expanding their fervid imaginations with the beautiful and bold conceptions of nature, ſo palpable and ſtriking in all our beſt writers; even taking it in no higher light, they will have it more in their power to be real men of pleaſure by theſe than any other means. It is alſo placing their amuſements, in the vicinity of what may become, more precious and deſirable in proportion as better known. And if our pleaſures be eligible or intereſting, it is when not the aſſociate only, but the coadjutor of wiſdom. In this manner the underſtanding is highly improved, and even the heart made better, by ſuitably exerciſing the fancy and the paſſions.

The objects calculated to pleaſe, which reading affords, are ſo numerous and diverſified, that to ſpecify them, were to give an analyſis of almoſt every writer on every ſubject. What author has not more or leſs of what may ſuit the taſte of ſome readers? Acute and comprehenſive ideas, maſterly and correct reaſoning, grandeur in ſentiment or diction, lofty conceptions, natural and intereſting deſcriptions, exquiſite wit, elegant ſatire, fine poetry, prompt elocution; whatever is graceful and eaſy, in every ſpecies of compoſition, command attention, and impart a very high degree of ſatisfaction to every ſuſceptible and well informed mind. We enjoy works of taſte, thus happily enriched and decorated, with ſenſibilities ſimilar to ſuch as ariſe from ſeriouſly contemplating the great volume of nature. Here the magnitude, multiplicity, variety, proportion, and uniſon of parts, in one ſtupendous whole, are every where conſpicuous and affecting. Mountains of boundleſs dimenſions, ſometimes joined with the moſt capacious vallies, the atmoſphere darkened with portentous clouds, the ocean

ocean in a ſtorm, loud peals of thunder, whirlwinds, hurricanes, the vaulted heavens, with ſea and land animals of uncouth ſhape and enormous ſize; create emotions, not unlike what we feel in reading many paſſages of eminent writers. It is by dwelling on theſe and the like paſſages, maturely, and meeting all their energies with equal docility and impartiality, that the minds of youth are opened and ſtored with a luxury of ſentiment, that they are taught and capacitated to think for themſelves, that they imbibe principles competent to all the requiſitions of duty and trial, and that the purſuit of their higheſt pleaſures, is generally accompanied with ſolid and laſting improvement.

POLITE literature, has been juſtly called a picture of human life and manners, and it yields nearly the ſame delight which we derive from an intimate and critical review of the great, the faſhionable, and the active world. Both exhibit manifold circumſtances and ſcenes in which various objects occur, ſo like ourſelves, a thouſand paſſions and conditions are deſcribed, which repreſent our own ſo exactly, as muſt very ſenſibly affect the dulleſt and moſt phlegmatic tempers. This gives intereſt to the ſtatements even of proſe, as well as the fictions of poetry. It is the likeneſs of our own natures, and of every thing connected with them, that in every ſpecies of reading attaches and charms. Genius moving in the high road of common life, is a phenomenon which draws all men after it. And we are formed, as far as our faculties go, to imitate and realize whatever we love and admire.

MEN of letters, indeed, are ſeldom the troublers of the world, notorious for groſs irregularity, or diſcover any great diſquietude in their ſituation. They may be querulous and faſtidious, but are rarely turbulent and reſtive. They have doubtleſs their paſſions and indulgencies, as well as others about them, but theſe are refined by taſte, diſciplined by reaſon, and governed by philoſophy. They ſhine not in tumults, or in war. Theſe ſituations are not their element, but hoſtile to their habits. They are always buſieſt when leaſt ſeen, and often do moſt good, in the cloſeſt ſecluſion from the

the world. They cultivate the calm and peaceful virtues in the ſhade, far from the *buſy hum of men*, and court the genius of literature in tranquility and repoſe. A ſteady preference for theſe, is forcibly impreſſed on their hearts, by all they have read, all they feel, and all they hope. The reſult is, a ſettled habit of averſion to every ſpecies and degree of temerity or violence, and a diſpoſition for compoſure and abſtraction.

THE claſſics form an inſtitution of patient indurance, rather than of rancour or reſentment. They render their votaries capable enough of exertion and buſineſs, but favour an aptitude for mental rather than bodily labour. The greatneſs they inſpire is equanimity, the vigour they infuſe is fortitude; the principle they inſtil is honour, the vivacity they excite is pleaſantry; the habits they form are probity, veracity and fidelity; the awards they promiſe are conſcious virtue, and honeſt fame. And they who enter into the ſpirit of the ſubjects they would maſter, are as much known by the authors they read, and the taſte they prefer, as the maſs of people in common life by the company they keep.

"There is a pleaſure in an Author's pains,
Which only Authors know. The ſhifts and turns,
Th' expedients, and inventions multiform,
To which the mind reſorts in choice of terms,
Tho' apt, yet coy, and difficult to win---
T' arreſt the fleeting images, fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them faſt,
And force them ſit, till he has pencill'd off
A faithful likeneſs of the form he views;
Then to diſpoſe his copies with ſuch art,
That each may find its moſt propitious light,
And ſhine by ſituation, hardly leſs,
Than by the labour and the ſkill it coſt,
Are occupations of the Author's mind
So pleaſing, and that ſteal away the thought
With ſuch addreſs, from themes of ſad import,
That, loſt in his own muſings, happy man!
He feels the anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire."

HE who is drilled in military exerciſe, who rigidly practiſes the injunctions of his dancing-maſter, or who has

has the good fortune to live in genteel ſociety, is not likely to be addicted to the ſordid manners, the clumſy aukward gait of a clown. There is a poliſh and grace about the one, which plainly indicate better breeding and ſuperior connections to thoſe of the other. And it is quite as impoſſible that he who is habitually converſant with elegant language, with the eaſe, the copiouſneſs, and the beauty of natural and juſt expreſſion, and with all the charms and excellencies of good compoſition, ſhould have a bad taſte, unleſs he is alſo an impenetrable blockhead; as that he who has always carefully copied the faireſt writing, ſhould write ill, or who, though in daily contemplation of the fineſt forms, ſhould yet prefer the uglieſt.

Every ſpecies of literature is replete with the means of improving taſte, as taſte is equally connected with the true ſtandard of excellence in all. Hiſtory, in developping the ſprings of policy, brings forward every character, circumſtance, and emergency, which affect and deſcribe the conduct of particular ſocieties, or make the greateſt figure on the general theatre of the world. It is by examining impartially, the influence due to theſe reſpective agencies, and by a minute inveſtigation both of cauſe and effect, that this ſpecies of writing communicates ſo much pleaſure and improvement. The higher deportments of poetry celebrate tranſactions, which, though fictitious, are alſo ſhaped by rules borrowed from nature, and exhibit a mechaniſm of the ſame origin, and the ſame tendency. Homer, Milton, and their numerous ſwarm of ſervile imitators, are full of the moſt pictureſque ſcenes, the moſt rapid and ſplendid actions, characters diſtinguiſhed by all the magnanimous virtues, lofty thoughts, incredible incidents, glowing language, and luminous imagery. Nothing is more likely to captivate and mould young minds, dazzled and impreſſed with the novelty of ſurrounding nature, than a courſe of reading thus intereſting and romantic. High courage, daring enterpriſe, hazardous adventure, honourable love, inflexible fidelity; and all the generous aſſociations of real heroiſm; are always in uniſon with the beſt feelings of our hearts, and

poſſeſs

poſſeſs a charm which, in the heyday of youth at leaſt, is for the moſt part irreſiſtible. It is the very natural and pertinent expreſſion of theſe, as they operate and are developped in the common affairs of the world, that gives us ſuch an intereſt, in all the dramas of our illuſtrious Shakeſpear. He obtrudes on our attention none but our own familiar acquaintance, and the paſſions he delineates both in high life and low, are ſuch excluſively as daily paſs before our eyes. We read him with as much ſolicitude and ſimilar emotions, as we would gaze on the portraits of neighbours and friends.

In all kinds of poetry, our iſland have produced writers which have but few rivals in the ancient or modern world. And what ſubject has not occupied the Britiſh muſe. It is in this ſchool the principles of chaſte and correct taſte are taught and imbibed; that genius in all her latent powers are called into exerciſe, and have full ſcope; that nature is every where preferred to art cloſely ſtudied, and ſucceſsfully imitated; that her lovelieſt features are diſcloſed and happily copied; that the various beauties of ſimplicity, both in conception and expreſſion, occur; and that the pureſt pleaſures of imagination are purſued and enjoyed.

The formation of taſte, is itſelf well worth attention: and were the peruſal of authors of no ſuperior uſe, this alone might render it popular. For in theſe times of faſtidious refinement, a gentleman had better be without any other accompliſhment, and even fortune itſelf, than taſte. And now that we are a nation of philoſophers, and every one a maſter in his own way, who ſets up to be a guide for himſelf in ſome ſpecific profeſſion and ſcience, more or leſs of literary information is found indiſpenſible. It may however, do us a ſtill more eſſential ſervice, by imparting the bleſſings of knowledge, which are of unſpeakably more utility, value and neceſſity, than all other acquirements put together. And to what other vehicle do we owe thoſe incomparable diſtinctions ſo much as reading? What grateful acknowledgements are not due from all to their memories, whoſe invention of the alphabet, and the

the press, so happily accelerated the diffusion of letters? How strangely do they err, who affect to despise what all the world have so much admired, and without which, there is hardly an instance of one truly eminent and illustrious character on record. Much idle declamation has, notwithstanding, been made against literature, even by some on whom it has conferred immortal distinction. It is exploded by the celebrated Citizen of Geneva, in a torrent of eloquence which never was surpassed. And he reprobates the sciences, with such a profusion of them, as renders his whole inimitable performance a perfect paradox!

But the greatest enemies of reading are to be found among men of business. They tell us very gravely, that books are superseded by the entercourse of society; that no study can improve the mind so much as the habitual collisions of life; that men are best formed for every business, profession, and virtue, by the example of one another; that taste is never so readily and correctly acquired as by conformity to fashion, and the taste of others; and that every accomplishment naturally results from the knowledge of the world.

This plausible but trite nonsense, especially in the metropolis, has long and shamefully abridged the range of liberal education, and exposed many a promising youth, in circumstances which could well afford better usage, to all that ridiculous egotism, eccentricity, and petulance, so inseparable in their situation from talents unimproved, and passions unrestrained. The pupils of this modern school, are generally prominent in all such qualities, as minds better endowed are neither covetous to possess, nor forward to display. They affect to take a lead in whatever is most fantastic in fashion, are pert and loquacious in company, frequent and flashy in places of gay resort, among the most vociferous loungers in the lobbies of the play houses, great critics in the pit and galleries, noisy wherever they can be heard, always swagger in sight, pique themselves on their spirit and honour, and wish to be remarkable by spouting and prating in clubs and taverns.

How often are even men of parts degraded by a

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puerile preference for what may be termed the mere ſtage effect of common life, in conſequence of not having their riſing affections better directed, and leaving every thing to the knowledge of the world! And what is this boaſted knowledge of the world?—but the art of finding out the weakneſs of our fellow creatures, for the laudable purpoſe, not of mitigating misfortune, but increaſing it, by over reaching them; but the ſordid habit of making money, in all ways, and by all means, right or wrong: but the talent of depreciating common ſenſe, and common honeſty, and treating all pretenſions to candour and conſcience with levity and deriſion; but the cant of reſolving all virtue, into the honour of pecuniary engagement, and all religion, into atheiſm and blaſphemy? It is among men of this ignorant and depraved caſt, the looſe companions they prefer, and their laſcivious and irreputable haunts, where inſuperable obſtacles perpetually baffle the influence and execution of good intentions; where ſuppleneſs, adulation, and puſillanimity, debaſe and pervert the beſt diſpoſitions; where ſucceſſive emergencies prevent the efficiency of the ſtrongeſt reſolutions; where all intrinſic worth is conſtantly ſacrificed to mere appearance; where every quality but pride, and every gift but thoſe of fortune, are traduced and proſcribed: and where thoſe of the pooreſt intellect, and leaſt intelligence, are actually more careſſed, acquire greater aſcendency over others, and prove more acceptable on the whole, than men of the brighteſt parts and pureſt virtues.

Reading is the beſt ſecurity and preſervative againſt the pernicious influence of all thoſe maxims which originate and domineer in the love and ſlavery of wealth, and an infatuated fondneſs for the diſtinctions of gaiety. The convenience and accommodation of theſe, to all the varieties and obliquities in life, procure them univerſal popularity, though as deadly and infectious as the plague. But from an habitual acquaintance with the collected wiſdom of ages, preſented to us in the united labours of all wiſe men, from time immemorial, we imbibe every theory in morals, every doctrine in philoſophy,

losophy, every improvement in politics, every sentiment and observation, genius, industry, and experience afford, which tend to expand our views, to correct our avidities, to elevate our affections, to moderate our expectations, and to extend the circle of our enjoyments.

Our own countrymen have liberally infused into their works the genuine spirit of ancient literature, and considerably enriched our domestic treasure of wisdom from these venerable and fertile stores. The genius of Homer still soars in Milton, of Virgil and Horace in Dryden and Pope, of the best dramatists Greece and Rome have produced in Shakespear, of Socrates in Addison, of Plato in Bacon, of Aristotle in Locke, of Livy in Hume, and of Cicero in Burke. Happy they, who can read the invaluable labours of these illustrious sages, to which our own are so much indebted for some of their highest merits in the dead languages, and are capable of relishing the exquisite beauties and delicacies which the philosophy and elocution they combine, so wonderfully exemplify. But the English scholar has certainly no reason to despair of liberally participating in the same pleasure and improvement. Our translations of the classics are numerous and admirable. And no writers emulate that original genius and transcendent taste which discriminate those of antiquity, more successfully than our own.

It may not be improper just to mention in the conclusion of this very imperfect and brief essay on reading, that it is not easily calculated what injury our national taste must suffer from the general disuse of the *Bible* in most seminaries of public repute. We consider the innovation, here, merely as withholding from youth such a work of taste, as all the sources of literature cannot replace. Every man of taste, whether Infidel or Christian, must admire the bold and affecting strokes of nature, in which this unfashionable book abounds. No writings are transmitted to us of an antiquity so remote, or a genius so exalted; and with them, none has ever appeared in our world, which can bear the most distant comparison. Their simplicity of

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narration, grandeur of deſcription, juſtneſs of characteriſtic painting, dignity of ſentiment, diſintereſted philanthropy, the elegance and nerve which often diſtinguiſh the ſpeeches, and addreſs of their ſeveral interlocutors, have certainly no parallel in any other compoſitions we know. And let it be well remembered, that in the laſt century, when our beſt writers appeared in ſuch cluſters, which is juſtly deemed the Auguſtan age of Britiſh literature, the Holy Scriptures were regularly taught, and even claſſed as a common ſchool book in every public and private ſeminary of learning, from the higheſt to the loweſt in the kingdom.

He happy is, above contingency,
Who cultivates by times, the love of books,
Spends the morning of his days in reading,
And forms a taſte for polite literature.
While he has memory, he muſt be bleſt;
For he poſſeſſes, in himſelf a fund
Of ſuch enjoyment, as no pelf can yield,
And no diſaſter, leſs than death, deſtroy!
Where'er he is, it bears him company;
Abroad, procures him deference and reſpect,
And crowns at home, his labour with content;
Protects from common accident in crowds,
Is his ſolace and boſom friend alone.

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THE

THE

SPEAKER.

BOOK I.

Select Sentences.

CHAP. I.

To be ever active in laudable purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itſelf hath its ſtated limits; which not being ſtrictly obſerved, it ceaſes to be virtue.

It is wiſer to prevent a quarrel before hand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry ſecretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy, by doing good.

The diſcretion of a man deferreth his anger; and it is his glory to paſs over a tranſgreſſion.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is ſpread. There is no real uſe of riches, except in the diſtribution: The reſt is all conceit.

A wise man will deſire no more than what he may get juſtly, uſe ſoberly, diſtribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conſcience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

THERE is but one way of fortifying the ſoul againſt all gloomy preſages and terrors of mind; and that is, by ſecuring to ourſelves the friendſhip and protection of that Being who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity.

PHILOSOPHY is then only valuable, when it ſerves for the law of life, and not for the oſtentation of ſcience.

CHAP. II.

WITHOUT a friend the world is but a wilderneſs.

A MAN may have a thouſand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourſelf happy.

WHEN once you profeſs yourſelf a friend, endeavour to be always ſuch. He can never have any friends, that will be often changing them.

PROSPERITY gains friends, and adverſity tries them.

NOTHING more engages the affections of men, than a handſome addreſs, and graceful converſation.

COMPLAISANCE renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

EXCESS of ceremony ſhows want of breeding. That civility is beſt, which excludes all ſuperfluous formality.

INGRATITUDE is a crime ſo ſhameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himſelf guilty of it.

TRUTH is born with us: and we muſt do violence to nature, to ſhake off our veracity.

THERE cannot be a greater treachery, than firſt to raiſe a confidence, and then deceive it.

BY others faults, wiſe men correct their own.

NO man hath a thorough taſte of proſperity, to whom adverſity never happened.

WHEN our vices leave us, we flatter ourſelves that we leave them.

IT is as great a point of wiſdom to hide ignorance, as to diſcover knowledge.

PITCH upon that courſe of life which is the moſt excellent; and habit will render it the moſt delightful.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

CUSTOM is the plague of wife men, and the idol of fools.

As to be perfectly juft, is an attribute of the Divine Nature: to be fo to the utmoft of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No man was ever caft down with the injuries of fortune, unlefs he had before fuffered himfelf to be deceived by her favours.

ANGER may glance into the breaft of a wife man, but refts only in the bofom of fools.

NONE more impatiently fuffer injuries, than thofe that are moft forward in doing them.

BY taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in paffing it over, he is fuperior.

To err is human, to forgive divine.

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindnefs fhould begin on ours.

THE prodigal robs his heir: the mifer robs himfelf.

WE fhould take a prudent care for the future, but fo as to enjoy the prefent. It is no part of wifdom to be miferable to-day, becaufe we may happen to be fo to-morrow.

To mourn without meafure is folly; not to mourn at all, infenfibility.

SOME would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and inftruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

THOUGH a man may become learned by another's learning; he never can be wife but by his own wifdom.

HE who wants good fenfe, is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of expofing himfelf.

IT is ungenerous to give a man occafion to blufh at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleafing to the eye, than the fight of

of a man whom you have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one who owns you for his benefactor.

THE coin that is most current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be instructed what we ought to be.

THE character of the person who commends you, is to be considered before you set a value on his esteem. The wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the world, him who is most wealthy.

THE temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene, because it is innocent.

A GOOD man will love himself too well to loose, and his neighbour too well to win, an estate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the best principles in the world.

CHAP. IV.

AN angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks worse than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks worse than he thinks.

A GOOD word is an easy obligation: but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

IT is to affectation the world owes its whole race o coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

IT is the infirmity of little minds to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that sparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, because few things appear new to them.

IT happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn; they shoot up, and raise their heads high, while they are empty; but when full, and swelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

HE that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation: and is equally

equally remote from an inſipid complaiſance, and a low familiarity.

THE failings of good men are commonly more publiſhed in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deſerving man, ſhall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues, praiſe: ſuch is the force of ill-will, and ill-nature.

IT is harder to avoid cenſure, than to gain applauſe; for this may be done by one great or wiſe action in an age; but to eſcape cenſure, a man muſt paſs his whole life without ſaying or doing one ill or fooliſh thing.

WHEN Darius offered Alexander ten thouſand talents to divide Aſia equally with him, he anſwered. The earth cannot bear two ſuns, nor Aſia two kings. Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, ſaid, Were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

NOBILITY is to be conſidered only as an imaginary diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the practice of thoſe generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour conferred upon ſuch as have no perſonal merit, are at beſt but the royal ſtamp ſet upon baſe metal.

THOUGH an honourable title may be conveyed to poſterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the ſoul of greatneſs, are a ſort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and ſettle his ſenſe and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a noble deſcent would then indeed be a very valuable privilege.

TRUTH is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troubleſome, and ſetsa man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

THE pleaſure which affects the human mind with the moſt lively and tranſporting touches, is the ſenſe that we act in the eye of infinite Wiſdom, powers and goodneſs that will crown our virtuous endeavours, here

here with a happineſs hereafter, large as our deſires, and laſting as our immortal ſouls; without this the higheſt ſtate of life is inſipid, and with it the loweſt is a paradiſe.

CHAP. V.

HONOURABLE age is not that which ſtandeth in length of time, nor that is meaſured by number of years; but wiſdom is the grey hair unto man, and unſpotted life is old age.

WICKEDNESS, condemned by her own witneſs, is very timorous, and being preſſed with conſcience, always forecaſteth evil things: for fear is nothing elſe, but a betraying of the ſuccours which reaſon offereth.

A WISE man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth ſmall things, ſhall fall by little and little.

A RICH man beginning to fall is held up of his friends: but a poor man being down, is thruſt away by his friends. When a rich man is fallen he hath many helpers: he ſpeaketh things not to be ſpoken, and yet men juſtify him: the poor man ſlipt, and they rebuked him; he ſpoke wiſely and could have no place. When a rich man ſpeaketh, every man holdeth his tongue; and look, what he ſaith, they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man ſpeak they ſay, What fellow is this?

MANY have fallen by the edge of the ſword, but not ſo many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not paſſed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in their bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of braſs; the death thereof is an evil death.

MY ſon, blemiſh not thy good deeds, neither uſe uncomfortable words, when thou giveſt any thing. Shall not the dew aſſuage the heat? ſo is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

BLAME not before thou haſt examined the truth; underſtand firſt, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldeſt get a friend, prove him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him; for ſome men are friends for their own occaſions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou ſhalt drink it with pleaſure.

A friend cannot be known in proſperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adverſity.

Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admoniſh thy friend; it may be he hath not ſaid it, or if he have, that he ſpeak it not again. Admoniſh a friend; for many times it is a ſlander; and believe not every tale. There is one that ſlippeth in his ſpeech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue.

Whoso diſcovereth ſecrets, loſeth his credit, and ſhall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the ſorrows of thy mother: how can thou recompenſe them the things they have done for thee?

There is nothing ſo much worth, as a mind well inſtructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling ſuch things as pertain not unto them; but the words of ſuch as have underſtanding are weighed in the balance.—The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wiſe is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a ſweet life.

Be in peace with many; nevertheleſs, have but one counſellor of a thouſand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reaſon go before every enterprize, and counſel before every action.

CHAP. VI.

THE latter part of a wiſe man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and falſe opinions he had contracted in the former.

Censure is a tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly ſpeaking, live at preſent, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madneſs of many, for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superstition is the ſpleen of the ſoul.

He who tells a lie is not ſenſible how great a taſk he undertakes: for he muſt be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reaſon, becauſe they underſtand every thing too ſoon.

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and diſintereſted people in the world of one religion, but that they ſhould talk together every day.

Men are grateful in the ſame degree that they are reſentful.

Young men are ſubtle arguers: the cloke of honour covers all their faults, as that of paſſion all their follies.

Œconomy is no diſgrace; it is better living on a little, than out-living a great deal.

Next to the ſatisfaction I receive in the proſperity of an honeſt man, I am beſt pleaſed with the confuſion of a raſcal.

What is often termed ſhyneſs, is nothing more than refined ſenſe, and an indifference to common obſervations.

The higher character a perſon ſupports, the more he ſhould regard his minuteſt actions.

Every perſon inſenſibly fixes upon ſome degree of refinement in his diſcourſe, ſome meaſure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wiſe to fix this pretty high, although it occaſions one to talk the leſs.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philoſophy, is to ſpend ſo much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often ſhrinks and withers as much upon the

the approach of intimacy, as the ſenſitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are ſometimes accuſed of pride, merely becauſe their accuſers would be proud themſelves if they were in their places.

People frequently uſe this expreſſion, I am inclined to think ſo and ſo; not conſidering thatthey are then ſpeaking the moſt literal of all truths.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the perſons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy perſon in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honeſty ſeems to be chiefly in the motive. The honeſt man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the ſake of character.

A liar begins with making falſehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itſelf appear like falſehood.

Virtue ſhould be conſidered as a part of taſte; and we ſhould as much avoid deceit, or ſiniſter meanings in diſcourſe, as we would puns, bad language or falſe grammar.

CHAP. VII.

DEFERENCE is the moſt complicate, the moſt indirect, and the moſt elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a ſummer's morning, loſes the chief pleaſure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loſs of the ſame kind.

Shining characters are not always the moſt agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald, is by no means leſs pleaſing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, diſcovers at the ſame time a bad diſpoſition, and a bad taſte.

How is it poſſible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not ſo much as take warning?

Although men are accuſed for not knowing their own weakneſs, yet perhaps a few know their own

ſtrength.

ſtrength. It is in men as in ſoils, where ſometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

FINE ſenſe and exalted ſenſe are not half ſo valuable as common ſenſe. There are forty men of wit for one man of ſenſe: and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loſs for want of ready change.

LEARNING is like mercury, one of the moſt powerful and excellent things in the world, in ſkilful hands; in unſkilful, moſt miſchievous.

A MAN ſhould never be aſhamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but ſaying in other words, that he is wiſer to-day than he was yeſterday.

WHEREVER I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generoſity if he were a rich man.

FLOWERS of rhetoric in ſermons or ſerious diſcourſes, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing to thoſe who come only for amuſement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

IT often happens that thoſe are the beſt people, whoſe characters have been moſt injured by ſlanderers; as we uſually find that to be the ſweeteſt fruit, which the birds have been picking at.

THE eye of the critic is often like a microſcope, made ſo very fine and nice, that it diſcovers the atoms, grains, and minuteſt particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or ſeeing all at once the harmony.

MEN'S zeal for religion is much of the ſame kind as that which they ſhow for a foot-ball: whenever it is conteſted for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the diſpute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but ſleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbiſh, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much leſs to remove.

HONOUR is but a fictitious kind of honeſty; a mean but a neceſſary ſubſtitute for it, in ſocieties who have none: it is a ſort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the ſterling caſh of true morality and religion.

PERSONS

Persons of great delicacy ſhould know the certainty of the following truth: there are abundance of caſes which occaſion ſuſpenſe, in which whatever they determine, they will repent of the determination; and this through a propenſity of human nature to fancy happineſs in thoſe ſchemes which it does not purſue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boaſt over modern ones, ſeems owing to ſimplicity. Every noble truth and ſentiment was expreſſed by the former in a natural manner, in a word and phraſe ſimple, perſpicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticiſm, and conceit?

CHAP. VIII.

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a god!

If to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine who follows his own inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in braſs; their virtues we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſhed by our virtues.

The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporeal ſufferance, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

How far the little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

——Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than in uſe: keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never taſk'd for ſpeech.

The cloud clapt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherits ſhall diſſolve;
And, like the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion,
Leave not a wreck behind! we are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.

Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that ſhould teach us
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The form of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turn them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor Nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe.

What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel juſt:
And he but naked (tho' lock'd up in ſteel)
Whoſe conſcience with unjuſtice is corrupted.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

OH, world, thy flippery turns! Friends now fa
Whofe double bofoms feem to wear one heart,
Whofe hours, whofe bed, whofe meal, and exercife
Are ftill together; who twine, as 'twere, in love
Infeparable; fhall within this hour,
On a diffention of a doit, break out
To bittereft enmity. So felleft foes,
Whofe paffions and whofe plots have broke their fleep,
To take the one the other, by fome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, fhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iffues.

——SO it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whi[illegible] we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loft,
Why then we wreak the value; then we find
The virtue that poffeffion would not fhow us
Whilft it was ours.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never tafte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It feems to me moft ftrange that men fhould fear;
Seeing that death, a neceffary end,
Will come, when it will come.

There is fome foul of goodnefs in things evil,
Would men obfervingly diftil it out,
For our bad neighbour makes us early ftirrers;
Which is both healthful and good hufbandry:
Befides, they are our outward confciences,
And preachers to us all; admonifhing,
That we fhould drefs us fairly for our end.

O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more haunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in th' air of men's fair looks,
Lives like a drunken failor on a maft,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

 ——Who

...o shall go about
... Fortune, and be honourable
...t the stamp of merit? Let none presume
...wear an undeserved dignity.
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly!—that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover that stand bare!
How many be commanded that command!

Oh, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus:
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December's snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell Sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

———'Tis Slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave,
This vip'rous Slander enters.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky death. Out, out brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more! It is a tale
Told by an ideot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

BOOK II.

Narrative Pieces.

CHAP. I.

THE DERVISE.

A DERVISE, travelling through Tartary, being arrived at the town of Balk, went into the king's palace by a miſtake, as thinking it to be a public inn or caravanſary. Having looked about him for ſome time, he entered into a long gallery, where he laid down his wallet, and ſpread his carpet, in order to repoſe himſelf upon it after the manner of the eaſtern nations. He had not been long in this poſture, before he was diſcovered by ſome of the guards, who aſked him, what was his buſineſs in that place? The Dervise told them, he intended to take up his night's lodging in that caravanſary.—The guards let him know in a very angry manner, that the houſe he was in was not a caravanſary, but the king's palace. It happened that the king himſelf paſſed through the gallery during this debate, and ſmiling at the miſtake of the Derviſe, aſked him, how he could poſſibly be ſo dull as not to diſtinguiſh a palace from a caravanſary? Sire, ſays the Derviſe, give me leave to aſk your majeſty a queſtion or two. Who were the perſons that lodged in this houſe when it was firſt built? The king replied, His anceſtors. And who, ſays the Derviſe, was the laſt perſon that lodged here? The king replied, His father. And who is it ſays the Derviſe, that lodges here at preſent? The king told him, That it was he himſelf. And who, ſays the Derviſe, will be here after you? The king anſwered, The young prince his ſon.—" Ah, Sire," ſaid the Derviſe, " a houſe that changes its inhabitants

ſo often, and receives ſuch a perpetual ſucceſſion of gueſts, is not a palace, but a caravanſary." SPECTATOR.

CHAP. II.

A TURKISH TALE.

WE are told, that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and deſolation, and half unpeopled the Perſian empire. The viſier to this great ſultan (whether a humouriſt, or an enthuſiaſt, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervife to underſtand the language of birds, ſo that there was not a bird that could open its mouth, but the viſier knew what it was it ſaid. As he was one evening with the emperor, on their return from hunting, they ſaw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubiſh. I would fain know ſays the ſultan, what thoſe two owls are ſaying to one another: liſten to their diſcourſe, and give me an account of it. The viſier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls.—Upon his return to the ſultan, Sir, ſays he, I have heard part of their converſation, but dare not tell you what it is. The ſultan would not be ſatisfied with ſuch an anſwer, but forced him to repeat, word for word, every thing the owls had ſaid. You muſt know, then, ſaid the viſier, that one of theſe owls has a ſon, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the ſon ſaid to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I conſent to this marriage, provided you will ſettle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, Inſtead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you pleaſe. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilſt he reigns over us, we ſhall never want ruined villages.

THE ſtory ſays, the ſultan was ſo touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been deſtroyed, and from that time forward conſulted the good of his people. SPECTATOR.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

AVARICE AND LUXURY.

THERE were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war againſt each other: the name of the firſt was Luxury, and of the ſecond Avarice.—The aim of each of them was no leſs than univerſal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great ſervice, as Pleaſure, Mirth, Pomp, and Faſhion. Avarice was likewiſe very ſtrong in his officers, being faithfully ſerved by Hunger, Induſtry, Care, and Watchfulneſs. He had likewiſe a privy-counſellor, who was always at his elbow, and whiſpering ſomething or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counſellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himſelf by the counſels of Poverty, his antagoniſt was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his firſt counſellor and miniſter of ſtate, that concerted all his meaſures for him, and never departed out of his ſight. While theſe two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conqueſts were very various. Luxury got poſſeſſion of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himſelf under the banners of Avarice, and the ſon under thoſe of Luxury.—The wife and the huſband would often declare themſelves on the two different parties; nay, the ſame perſon would very often ſide with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wiſe men of the world ſtood neuter: but alas, their numbers were not conſiderable. At length, when theſe two potentates had wearied themſelves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counſellors were to be preſent. It is ſaid that Luxury began the parley, and after having repreſented the endleſs ſtate of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankneſs of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two ſhould be very good friends were it not for the inſtigation

tion of Poverty, that pernicious counſellor, who made an ill uſe of his ear, and filled him with groundleſs apprehenſions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the firſt miniſter of his antagoniſt) to be a much more deſtructive counſellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually ſuggeſting pleaſures, baniſhing all the neceſſary cautions againſt want, and conſequently undermining thoſe principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At laſt, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary, that each of them ſhould immediately diſmiſs his privy-counſellor. When things were thus far adjuſted towards a peace, all other differences were ſoon accommodated, inſomuch that for the future they reſolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to ſhare between them whatever conqueſts were made on every ſide. For this reaſon we now find Luxury and Avarice taking poſſeſſion of the ſame heart, and dividing the ſame perſon between them. To which I ſhall only add, that ſince the diſcarding of the counſellors above mentioned, Avarice ſupplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty. SPECT.

CHAP. IV.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

THERE were two families, which from the beginning of the world were as oppoſite to each other as light and darkneſs. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The younger deſcendant of the firſt family was Pleaſure, who was the daughter of Happineſs, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offſpring of the gods.—Theſe, as I ſaid before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngeſt of the oppoſite family was Pain, who was the ſon of Miſery, who was the child of vice, who was the offſpring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

THE middle ſtation of nature between theſe two oppoſite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither ſo virtuous as the

the one, nor ſo vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of theſe two oppoſite families. Jupiter conſidering that this ſpecies, commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miſerable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a diſtinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngeſt of the above-mentioned families, Pleaſure, who was the daughter of Happineſs, and Pain, who was the ſon of Miſery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half way between them, having promiſed to ſettle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the diviſion of it, ſo as to ſhare mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no ſooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleaſure ſhould take poſſeſſion of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that ſpecies which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had ſeen in their old places of reſidence, there was no perſon ſo vicious who had not ſome good in him; nor no perſon ſo virtuous, who had not in him ſome evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon ſearch, that in the moſt vicious man, Pleaſure might lay claim to an hundredth part; and that in the moſt virtuous man, Pain might come in for at leaſt two thirds. This they ſaw would occaſion endleſs diſputes between them, unleſs they could come to ſome accommodation. To this end there was a marriage propoſed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find Pleaſure and Pain are ſuch conſtant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their viſits together, or are never far aſunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleaſure; and if Pleaſure enters, you may be ſure Pain is not far off.

But notwithſtanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not ſeem to anſwer the intention of Jupiter in ſending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was

ſtipulated

ſtipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the conſent of each family, that notwithſtanding they here poſſeſſed the ſpecies indifferently: upon the death of every ſingle perſon, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he ſhould be deſpatched into the infernal regions by a paſsport from Pain, there to dwell with Miſery, Vice, and the Furies. On the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he ſhould be diſpatched into heaven by a paſsport from Pleaſure, there to dwell with Happineſs, Virtue, and the Gods.

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. V.

LABOUR.

LABOUR, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage, by the ſide of a hill, at a great diſtance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers; but having a deſire of ſeeing the world, they forſook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went ſoberly along the road with Health on the right hand, who by the ſprightlineſs of her converſation, and ſongs of cheerfulneſs and joy, ſoftened the toils of the way; while Contentment went ſmiling on the left, ſupporting the ſteps of her mother, and by her perpetual good humour increaſing the vivacity of her ſiſter.

IN this manner they travelled over foreſts and thro' towns and villages, till at laſt they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother conjured her daughters never to loſe ſight of her; for it was the will of Jupiter, ſhe ſaid, that their ſeparation ſhould be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a diſpoſition to regard the counſels of Labour: ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be debauched by Intemperance, and at laſt died in child-birth of Diſeaſe. Contentment, in the abſence of her ſiſter, gave herſelf up to the enticements of Sloth, and was never heard of after: while Labour, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters,

went every where in ſearch of them, till ſhe was at laſt ſeized by Laſſitude in her way, and died in miſery.

WORLD.

CHAP. VI.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

AN old man and a little boy were driving an aſs to the next market to ſell. What a fool is this fellow (ſays a man upon the road) to be trudging it on foot with his ſon, that his aſs might go light! The old man hearing this, ſet his boy upon the aſs, and went whiſtling by the ſide of him. Why, ſirrah! (cries a ſecond man to the boy) is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking on foot? The father upon this rebuke took down his boy from the aſs, and mounted himſelf. Do you ſee (ſays a third) how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beaſt, while his poor little boy is almoſt crippled with walking! The old man no ſooner heard this, than he took up his ſon behind him. Pray, honeſt friend, (ſays a fourth) is that aſs your own? Yes, ſays the man. One would not have thought ſo, replied the other, by your loading him ſo unmercifully. You and your ſon are better able to carry the poor beaſt, than he you. Any thing to pleaſe, ſays the owner; and alighting with his ſon, they tied the legs of the aſs together, and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him upon their ſhoulders over the bridge that led to the town.—This was ſo entertaining a ſight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it: till the aſs, conceiving a diſlike to the over-complaiſance of his maſter, burſt aſunder the cords that tied him, ſlipt from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the beſt of his way home, aſhamed and vexed, that by endeavouring to pleaſe every body, he had pleaſed no body, and loſt his aſs into the bargain.

WORLD.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

HERCULES's CHOICE.

WHEN Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should choose, he saw two women of a larger stature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mein, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress that she thought were the most proper to show her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and running up to him accosted him after the following manner:

My dear Hercules, says she, I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense, with its proper gratifications.

tions. Sumptuous tables, beds of roſes, clouds of perfumes, concerts of muſic, crowds of beauties, are all in readineſs to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleaſure, and bid farewel for ever to care, to pain, to buſineſs.

HERCULES hearing the lady talk after this manner, deſired to know her name; to which ſhe anſwered, my friends, and thoſe who are well acquainted with me, call me Happineſs; but my enemies, and thoſe who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleaſure.

BY this time the other lady was come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the young hero in a very different manner.

HERCULES, ſays ſhe, I offer myſelf to you, becauſe I know you are deſcended from the gods, and give proofs of that deſcent by your love to virtue, and application to the ſtudies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourſelf and me an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into ſociety and friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you, and muſt lay down this as an eſtabliſhed truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchaſed without pains and labour. The gods have ſet a price upon every real and noble pleaſure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the pains of worſhipping him; if the friendſhip of good men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you muſt take care to ſerve it: In ſhort, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you muſt become maſter of all the qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propoſe happineſs. The Goddeſs of Pleaſure here broke in upon her diſcourſe; You ſee, ſaid ſhe, Hercules, by her own confeſſion, the way to her pleaſures is long and difficult, whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and eaſy. Alas! ſaid the other lady, whoſe viſage glowed with paſſion, made up of ſcorn and pity, what are the pleaſures you propoſe? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are a-thirſt, ſleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites

before they are raifed, and raife fuch appetites as Nature never planted. You never heard the moft delicious mufic, which is the praife of one's felf; nor faw the moft beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pafs away their youth in a dream of miftaken pleafures, while they are hoarding up anguifh, torment, and remorfe, for old age.

As for me, I am the friend of the gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, an houfehold guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of fervants, an affociate in all true and generous friendfhips. The banquets of my votaries are never coftly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirft. Their flumbers are found, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleafure of hearing themfelves praifed by thofe who are in years; and thofe who are in years, of being honoured by thofe who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, efteemed by their country, and after the clofe of their labours, honoured by pofterity.

WE know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of thefe two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the juftice to approve his choice. TATLER.

CHAP. VIII.

PITY.

IN the happy period of the Golden Age, when all the celeftial inhabitants defcended to the earth, and converfed familiar with mortals, amongft the moft cherifhed of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, LOVE and JOY. Wherever they appeared, the flowers fprung up beneath their feet, the fun fhone with a brighter radiance, and all nature feemed embellifhed by their prefence.—They were infeparable companions, and their growing attachments was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed, that a lafting union fhould be folemnized between them fo foon as

as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time the ſons of men deviated from their native innocence; Vice and Ruin overran the earth with giant ſtrides: and Aſtrea, with her train of celeſtial viſitants, forſook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been ſtolen away by Hope, who was his nurſe, and conveyed by her to the foreſts of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the ſhepherds. But Jupiter aſſigned him a different partner, and commanded him to eſpouſe SORROW, the daughter of Ate. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harſh and diſagreeable, her eyes ſunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypreſs and wormwood. From this union ſprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a ſtrong reſemblance to both her parents: but the ſullen and unamiable features of her mother were ſo mixed and blended with the ſweetneſs of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleaſing. The maids and ſhepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her PITY. A redbreaſt was obſerved to build in the cabin where ſhe was born; and while ſhe was yet an infant, a dove, purſued by a hawk, flew into her boſom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but ſo ſoft and gentle a mien that ſhe was beloved to a degree of enthuſiaſm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpreſſibly ſweet; and ſhe loved to lie for hours together on the banks of ſome wild and melancholy ſtream, ſinging to her lute. She taught men to weep, for ſhe took a ſtrange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were aſſembled at their evening ſports, ſhe would ſteal in amongſt them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of charming ſadneſs. She wore on her head a garland compoſed of her father's myrtles, twiſted with her mother's cypreſs.

ONE day, as ſhe ſat muſing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain, and ever ſince the Muſes' ſpring has retained a ſtrong taſte of the infuſion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the ſteps of her mother through the world,

dropping balm into the wounds ſhe made, and binding up the hearts ſhe had broken. She follows with her hair looſe, her boſom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briers, and her feet bleeding with the roughneſs of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is ſo; and when ſhe has fulfilled her deſtined courſe upon the earth, they ſhall both expire together, and LOVE be again united to JOY, his immortal and long-betrothed bride. MRS. BARBAULD.

CHAP. IX.

THE DEAD ASS.

AND this ſaid he, putting the remains of a cruſt into his wallet—and this ſhould have been thy portion, ſaid he, hadſt thou been alive to have ſhared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apoſtrophe to his child; but it was to his aſs, and to the very aſs we had ſeen dead in the road, which had occaſioned La Fleur's miſadventure. The man ſeemed to lament it much; and it inſtantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

THE mourner was ſitting upon a ſtone-bench at the door, with the aſs's pannel and its bridle on one ſide, which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and ſhook his head. He then took his cruſt of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it ſome time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his aſs's bridle—looked wiſtfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a ſigh.

THE ſimplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the reſt, whilſt the horſes were getting ready: as I continued ſitting in the poſt-chaiſe, I could ſee and hear over their heads.

HE ſaid he had come laſt from Spain, where he had been from the fartheſt borders of Franconia; and had got ſo far on his return home, when his aſs died. Every one ſeemed deſirous to know what buſineſs could have taken ſo old and poor a man ſo far a journey from his own home.

It had pleafed Heaven, he faid, to blefs him with three fons, the fineft lads in all Germany; but having in one week loft two of them by the fmall-pox, and the youngeft falling ill of the fame diftemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him alfo, he would go in gratitude to St. Jago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his ftory, he ftopped to pay Nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He faid Heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had fet out from his cottage with his poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eat the fame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who ftood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—The mourner faid he did not want it—it was not the value of the afs—but the lofs of him—The afs, he faid, he was affured, loved him—and upon this told them a long ftory of a mifchance upon their paffage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had feparated them from each other three days; during which time the afs had fought him as much as he had fought the afs, and that he had neither fcarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou haft one comfort, friend, faid I, at leaft, in the lofs of thy poor beaft; I am fure thou has been a merciful mafter to him.—Alas! faid the mourner, I thought fo, when he was alive—but now he is dead I think otherwife—I fear the weight of myfelf—and my afflictions together—have been too much for him—they have fhortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to anfwer for. Shame on the world! faid I to myfelf—Did we love each other, as this poor foul but lov'd his afs—'twould be fomething.—

STERNE.

CHAP. X.

THE SWORD.

WHEN ftates and empires have their periods of declenfion, and feel in their turns what diftrefs and

poverty is—I ſtop not to tell the cauſes which gradually brought the houſe d'E***, in Britany into decay. The Marquis d'E*** had fought up againſt his condition with great firmneſs; wiſhing to preſerve and ſtill ſhow to the world ſome little fragments of what his anceſtors had been—their indiſcretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obſcurity—But he had two boys who looked up to him for light—he thought they deſerved it. He had tried his ſword—it could not open the way—the mounting was too expenſive—and ſimple economy was not a match for it—There was no reſource but commerce.

In any other province in France, ſave Britany, this was ſmiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wiſhed to ſee re-bloſſom—But in Britany, there being a proviſion for this, he availed himſelf of it; and taking an occaſion when the ſtates were aſſembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two ſons, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though ſeldom claimed, he ſaid, was no leſs in force; he took his ſword from his ſide—Here—ſaid he—take it; and be truſty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The preſident accepted the Marquis's ſword—he ſtaid a few minutes to ſee it depoſited in the archives of his houſe—and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of ſucceſsful application to buſineſs, with ſome unlooked for bequeſts from diſtant branches of his houſe—returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to ſupport it.

It was an incident of good fortune, which will never happen to any traveller but a ſentimental one, that I ſhould be at Rennes at the very time of this ſolemn requiſition; I call it ſolemn—it was ſo to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family; he ſupported his lady—his eldeſt ſon ſupported his ſiſter, and his youngeſt was at the other extreme

of

of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice———

There was a dead ſilence.—When the Marquis had approached within ſix paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioneſs to his youngeſt ſon, and advancing three ſteps before his family—he reclaimed his ſword.—His ſword was given him; and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almoſt out of the ſcabbard—it was the ſhining face of a friend he had once given up. He looked attentively a long time at it, beginning at the hilt, as if to ſee whether it was the ſame—when obſerving a little ruſt which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I ſaw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I shall find, (ſaid he) ſome other way to get it off."

When the Marquis had ſaid this, he returned his ſword into its ſcabbard, made a bow to the guardian of it—and, with his wife and daughter, and his two ſons following him, walked out.

O how I envied him his feelings! STERNE.

CHAP. XI.

MARIA.

FIRST PART.

——THEY were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the foreglaſs to hear them more diſtinctly——'Tis Maria, ſaid the poſtilion, obſerving I was liſtening——Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was in a line between us,) is ſitting upon a bank playing her veſpers upon her pipe, with her little goat beſide her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty ſous piece, when I got to Moulines—

And who is poor Maria? ſaid I.

The

The love and pity of all the villages around us, ſaid the poſtilion——It is but three years ago, that the ſun did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-witted, and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deſerve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the pariſh who publiſhed them——

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they were the ſame notes;—yet were ten times ſweeter. It is the evening-ſervice to the Virgin, ſaid the young man——but who has taught her to play it—or how ſhe came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has aſſiſted her in both; for ever ſince ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, it ſeems her only conſolation—ſhe has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that ſervice upon it almoſt night and day.

The poſtilion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering ſomething in his face above his condition, and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor Maria taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me.

We had got up by this time almoſt to the bank where Maria was ſitting: ſhe was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up in a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide——ſhe was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ache, it was the moment I ſaw her——

God help her, poor damſel! above a hundred maſſes, ſaid the poſtilion, have been ſaid in the ſeveral pariſh-churches and convents around for her—but without effect: we have ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible for ſhort intervals, that the Virgin at laſt will reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are loſt for ever.

As the poſtilion ſpoke this, Maria made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender and querulous, that I ſprung out of the chaiſe to help her, and found myſelf ſitting

betwixt

betwixt her and her goat, before I relapſed from my enthuſiaſm.

MARIA looked wiſtfully for ſome time at me, and then at the goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and ſo alternately——

——WELL, Maria, ſaid I ſoftly—What reſemblance do you find?

I DO entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a beaſt man is—that I aſked the queſtion; and that I would not have let fall an unſeaſonable pleaſantry in the venerable preſence of Miſery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais ſcattered.

ADIEU, Maria!—adieu, poor hapleſs damſel!—ſome time, but not now, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips——but I was deceived: for that moment ſhe took her pipe, and told me ſuch a tale of wo with it, that I roſe up, and, with broken and irregular ſteps, walked ſoftly to my chaiſe.

SECOND PART.

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a poplar—ſhe was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand—a ſmall brook run at the foot of the tree.

I BADE the poſtilion go on with the chaiſe to Moulines—and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper—and that I would walk after him.

SHE was dreſſed in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted within a ſilk net. She had ſuper-added likewiſe to her jacket a pale green riband which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt; at the end of which hung her pipe; Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover; and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle. As I looked at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her with the ſtring—"Thou ſhalt not leave me, Sylvio!"

ſaid

ſaid ſhe. I looked in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for as ſhe uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I SAT down cloſe by her, and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then ſteeped it in my own---and then in hers---and then in mine---and then I wiped hers again---and as I did it, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions within me, as I am ſure could not be accountable for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I AM poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all the books with which materialiſts have peſtered the world, ever convince me of the contrary.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herſelf, I aſked her if ſhe remembered a pale thin perſon of a man who had ſat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She ſaid, ſhe was unſettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts---that, ill as ſhe was, ſhe ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next, that her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the theft---ſhe had waſhed it, ſhe ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket, to reſtore it to him in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again, which ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me ſee it: ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril---on opening it, I ſaw an S marked in one of the corners.

SHE had ſince that, ſhe told me, ſtrayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once---and returned back:---that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Appenines---had travelled all over Lombardy without money---and through the flinty roads of Savoy without ſhoes: how ſhe had borne it, and how ſhe had got ſupported, ſhe could not tell---but God tempers the wind, ſaid Maria, to the ſhorn lamb.

SHORN indeed, and to the quick, ſaid I: and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and ſhelter thee; thou ſhouldeſt eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup---I would be kind

kind to thy Sylvio——in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee, and bring thee back---when the ſun went down I would ſay my prayers, and when I had done, thou ſhouldeſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe; nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

NATURE melted within me as I uttered this; and Maria obſerving as I took out my handkerchief, that it was ſteeped too much already to be of uſe, would needs go waſh it in the ſtream.——And where will, you dry it, Maria? ſaid I.---I will dry it in my boſom ſaid ſhe---it will do me good.

AND is your heart ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I.

I TOUCHED upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows---ſhe looked with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time in my face; and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe, and played her ſervice to the Virgin. The ſtring I had touched ceaſed to vibrate---in a moment or two Maria returned to herſelf---let her pipe fall---and roſe up.

AND where are you going, Maria? ſaid I. She ſaid to Moulines.---Let us go, ſaid I, together.---Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ſtring, to let the dog follow---in that order we entered Moulines.

THOUGH I hate ſalutations and greeting in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I ſtopped to take my laſt look and laſt farewel of Maria.

MARIA, though not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms---Affliction had touched her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly---ſtill ſhe was feminine:---and ſo much was there about her of all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza out of mine, ſhe ſhould not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup, but Maria ſhould lie in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

ADIEU, poor luckleſs maiden!---Imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds---the Being

Being who has twice bruiſed thee can only bind them up for ever. STERNE.

CHAP. XII.

THE CAMELION.

OFT it has been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking ſpark,
With eyes, that hardly ſerv'd at moſt
To guard their maſter 'gainſt a poſt:
Yet round the world the blade has been
To ſee whatever could be ſeen,
Returning from his finiſh'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth would ſtop;
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow---
I've ſeen---and ſure I ought to know"——
So beg you'd pay a due ſubmiſſion,
And acquieſce in his deciſion.
Two travellers of ſuch a caſt,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they paſt,
And on their way in friendly chat
Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
Diſcours'd a while, 'mongſt other matter,
Of the Camelion's form and nature.
"A ſtranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never liv'd beneath the ſun:
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fiſh's head, a ſerpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoin'd,
And what a length of tail behind!
How ſlow its pace; and then its hue——
Whoever ſaw ſo fine a blue?"
"Hold there," the other quick replies,
"'Tis green---I ſaw it with theſe eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warm'd it in the ſunny ray:
Stretch'd at its eaſe the beaſt I view'd,
And ſaw it eat the air for food."

"I've

"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast survey'd
Extended in the cooling shade."
"'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye"——
"Green!" cries the other in a fury——
"Why, Sir---d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"T'were no great loss," the friend replies;
"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."
So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the question they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue?
"Sirs!" cries the umpire, "cease your pother---
The creature's neither one nor t'other;
I caught the animal last night,
And view'd it o'er by candle-light;
I mark'd it well---'twas black as jet——
You stare---but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it"---"Pray, Sir, do;
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
"Well then, at once to ease the doubt."
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
"And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said; then full before their sight
Produc'd the beast---and lo!---'twas white!
Both star'd; the man look'd wond'rous wise---
"My children," the Camelion cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue)
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you,
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eye-sight to his own."

MERRICK.

CHAP. XIII.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A GRECIAN youth of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philoſophic care
Had form'd for Virtue's nobler view,
By precepts and example too,
Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed, and guide the wheel;
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng,
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,
The idiot wonder they expreſs'd,
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.
At length, quite vain, he needs would ſhow
His maſter what his art could do;
And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To Academus' ſacred ſhade.
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs ſtarted at the ſight;
The muſes drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire.
Howe'er, the youth with forward air,
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car;
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;
And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes
And ſhouts purſue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain,
The ſelf-ſame track he marks again;
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
E'en bearded ſages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging ſage, beheld
With pains the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And fluſh'd with hope, had caught his eye,

" Alas

"Alas, unhappy youth!" he cry'd,
Expect no praiſe from me, (and ſighed)
With indignation I ſurvey
Such ſkill and judgment thrown away,
The time profuſely ſquander'd there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at leſs expenſe,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe;
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men, and guide the ſtate."

WHITEHEAD.

CHAP. XIV.

SIR BALAAM.

WHERE London's column pointing at the ſkies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a citizen of ſober fame,
A plain, good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth:
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
And added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's:
Conſtant at church and 'Change; his gains were ſure,
His giving rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The devil was piqu'd ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rous'd by the Prince of air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my lady's word,
And lo! two puddings ſmok'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a gem away;
He pledg'd it to the knight: the knight had wit,
So kept the di'mond, and the rogue was bit.

Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſixpence where I gave a groat;
Where once I went to church I'll now go twice--
And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and ſubſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
'Till all the demon makes his full deſcent,
In one abundant ſhow'r of cent. per cent.
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſs the whole,
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn;
His compting-houſe employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the devil ordained one Chriſtmas tide,
My good old Lady catch'd a cold and dy'd.
A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull cits, and joins to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air.
In Britain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play; ſo bad her chance
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The houſe impeach him, Coningſby harangues;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan, are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown;
The devil and the king divide the prize;
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

POPE.

CHAP. XV.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſhelt'ring wood,
The ſafe retreat of Health and Peace,
A humble cottage ſtood.

There

There beauteous Emma flouriſh'd fair
  Beneath a mother's eye,
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
  To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The ſofteſt bluſh that Nature ſpreads,
  Gave colour to the cheek;
Such orient colour ſmiles thro' heav'n
  When May's ſweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
  The charmer of the plains;
That ſun which bids their di'mond blaze
  To deck our lily deigns.

Long had ſhe fir'd each youth with love,
  Each maiden with deſpair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
  Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
  A ſoul that knew no art,
And from whoſe eyes, ſerenely mild,
  Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
  Was quickly too reveal'd;
Nor neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh
  Which Virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliſs
  Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
  Where Fortune proves a foe.

His ſiſter, who like Envy form'd,
  Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill
  Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a ſordid man,
  Who love nor pity knew

Was all unfeeling as the rock
  From whence his riches grew.

Long had he ſeen their mutual flame,
  And ſeen it long unmov'd;
Then, with a father's frown at laſt,
  He ſternly diſapprov'd.

In EDWIN's gentle heart a war
  Of diff'ring paſſions ſtrove;
His heart, which durſt not diſobey,
  Yet could not ceaſe to love.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
  The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
  Where EMMA walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanemore's wintry waſte,
  Beneath the moonlight ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
  The midnight mourner ſtray'd.

His cheeks where love with beauty glow'd,
  A deadly pale o'ercaſt:
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
  Before the northern blaſt.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
  Hung o'er his dying bed,
And weary'd Heav'n with fruitleſs pray'rs,
  And fruitleſs ſorrows ſhed.

"'Tis paſt" he cry'd; "but if your ſouls
  Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold
  What they muſt ever love."

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
  And bath'd with many a tear;
Firſt falling o'er the primroſe pale,
  So morning dews appear.

But

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care,
(A cruel ſiſter ſhe!)
Forbad what EMMA came to ſay,
"My EDWIN! live for me."

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs went,
The churchyard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's fun'ral ſong.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In ev'ry buſh his hov'ring ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

Alone, appal'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſi'nary vale,
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad ſounding in the gale.

Juſt then ſhe reach'd with trembling ſteps,
Her aged mother's door!
"He's gone," ſhe cry'd, "and I muſt ſee
That angel face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide"——
From her white arm down ſunk her head,
She ſhiver'd, ſigh'd, and dy'd! MALLET.

CHAP. XVI.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

'TIS liſt'ning fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heav'n,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,

The light'nings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over-head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze——
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heav'n and earth.
Guilt hears appal'd, with deeply troubled thought:
And yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. Young CELADON
And his AMELIA were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace;
The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:
Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the rising day.
They lov'd; but such their guitless passion was
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing hour,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.
So pass'd their life, a clear united-stream,
By Care unruffled: till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs; and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom, on CELADON her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love and confidence
In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear; it grew and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd

Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying faints, his eyes compaffion fhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he faid,
"Sweet innocence! thou ftranger to offence,
And inward ftorm! HE, who yon fkies involves
In frowns of darknefs, ever fmiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the fecret fhaft
That waftes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmlefs; and that very voice,
Which thunders terror thro' th' guilty heart,
With tongues of feraphs whifpers peace to thine;
'Tis fafety to be near thee fure, and thus
To clafp perfection!" From his void embrace,
(Myfterious Heav'n!) that moment to the ground,
A blacken'd corfe, was ftruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover as he ftood,
Pierc'd by fevere amazement, hating life,
Speechlefs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint refemblance! on the marble tomb
The well-diffembled mourner ftooping ftands
For ever filent, and for ever fad. THOMPSON.

CHAP. XVII.

JUNIO AND THEANA.

SOON as young reafon dawn'd in Junio's breaft,
His father fent him from thefe genial ifles,
To where old Thames with confcious pride furveys
Green Eton, foft abode of ev'ry Mufe.
Each claffic beauty he foon made his own,
And foon fam'd Ifis faw him woo the Nine
On her infpiring banks. Love tun'd his fong;
For fair Theäna was his only theme,
Acafto's daughter, whom in early youth
He oft diftinguifh'd; and for whom he oft
Had climb'd the bending cocoa's airy height
To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he prefented, more nectareous deem'd.
The fweeteft fapadillas oft he brought:
From him more fweet ripe fapadillas feem'd
Nor had long abfence yet effac'd her form;
Her charms ftill triumphed o'er Britannia's fair.

One

One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks ;
Nor knew, till then, ſweet Sheen contain'd his all.
His taſte mature approv'd his infant choice.
In colour, form, expreſſion, and in grace
She ſhone all perfect ; while each pleaſing art,
And each ſoft virtue, that the ſex adorn,
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect ſtrain
Can ill deſcribe the tranſports Junio felt
At this diſcovery : he declar'd his love ;
She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.
And ſhall not Hymen light his brighteſt torch
For this delighted pair ? Ah ! Junio knew
His ſire deteſted his Theäna's houſe !——
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conſpir'd
To check their happy union. He reſolv'd
(And many a ſigh that reſolution coſt)
To paſs the time, till death his ſire remov'd,
In viſiting old Europe's letter'd climes :
While ſhe (and many a tear that parting drew)
Embark'd, reluctant, for her native iſle.
Tho' learn'd, curious, and tho' nobly bent
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to ſerve ; no joys he found.
Yet ſprightly Gaul ; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign ;
Yet Greece, of old the ſeat of every Muſe ;
Of freedom, courage ; yet Auſonia's clime,
His ſteps explor'd ; where painting, muſic's ſtrains,
Where arts, where laws, Philoſophy's beſt child,
With rival beauties his attention claim'd.
To his juſt-judging, his inſtructed eye
The all-perfect Medicean Venus ſeem'd
A perfect ſemblance of his Indian fair :
But when ſhe ſpoke of love, her voice ſurpaſs'd
The harmonious warblings of Italian ſong.
Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came,
Which briefly told him of his father's death.
Afflicted, filial, yet to Heav'n reſign'd,
Soon he reach'd Albion, and as ſoon embark'd,
Eager to claſp the object of his love.
Blow, proſperous breezes ! ſwiftly ſail, thou Po !
Swift ſail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.

In

In Biſcay's ſtormy ſeas an armed ſhip,
Of force ſuperior, from loud Charante's wave
Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew
Their colours ſtrike; when dauntleſs Junio, fir'd
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,
Who on the bloody deck dealt ſlaughter round.
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
And touch'd with ſhame, with emulation ſtung,
So plied their cannon, plied their miſſile fires,
That ſoon in air the hapleſs Thunderer blew.
  Blow proſperous breezes! ſwiftly ſail, thou Po!
May no more dang'rous fights retard thy way!
  Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they ſpy,
Like clouds dim riſing in the diſtant ſky.
Glad Eurus whiſtles, laugh the ſportive crew;
Each ſail is ſet to catch the favouring gale,
While on the yard-arm the harpooner ſits,
Strikes the boneta, or the ſhark enſnares:
The little nautilus, with purple pride
Expands his ſails, and dances o'er the waves;
Small winged fiſhes on the ſhrouds alight;
And beauteous dolphins gently play'd around.
Tho' faſter than the Tropic-bird they flew,
Oft Junio cried, Ah! when ſhall we ſee land!
Soon land they made: and now in thought he claſp'd
His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.
She, no leſs anxious, every evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's veſſel to deſcry.
One eve (faint calms for many a day had reign'd)
The wing'd dæmons of the tempeſt roſe——
Thunder, and rain, and light'ning's awful power.
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave; the etherial bolt,
That ſtretch'd her ſpeechleſs, o'er her lovely head
Had innocently roll'd.
  Meanwhile, impatient Junio leap'd aſhore,
Regardleſs of the dæmons of the ſtorm.
Ah, youth! what woes too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burſt on thee! Urge not ſo
Thy flying courſer. Soon Theana's porch

Received

Receiv'd him; at his ſight the ancient ſlaves
Affrighted ſhrink, and to the chamber point :—
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant.
He enters haſty——
Ah! what a ſight for one who lov'd ſo well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death.
Theäna lay; and yet a glimpſe of joy
Play'd on her face, while with faint faltering voice,
She thus addreſs'd the youth, whom yet ſhe knew;
"Welcome, my Junio, to thy native ſhore!
Thy ſight repays this ſummons of my fate:
Live, and live happy; ſometimes think of me;
By night, by day, you ſtill engag'd my care;
And next to God, you now my thoughts employ;
Accept of this——My little all I give;
Would it were larger"—Nature could no more;
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd,
But ſay, what ſtrains, what language can expreſs
The thouſand pangs, which tore the lover's breaſt?
Upon her breathleſs corſe himſelf he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haſte;
Ten thouſand kiſſes gave. He ſtrove to ſpeak;
Nor words he found: he claſpt her in his arms;
He ſigh'd, he ſwoon'd look'd up, and died away.
One grave contains this hapleſs faithful pair!
And ſtill the Cane-iſles tell their matchleſs love!

GRAINGER.

CHAP. XVIII.

DOUGLAS TO LORD RANDOLPH.

MY name is NORVAL: on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flock; a frugal ſwain,
Whoſe conſtant cares were to increaſe his ſtore,
And keep his only ſon, myſelf at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field ſome warlike lord:
And Heaven ſoon granted what my ſire denied.
This moon which roſe laſt night, round as my ſhield,
Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,

A band

A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took, then hasted to my friends:
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing, the pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe,
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my hnmble name.

HOME.

CHAP. XIX.

OTHELLO's APOLOGY.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,

In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For ſuch proceedings I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.———
Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyiſh days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's hiſtory:
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſerts wild,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heav'n,
It was my bent to ſpeak.---All theſe to hear
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline.
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her hence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte deſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe; which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively. I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs;
She ſwore, in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas won'drous pitiful———
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it---yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heav'n had made her ſuch a man;---ſhe thank'd
Me,

Me, and bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

SHAKESPEAR.

BOOK III.

Didactic Pieces.

CHAP. I.

ON MODESTY.

I KNOW no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than these two——Modesty and assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, aukward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

AGAIN, a man of assurance, though at first only denoting a person of free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I SHALL endeavour, therefore, in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

IF I was put to define Modesty, I would call it, The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

FOR this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I DO not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated

celebrated one of the young Prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the Senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father, but coming into the Senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the Fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I TAKE Assurance to be, the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance; is a moderate knowledge of the world; but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open an assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

EVERY one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A MAN without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

IT is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

FROM what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well

meet in the ſame perſon. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compoſe what we endeavour to expreſs when we ſay a modeſt aſſurance; by which we underſtand the juſt mean between baſhfulneſs and impudence.

I SHALL conclude with obſerving, that as the ſame man may be both modeſt and aſſured; ſo it is alſo poſſible for the ſame perſon to be both impudent and baſhful.

WE have frequent inſtances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a ſentence without confuſion, can voluntarily commit the greateſt villanies, or moſt indecent actions.

SUCH a perſon ſeems to have made a reſolution to do ill even in ſpite of himſelf, and in defiance of all thoſe checks and reſtraints his temper and complexion ſeem to have laid in his way.

UPON the whole, I would endeavour to eſtabliſh this maxim. That the practice of virtue is the moſt proper method to give a man a becoming aſſurance in his words and actions. Guilt always ſeeks to ſhelter itſelf in one of the extremes, and is ſometimes attended with both

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. II.

ON CHEERFULNESS.

I HAVE always preferred Cheerfulneſs to Mirth. The latter I conſider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is ſhort and tranſient, cheerfulneſs fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy: On the contrary, cheerfulneſs, though it does not give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment: cheerfulneſs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a ſteady and perpetual ſerenity.

MEN

Men of auftere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diffolute for a ftate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and infolence of heart that is inconfiftent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateft dangers. Writers of this complexion have obferved, that the Sacred Perfon, who was the great pattern of perfection, was never feen to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of thefe exceptions; it is of a ferious and compofed nature: it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the prefent ftate of humanity, and is very confpicuous in the characters of thofe who are looked upon as the greateft philofophers among the Heathens, as well as among thofe who have been defervedly efteemed as faints and holy men among Chriftians.

If we confider Cheerfulnefs in three lights, with regard to ourfelves, to thofe we converfe with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itfelf on each of thefe accounts. The man who is poffeffed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eafy in his thoughts, but a perfect mafter of all the powers and faculties of his foul; his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undifturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in folitude. He comes with a relifh to all thofe goods which nature has provided for him, taftes all the pleafures of the creation which are poured upon him, and does not feel the full weight of thofe accidental evils which may befal him.

If we confider him in relation to the perfons whom he converfes with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only difpofed to be affable and obliging, but raifes the fame good humour in thofe who come within its influence. A man finds himfelf pleafed, he does not know why, with the cheerfulnefs of his companion; it is like a fudden funfhine that awakens a fecret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friend-

fhip

ſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon it.

WHEN I conſider this cheerful ſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the Author of Nature. An inward cheerfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to Providence under all its diſpenſations. It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct towards man.

A MAN, who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of cheerfulneſs, in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf-congratulations naturally riſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity; when it takes a view of thoſe improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its firſt fitting out, have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of happineſs? The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

THE ſecond ſource of cheerfulneſs to a good mind, is its conſideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded with an immenſity of love and mercy. In ſhort, we depend upon a Being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him, and whoſe unchangeableneſs will ſecure us in this happineſs to all eternity.

SUCH

Such confiderations, which every one fhould perpetually cherifh in his thoughts, will banifh from us all that fecret heavinefs of heart which unthinking men are fubject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguifh which we may feel from any evil that actually oppreffes us; to which I may likewife add thofe little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than fupport it; and eftablifh in us fuch an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleafing to ourfelves, to thofe with whom we converfe, and to Him whom we are made to pleafe. SPECTATOR.

CHAP. III.

ON SINCERITY.

TRUTH and fincerity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the fhow of any thing be good for any thing, I am fure the reality is better; for why does any man diffemble, or feem to be that which he is not, but becaufe he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and diffemble, is to put on the appearance of fome real excellency. Now the beft way for a man to feem to be any thing, is really to be what he would feem to be. Befides, it is often as troublefome to fupport the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is moft likely he will be difcovered to want it, and then all his labour to feem to have it is loft. There is fomething unnatural in painting, which a fkilful eye will eafily difcern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to perfonate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herfelf one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to feem good, let him be fo indeed, and then his goodnefs will appear to every one's fatisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's confcience, but, which is much more, to God, who fearcheth our hearts. So that, upon all accounts,

accounts, ſincerity is true wiſdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of diſſimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and eaſier; much the ſafer and more ſecure way of dealing in the world; it hath leſs of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it: it is the ſhorteſt and neareſt way to our end, carrying us thither in a ſtraight line, and will hold out and laſt longeſt. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to thoſe that practiſe them; whereas integrity gains ſtrength by uſe, and the more and longer any man practiſeth it, the greater ſervice it does him, by confirming his reputation and encouraging thoſe with whom he has to do, to repoſe the greateſt confidence in him, which is an unſpeakable advantage in buſineſs and the affairs of life.

A DISSEMBLER muſt always be upon his guard, and watch himſelf carefully, that he do not contradict his own pretenſions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore muſt put a continual force and reſtraint upon himſelf. Whereas he that acts ſincerely hath the eaſieſt taſk in the world; becauſe he follows Nature, and ſo is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not invent any pretences before hand, nor make excuſes afterwards, for any thing he has ſaid or done.

BUT inſincerity is very troubleſome to manage; a hypocrite has ſo many things to attend to, as makes his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, leſt he contradict at one time what he ſaid at another; but truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips; whereas a lie is troubleſome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

ADD to all this, that ſincerity is the moſt compendious wiſdom, and an excellent inſtrument for the ſpeedy diſpatch of buſineſs: It creates confidence in thoſe we have to deal with, ſaves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an iſſue in a few words.

It

It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man fooner to his journey's end, than bye-ways, in which men often lofe themfelves. In a word, whatfoever convenience may be thought to be in falfehood and diffimulation, it is foon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, becaufe it brings a man under an everlafting jealoufy and fufpicion, fo that he is not believed when he fpeaks truth, nor trufted when perhaps he means honeftly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then ferve his turn—neither truth nor falfehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and fhould never have occafion to converfe more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as refpects the affairs of this world) if he fpent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilft he is in it, let him make ufe of truth and fincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts may fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the laft.

TILLOTSON.

CHAP. IV.

ON HONOUR.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, fince men are of fo different a make, that the fame principle does not work equally upon all minds. What fome men are prompted to by confcience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the fame thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The fenfe of honour is of fo fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in fuch as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This effay, therefore is chiefly defigned for thofe who by means of any

any of these advantages are, or ought to be actuated by this glorious principle.

BUT as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men.—First of all with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And, thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

IN the first place true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares, that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, and so base, and so vile a nature.

I SHALL conclude this head with the description of honour in the parting of young Juba——

"Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble minds distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens Virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with."—— CATO.

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour which is contrary either to the laws of God or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that

that he who wants it ſcarce deſerves the name of a man; but we find ſeveral who ſo much abuſe this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themſelves men of honour, that would have been a diſgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who ſacrifices any duty of a reaſonable creature to a prevailing mode or faſhion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is diſpleaſing to his Maker, or deſtructive to ſociety, who thinks himſelf obliged by this principle to the practice of ſome virtues and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

TIMOGENES was a lively inſtance of one actuated by falſe honour. Timogenes would ſmile at a man's jeſt who ridiculed his Maker, and at the ſame time, run a man through the body that ſpoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have ſcorned to have betrayed a ſecret, even though the fate of his country depended upon the diſcovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having ſpoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himſelf had ſeduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To cloſe his character, Timogenes, after having ruined ſeveral poor tradeſmen's families who had truſted him, ſold his eſtate to ſatisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, diſpoſed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying of all his play debts, or, to ſpeak in his own language, his debts of honour.

IN the third place, we are to conſider thoſe perſons who treat the principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are profeſſedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even thoſe who are actuated by falſe notions of it, as there is more hope of a Heretic than of an Atheiſt. The ſons of infamy conſider honour with old Syphax, in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads aſtray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real miſchiefs, while they are engaged in the purſuits of a ſhadow. Theſe are generally perſons who, in Shakeſpear's phraſe, " are worn and hackneyed

in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue. GUARDIAN.

CHAP. V.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

GOOD humour may be defined a habit of being pleased, a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition; like that which every man perceives in himself, when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses. Good humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another.

IT is imagined by many, that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to show the gladness of their souls by flights and pleasantry, and bursts of laughter. But though these men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good humour, as the eye gazes a while on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

GAIETY is to good humour, as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one over-powers weak spirits, and the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good humour boasts no

faculties

faculties which every one does not believe in his power, and pleaſes principally by not offending.

It is well known, that the moſt certain way to give any man pleaſure, is to perſuade him that you receive pleaſure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any ſuch appearance of ſuperiority as may overbear and depreſs him. We ſee many that by this art only, ſpend their days in the midſt of careſſes, invitations, and civilities: and without any extraordinary qualities or attainments, are the univerſal favourites of both ſexes, and certainly find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found ſuch as excite neither jealouſy nor fear; and are not conſidered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themſelves with common accompliſhments, and endeavour rather to ſolicit kindneſs than to raiſe eſteem. Therefore in aſſemblies and places of reſort it ſeldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of ſome particular perſon every face brightens with gladneſs, and every hand is extended in ſalutation, yet if you purſue him beyond the firſt exchange of civilities, you will find him of very ſmall importance, and only welcome to the company, as one by whom all conceive themſelves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuſe himſelf when he can find no other auditor or companion; as one with whom all are at eaſe, who will hear a jeſt without criticiſm, and a narrative without contradiction; who laughs with every wit, and yields to every diſputer.

There are many whoſe vanity always inclines them to aſſociate with thoſe from whom they have no reaſon to fear mortification; and there are times in which the wiſe and the knowing are willing to receive praiſe without the labour of deſerving it, in which the moſt elevated mind is willing to deſcend, and the moſt active to be at reſt. All therefore are at ſome hour or another fond of companions whom they can entertain upon eaſy terms, and who will relieve them from ſolitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are moſt inclined to love when we have nothing to

to fear; and he that encourages us to please ourselves, will not be long without preference in our affection to those whose learning holds us at the distance of pupils, or whose wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance and without regard.

It is remarked by Prince Henry, when he sees Falstaff lying on the ground, "that he could have better spared a better man." He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented, but while his conviction compelled him to do justice to superior qualities, his tenderness still broke out at the remembrance of Falstaff, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had passed his time, in all the luxury of idleness, who had gladdened him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy and despise.

You may perhaps think this account of those who are distinguished for their good humour, not very consistent with the praises which I have bestowed upon it. But surely nothing can more evidently show the value of this quality, than that it recommends those who are destitute of all other excellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friendship to the worthless, and affection to the dull.

Good humour is indeed generally degraded by the characters in which it is found; for being considered as a cheap and vulgar quality, we find it often neglected by those that having excellencies of higher reputation and brighter splendor, perhaps imagine that they have some right to gratify themselves at the expense of others, and are to demand compliance, rather than to practise it. It is by some unfortunate mistake that almost all those who have any claim to esteem or love, press their pretensions with too little consideration of others. This mistake, my own interest as well as my zeal for general happiness, makes me desirous to rectify; for I have a friend, who because he knows his own fidelity and usefulness, is never willing to sink into a companion. I have a wife whose beauty first subdued me, and whose wit confirmed her conquest; but whose beauty now serves no other purpose than

to

to entitle her to tyranny, and whose wit is only used to justify perverseness.

Surely nothing can be more unreasonable than to lose the will to please, when we are conscious of the power, or show more cruelty than to choose any kind of influence before that of kindness. He that regards the welfare of others, should make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that considers the wants which every man feels, or will feel of external assistance, must rather wish to be surrounded by those that love him, than by those that admire his excellencies, or solicit his favours; for admiration ceases with novelty, and interest gains its end and retires. A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted. RAMBLER.

CHAP. VI.

ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

NOTHING has so much exposed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themselves. Those who have been taught to consider the institutions of the schools, as giving the last perfection to human abilities, are surprised to see men wrinkled with study, yet wanting to be instructed in the minute circumstances of propriety, or the necessary forms of daily transaction; and quickly shake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the rest of mankind.

Books, says Bacon, can never teach the use of books. The student must learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

It is too common for those who have been bred to scholastic professions, and passed much of their time in academies, where nothing but learning confers honours, to disregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they shall find mankind ready to pay

homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for inſtruction. They therefore ſtep out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them at once with ignorance and ſcorn on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown, and equally contemptible, but whoſe manners they muſt imitate, and with whoſe opinions they muſt comply, if they deſire to paſs their time happily among them.

To leſſen that diſdain with which ſcholars are inclined to look on the common buſineſs of the world, and the unwillingneſs with which they condeſcend to learn what is not to be found in any ſyſtem of philoſophy, it may be neceſſary to conſider, that though admiration is excited by abſtruſe reſearches and remote diſcoveries, yet pleaſure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by ſofter accompliſhments, and qualities more eaſily communicable to thoſe about us. He that can only converſe upon queſtions, about which only a ſmall part of mankind has knowledge ſufficient to make them curious, muſt loſe his days in unſocial ſilence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be uſeful in great occaſions, may die without exerting his abilities, and ſtand a helpleſs ſpectator of a thouſand vexations which fret away happineſs, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readineſs of expedients.

No degree of knowledge, attainable by a man, is able to ſet him above the want of hourly aſſiſtance, or to extinguiſh the deſire of fond endearments, and tender officiouſneſs; and therefore, no one ſhould think it unneceſſary to learn thoſe arts by which friendſhip may be gained. Kindneſs is preſerved by a conſtant reciprocation of benefits or interchange of pleaſures: but ſuch benefits only can be beſtowed, as others are capable of receiving, and ſuch pleaſures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this deſcent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be loſt; for the condeſcenſions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to uſe the ſimile of Longinus,

Longinus, like the ſun in his evening declination; he remits his ſplendor, but retains his magnitude; and pleaſes more, tho' he dazzles leſs. RAMBLER.

CHAP. VII.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF UNITING GENTLENESS OF MANNERS WITH FIRMNESS OF MIND.

I MENTIONED to you, ſome time ago, a ſentence, which I would moſt earneſtly wiſh you always to retain in your thoughts, and obſerve in your conduct; it is *ſauvitèr in modo, fortitèr in re.* I do not know any one rule ſo unexceptionably uſeful and neceſſary in every part of life.

THE *ſauvitèr in modo* alone would degenerate and ſink into a mean, timid complaiſance, and paſſiveneſs, if not ſupported and dignified by the *fortitèr in re*; and which would alſo run into impetuoſity and brutality, if not tempered and ſoftened by the *ſuavitèr in modo*: however, they are ſeldom united. The warm choleric man, with ſtrong animal ſpirits, deſpiſes the *ſuavitèr in modo*, and thinks to carry all before him by the *fortitèr in re*. He may poſſibly, by great accident, now and then ſucceed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with; but his general fate will be, to ſhock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning crafty man thinks to gain all his ends by the *ſuavitèr in modo* only: he becomes all things to all men; he ſeems to have no opinion of his own, and ſervilely adopts the preſent opinion of the preſent perſon; he inſinuates himſelf only into the eſteem of fools, but is ſoon detected, and ſurely deſpiſed by every body elſe. The wiſe man (who differs as much from the cunning, as from the choleric man) alone joins the *ſuavitèr in modo* with the *fortitèr in re*.

IF you are in authority, and have a right to command, your commands delivered *ſuavitèr in modo*, will be willingly, cheerfully, and conſequently well obeyed; whereas if given only *fortitèr*, that is brutally, they will

will rather, as Tacitus ſays, be interpreted than executed: For my own part, If I bade my footman bring me a glaſs of wine, in a rough inſulting manner, I ſhould expect, that in obeying me, he would contrive to ſpill ſome of it upon me; and I am ſure I ſhould deſerve it. A cool, ſteady reſolution ſhould ſhow, that where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed; but, at the ſame time, a gentleneſs in the manner of enforcing that obedience, ſhould make it a cheerful one, and ſoften, as much as poſſible, the mortifying conſciouſneſs of inferiority. If you are to aſk a favour, or even to ſolicit your due, you muſt do it *ſuavitèr in modo*, or you will give thoſe, who have a mind to refuſe you either, a pretence to do it, by reſenting the manner; but, on the other hand, you muſt, by a ſteady perſeverence and decent tenaciouſneſs, ſhow the *fortitèr in re*. In ſhort, this precept is the only way I know in the world, of being loved without being deſpiſed, and feared without being hated. It conſtitutes the dignity of character, which every wiſe man muſt endeavour to eſtabliſh.

If therefore you find that you have a haſtineſs in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiſcreet ſallies, or rough expreſſions, to either your ſuperiors, your equals, or your inferiors, watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *ſuavitèr in modo* to your aſſiſtance; at the firſt impulſe of paſſion be ſilent, till you can be ſoft.——Labour even to get the command of your countenance ſo well, that thoſe emotions may not be read in it: a moſt unſpeakable advantage in buſineſs! On the other hand, let no complaiſance, no gentleneſs of temper, no weak deſire of pleaſing on your part, no wheedling, coaxing, nor flattery, on other people's, make you recede one jot from any point that reaſon and prudence have bid you purſue, but return to the charge, perſiſt, perſevere, and you will find moſt things attainable, that are poſſible. A yielding timid meekneſs is always abuſed and inſulted by the unjuſt and the unfeeling; but meekneſs, when ſuſtained by the *fortitèr in re*, is always reſpected, commonly ſucceſsful. In your friendſhips and connections,

nections, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly useful; let your firmness and vigour preserve and invite attachments to you; but at the same time, let your manner hinder the enemies of your friends and dependents from becoming yours: let your enemies be disarmed by the gentleness of your manner, but let them feel at the same time, the steadiness of your just resentment: for there is a great difference between bearing malice, which is always ungenerous, and a resolute self-defence, which is always prudent and justifiable.

I CONCLUDE with this observation; That gentleness of manners, with firmness of mind, is a short, but full description of human perfection, on this side of religious and moral duties. LORD CHESTERFIELD.

CHAP. VIII.

ON GOOD SENSE.

WERE I to explain what I understand by good sense, I should call it right reason; but right reason, that arises not from formal and logical deductions, but from a sort of intuitive faculty in the soul, which distinguishes by immediate perception; a kind of innate sagacity, that in many of its properties seems very much to resemble instinct. It would be improper therefore to say, that Sir Isaac Newton showed his good sense, by those amazing discoveries which he made in natural philosophy: the operations of this gift of heaven are rather instantaneous, than the result of any tedious process. Like Diomed, after Minerva had endued him with the power of discerning gods from mortals, the man of good sense discovers at once the truth of those objects he is most concerned to distinguish; and conducts himself with suitable caution and security.

IT is for this reason, possibly, that this quality of the mind is not so often found united with learning as one could wish: for good sense being accustomed to receive her discoveries without labour or study, she cannot so easily wait for those truths, which being placed at a

distance

diſtance, and lying concealed under numberleſs covers, require much pains and application to unfold.

BUT, though good ſenſe is not in the number, nor always, it muſt be own'd, in the company of the ſciences; yet is it (as the moſt ſenſible of the poets has juſtly obſerv'd)

————fairly worth the ſev'n.

Rectitude of underſtanding is indeed the moſt uſeful, as well as the moſt noble of human endowments, as it is the ſovereign guide and director in every branch of civil and ſocial intercourſe.

UPON whatever occaſion this enlightening faculty is exerted, it is always ſure to act with diſtinguiſhed eminence; but its chief and peculiar province ſeems to lie in the commerce of the world. Accordingly we may obſerve, that thoſe who have converſed more with men than with books; whoſe wiſdom is derived rather from experience than contemplation; generally poſſeſs this happy talent with ſuperior perfection. For good ſenſe, though it cannot be acquired, may be improved; and the world, I believe, will ever be found to afford the moſt kindly ſoil for its cultivation.

MELMOTH.

CHAP. IX.

ON STUDY.

STUDIES ſerve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. The chief uſe for delight is in privateneſs and retiring: for ornament, is in diſcourſe; and for ability, is in the judgment and diſpoſition of buſineſs. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one: but the general counſels, and the plots, and marſhalling of affairs, come beſt from thoſe that are learned. To ſpend too much time in ſtudies, is ſloth; to uſe them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a ſcholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need prunning by duty, and ſtudies themſelves do give forth directions too much at large

large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn ſtudies, ſimple men admire them, and wiſe men uſe them : for they teach not their own uſe, but that is a wiſdom without them, and above them, won by obſervation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and diſcourſe, but to weigh and conſider. Some books are to be taſted, others to be ſwallowed; and ſome few to be chewed and digeſted: that is, ſome books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiouſly; and ſome few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books alſo may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that ſhould be only in the leſs important arguments, and the meaner ſort of books; elſe diſtilled books are like common diſtilled waters, flaſhy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a preſent wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to ſeem to know that he doth not. BACON.

CHAP. X.

ON SATIRICAL WIT.

TRUST me, this unwary pleaſantry of thine will ſooner or later bring thee into ſcrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of. In theſe ſallies, too oft I ſee, it happens, that the perſon laughed at, conſiders himſelf in the light of a perſon injured, with all the rights of ſuch a ſituation belonging to him; and when thou vieweſt him in that light too, and reckoneſt upon his friends, his family, his kindred, and allies, and muſtereſt up with them the many recruits which will liſt under him from a ſenſe of common danger; 'tis no extravagant arithmetic to ſay, that for every ten jokes, thou haſt got an hundred enemies; and, till thou haſt gone on, and raiſed a ſwarm of waſps about thine ears and art half ſtung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is ſo.

I CANNOT

I CANNOT ſuſpect it in the man whom I eſteem, that there is the leaſt ſpur from ſpleen or malevolence of intent in theſe ſallies. I believe and know them to be truly honeſt and ſportive; but conſider that fools cannot diſtinguiſh this, and that knaves will not; and thou knoweſt not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other: Whenever they aſſociate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in ſuch a manner againſt thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily ſick of it, and of thy life too.

REVENGE, from ſome baneful corner, ſhall level a tale of diſhonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct ſhall ſet right. The fortunes of thy houſe ſhall totter—thy character, which led the way to them, ſhall bleed on every ſide of it—thy faith queſtioned—thy works belied—thy wit forgotten—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the laſt ſcene of the tragedy, CRUELTY and COWARDICE, twin ruffians, hired and ſet on by MALICE in the dark, ſhall ſtrike together at all thy infirmities and miſtakes. The beſt of us, my friend, lie open there; and truſt me——when to gratify a private appetite, it is once reſolved upon, that an innocent and an helpleſs creature ſhall be ſacrificed, it is an eaſy matter to pick up ſticks enough from any thicket where it has ſtrayed, to make a fire to offer it up with. STERNE.

CHAP. XI.

HAMLET's INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air too much with your hand, thus; but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh! it offends me to the ſoul to hear a robuſteous periwig-pated

pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the years of the groundlings; who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-ſhows and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'er-ſtep not the modeſty of Nature: for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end, both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature; to ſhow Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, tho' it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of one of which muſt, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, (not to ſpeak it profanely) that, neither having the accent of Chriſtian, nor the gait of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man; have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

And let thoſe that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; tho' in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: that's villanous; and ſhows a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XII.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MAN VINDICATED.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd—their preſent ſtate:

From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know,
Or who could ſuffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n;
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all;
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall;
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
  Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt;
Man never IS, but always TO BE bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.
  Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the Solar Walk, or Milky Way;
Yet ſimple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
TO BE, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.
  Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe
Weigh thy opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancieſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;

If

If man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the God of GOD.
In pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of Order, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe. POPE.

CHAP. XIII.

ON THE ORDER OF NATURE.

SEE, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of Being! which from God began,
Nature æthereal, human; angel, man!
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Were, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let earth, unbalanc'd, from her orbit fly
Planets and ſuns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.

All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee,
Vile worm!—Oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this general frame:
Juſt as abſurd to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul:
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the earth, as in th' ætherial frame.
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in Vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall——
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Ceaſe then! nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper-bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All chance, Direction, which thou can'ſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony, not underſtood;
All partial Evil univerſal Good:
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite.
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

POPE.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION AND TYRANNY.

WHO first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one!
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that Conquest Law:
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe;
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conq'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She, taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes;
Fear made her devils, and weak Hope her gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on Spite, and heav'n on Pride;
Then sacred seem'd th' æthereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore;
Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol, smear'd with human blood;
With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the god an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,
To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust:
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and laws;
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?

How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence;
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then, the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
Foll'wer of God, or friend of human-kind,
Poet or patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The faith and moral, Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, nor kindled new
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew;
Taught pow'rs due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught, nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
Till jaring int'reſts, of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the world's great harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty made
To ſerve not ſuffer—ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as is bleſſes, bleſt;
Drawn to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man or Angel, Servant, Lord or king.
For forms of Government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt;
For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this One great End;
And all of God that bliſs mankind or mend,
Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun:

So

So two confiftent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itfelf, and one the Whole.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the fame. POPE.

CHAP. XV.

ON HAPPINESS.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleafure, Eafe, Content! whate'er thy name;
That fomething ftill which prompts the eternal figh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
Which ftill fo near us, yet beyond us lies;
O'erlook'd, feen double, by the fool, and wife.
Plant of celeftial feed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal foil thou deign'ft to grow?
Fair op'ning to fome court's propitious fhine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaffian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvefts of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil
We ought to blame the culture, not the foil;
Fix'd to no fpot is Happinefs fincere;
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled, from monarchs, St. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Afk of the learn'd the way: The learn'd are blind;
This bids to ferve, and that to fhun mankind;
Some place the blifs in action, fome in eafe;
Thofe call it pleafure, and Contentment thefe;
Some funk to beafts, find pleafure end in Pain;
Some fwell'd to gods, confefs ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to teach extreme they fall,
To truft in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, fay they more or lefs
Than this, that Happinefs is Happinefs?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
All ftates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And

And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe and Common Eaſe.
Remember, Man, the Univerſal Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws !"
And makes what happineſs we juſtly call,
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind ;
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd :
Who moſt to ſhun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken and all glories ſink :
Each has his ſhare ; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'n's firſt law, and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe ; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs :
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe ;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance, is not the thing ;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king ;
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend ;
Heav'n breathes thro' every member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul,
But fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt ?
If then to all men Happineſs was meant,
God in externals could not place Content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe ;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear :
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe,

Oh,

Oh, ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

POPE.

CHAP. XVI.

ON VIRTUE.

KNOW thou this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain;
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd;
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd;
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears;
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd.
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know;
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God:
Purſues that chain which links the immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;

Learns

Learns from this union of the rising Whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthened on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pour the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith of bliss unknown:
(Nature, who dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest
And strongest motives to assist the rest.
Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart!
Extend it, let thy enemies have part!
Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: But human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race:
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

POPE.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

ON VERSIFICATION.

MANY by Numbers judge a Poet's ſong ;
And ſmooth or rough, with them is right or wrong ;
In the bright muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire ;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds, as ſome to church repair
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill-expected rhimes ;
Where'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line it "whiſpers thro' the trees :"
If cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep ;"
Then at the laſt and only couplet fraught,
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhimes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow ;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough, no harſhneſs gives offence,
The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe :
Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows ;
But when loud ſurges laſh the ſounding ſhore,
The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar :
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow ;
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays furprife,
And bid alternate paffions fall and rife!
While at each change the fon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with fparkling fury glow,
Now fighs fteal out, and tears begin to flow!
Perfians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor ftood fubdu'd by Sound!

POPE.

CHAP. XVIII.

LESSON OF WISDOM.

HOW to live happieft: how avoid the pains,
The difappointments and difguft of thofe
Who would in pleafure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he ftill retain'd
His manly fenfe, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wife he was, but not fevere;
He ftill remember'd that he once was young;
His eafy prefence check'd no decent joy.
Him ev'n the diffolute admir'd; for he
A graceful loofenefs, when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could inftruct. Much had he read,
Much more had feen; he ftudied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man; and much he pitied thofe
Whom falfely-fmiling Fate has curs'd with means
To diffipate their days in queft of joy.
Our aim is happinefs; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He faid, 'tis the purfuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if t'was e'er attain'd.
But they the wildeft wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of faunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy goddefs; that from ftage to ftage
Invites us ftill, but fhifts as we purfue.
For, not to name the pains that Pleafure brings
To counterpoife itfelf, relentlefs Fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam; and were the Fates more kind

Our

Our narrow luxuries would ſoon be ſtale.
Were theſe exhauſtleſs, Nature would grow ſick
And cloy'd with pleaſure, ſqueamiſhly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature reſt : Be buſy for yourſelf,
And for your friend ; be buſy ev'n in vain,
Rather than teaze her ſated appetites.
Who never faſts, no banquet e'er enjoys ;
Who never toils or watches, never ſleeps.
Let Nature reſt : And when the taſte of joy
Grows keen indulge, but ſhun ſatiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be bleſt :
But him the leaſt the dull or painful hours
Of life oppreſs, whom ſober ſenſe conducts,
And Virtue thro' this labyrinth we tread,
Virtue and Senſe I mean not to disjon :
Virtue and Senſe are one ; and, truſt me, he,
Who has not virtue is not truly wiſe.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is ſenſe and ſpirit with humanity :
'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds ;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance juſt.
Knaves fain would laugh at it ; ſome great ones dare :
But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
Of Fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth :
This is the ſolid pomp of proſperous days ;
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
Defies of Envy and all-ſapping Time.
The guady gloſs of Fortune only ſtrikes
The vulgar eye : The ſuffrage of the wiſe,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By ſenſe alone, and dignity of mind.
   Virtue the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of heav'n : a happineſs
That even above the ſmiles and frowns of Fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites : a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baſer hands
Can be transferr'd ; it is the only good

Man juſtly boaſts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to ſhield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel ſunſhine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected uſe,
Are riches worth your care: for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupplied.
This noble end is, to produce the Soul;
To ſhow the virtues in the faireſt light;
To make humanity the Miniſter
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breaſt
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.
Thus in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And, ſtrange to tell! he practis'd what he preach'd.

ARMSTRONG.

CHAP. XIX.

AGAINST INDOLENCE.

AN EPISTLE.

IN Frolic's hour ere ſerious Thought had birth,
There was a time, my dear CORNWALLIS, when
The Muſe would take me on her airy wing,
And waft to views romantic; there preſent
Some motley viſion, ſhade, and ſun; the cliff
O'erhanging, ſparkling brooks, and ruins grey:
Bade me meanders trace, and catch the form
Of various clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.
Sometimes Ambition, bruſhing by, would twitch
My mantle, and with winning look ſublime,
Allure to follow. What tho' ſteep the track,
Her mountain's top would overpay, when climb'd,
The ſcaler's toil; her temple there was fine,
And lovely thence the proſpects. She could tell
Where laurels grew, whence many a wreath antique;
But more adviſ'd to ſhun the barren twig,
(What is immortal verdure without fruit?)
And woo ſome thriving art; her numerous mines
Were open to the ſearcher's ſkill and pains.

Caught by th' harangue, heart beat, and flutt'ring pulse
Sounded irregular marches to be gone——
What! pause a moment when Ambition calls!
No, the blood gallops to the distant goal,
And throbs to reach it. Let the lame sit still.
When fortune gentle at the hill's verge extreme,
Array'd in decent garb, but somewhat thin,
Smiling approach'd; and what occasion, ask'd,
Of climbing: She already provident,
Had cater'd well, if stomach could digest
Her viands, and a palate not too nice:
Unfit, she said, for perilous attempt;
That manly limb required, and sinew tough:
She took and laid me in a vale remote,
Amid the gloomy scene of fir and yew,
On poppy-beds, where Morpheus strew'd the ground:
Obscurity her curtain round me drew,
And Syren Sloth a dull quietus sung.
  Sithence no fairy lights, no quick'ning ray,
No stir of pulse, nor objects to entice
Abroad the spirits: but the cloyster'd heart
Sits squat at home, like pagod in a niche
Obscure, or grandees with nod-watching eye,
And folded arms, in presence of the throne,
Turk, or Indostan.—Cities, forums, courts,
And prating sanhedrims, and drumming wars,
Affect no more than stories told to bed
Lethargic, which at intervals the sick
Hears and forgets; and wakes to doze again.
Instead of converse and variety,
The same trite round, the same stale silent scene:
Such are thy comforts, blessed Solitude!—
But Innocence is there, but Peace all kind,
And simple Quiet with her downy couch,
Meads lowing, tune of birds, and lapse of streams,
And saunter with a book and warbling Muse
In praise of hawthorns—Life's whole business this!
Is it to bask i' th' sun? if so a snail
Were happy, crawling on a southern wall.
  Why sits Content upon a cottage-sill
At even-tide, and blesseth the coarse meal

In footy corner? why fweet Slumber wait
Th' hard pallet? Not becaufe from haunt remote
Sequefter'd in a dingle's bufhy lap:
'Tis labour makes the peafant's fav'ry fare,
And works out his repofe: for Eafe muft afk
The leave of Diligence to be enjoy'd.
Oh! liften not to that enchantrefs Eafe
With feeming fmile; her palatable cup
By ftanding grows infipid; and beware
The bottom, for there's poifon in the lees.
What health impair'd, and crowds inactive maim'd!
What daily martyrs to her fluggifh caufe!
Lefs ftrict devoir the Rufs and Perfian claim
Defpotic; and as fubject long enur'd
To fervile burthen, grow fupine and tame,
So fares it with our fovereign and her train.
What tho' with lure fallacious fhe pretend
From worldly bondage to fet free, what gain
Her votaries? What avails from iron chains
Exempt, if rofy fetters bind as faft?
Beftir, and anfwer your creation's end.
Think we that man, with vig'rous pow'r endow'd
And room to ftretch, was deftin'd to fit ftill?
Sluggards are Nature's rebels, flight her laws,
Nor live up to the terms on which they hold
Their vital leafe. Laborious terms and hard:
But fuch the tenure of our earthly ftate!
Riches and fame are Induftry's reward;
The nimble runner courfes Fortune down,
And then he banquets, for fhe feeds the bold.
Think what you owe your country, what yourfelf.
If fplendour charm not, yet avoid the fcorn
That treads on lowly ftations. Think of fome
Affiduous booby mounting o'er your head,
And thence with faucy grandeur looking down:
Think of (Reflection's ftab!) the pitying friend
With fhoulder fhrugg'd and forry. Think that Time
Has golden minutes, if difcreetly feiz'd:
And if fome fad example, indolent,
To warn and fcarce be wanting——think of me.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

ELEGY TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN

LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

ERE yet, ingenious youth! thy ſteps retire
  From Cam's ſmooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where Science call'd thee to her ſtudious quire,
  And met thee muſing in her cloyſters pale;
O! let thy friend (and may he boaſt the name)
  Breathe from his artleſs reed one parting lay!
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
  And this let voluntary Friendſhip pay.
Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
  When all thoſe virtues, opening now ſo fair,
Tranſplanted to the world's tempeſtuous clime,
  Muſt learn each Paſſion's boiſt'rous breath to bear.
There, if Ambition, peſtilent and pale,
  Or Luxury ſhould taint their vernal glow:
If cold Self-intereſt, with her chilling gale,
  Should blaſt th' unfolding bloſſoms ere they blow;
If mimic hues by Art or Faſhion ſpread,
  Their genuine ſimple colouring ſhould ſupply!
O! with them may theſe laureat honours fade;
  And with them (if it can) my friendſhip die.
——And do not blame, if tho' thyſelf inſpire,
  Cautious I ſtrike the panegyric ſtring;
The Muſe full oft purſues a meteor fire,
  And, vainly, vent'rous, ſoars on waxen wing.
Too actively awake at Friendſhip's voice,
  The poet's boſom pours the fervent ſtrain,
Till ſad reflection blames the haſty choice,
  And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.
Go then, my friend! nor let the candid breaſt
  Condemn me if I check the plauſive ſtring:
Go to the wayward world; complete the reſt:
  Be what the pureſt Muſe would wiſh to ſing.
Be ſtill thyſelf; that open path of Truth,
  Which led thee here, let Manhood firm purſue;
Retain the ſweet ſimplicity of Youth,
  And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.

Still ſcorn, with conſcious pride, the maſk of Art!
On vice's front let fearful Caution lour,
And teach the diffident, diſcreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for pow'r.
So, round thy brow when Age's honours ſpread,
When Death's cold hand unſtrings thy MASON's lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth ſhall ſome ſuperior bard inſpire:
He to the ampleſt bounds of Time's domain,
On rapture's plume ſhall give thy name to fly;
For truſt, with rev'rence truſt, this Sabine ſtrain;
"The muſe forbids the virtuous man to die."

MASON.

CHAP. XXI.

ON THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

AH! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, pow'r, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte!
Ah! little think they while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the ſad variety of pain!
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame; how many bleed
By ſhameful variance betwixt Man and Man;
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs; how many drink the cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of Miſery: Sore pierc'd by wint'ry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs Poverty; how many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbling headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the Tragic Muſe:
Even in the vale where Wiſdom loves to dwell,
With Friendſhip, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,

How

How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop,
In deep-retir'd diſtreſs: how many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh!—Thought, fond man,
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appal'd,
And heedleſs, rambling Impulſe learn to think:
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work. THOMPSON.

CHAP. XXII.

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE.

'TIS done!—dread WINTER ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year;
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years;
Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! Whether now are fled
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts,
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! VIRTUE ſole ſurvives,
Immortal, never failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high—And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heav'n and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new creating-word, and ſtarts to life

In ev'ry heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal ſcheme
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To Reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that POWER
And WISDOM oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming Worth in ſecret liv'd,
And died neglected! why the good man's ſhare
In life was gaul and bitterneſs of ſoul!
Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
In ſtarving ſolitude, while Luxury
In palaces lay ſtraining her low thought
To form unreal wants! why heav'n-born Truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superſtition's ſcourge! why licens'd Pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that unboſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſs'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part deem'd Evil, is no more.
The ſtorms of WINTRY TIME will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

THOMSON.

CHAP. XXIII.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

BE wiſe to-day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals till all are fled,
And to the mercy of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born;

All

All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They one day ſhall not drivel; and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt their own; their future ſelves applauds;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's, to Wiſdom they conſign;
The thing they can't but purpoſe, they poſtpone.
'Tis not in folly not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in Human Wiſdom do no more.
All Promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry ſtage. When young indeed,
In full content, we ſometimes nobly reſt,
Un-anxious for ourſelves; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our fathers were more wiſe.
At thirty man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to Reſolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Reſolves, and re-reſolves, then dies the ſame.
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themſelves:
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE PAIN ARISING FROM VIRTUOUS EMOTIONS ATTENDED WITH PLEASURE.

———BEHOLD the ways
Of heav'n's eternal deſtiny to man,
For ever juſt, benevolent, and wiſe:
That VIRTUE's awful ſteps, howe'er purſu'd

By

By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant PLEASURE. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy soft'ning soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of passion swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleasure! Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom he long lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mornful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the croud
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some hapless bark; while sacred Pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or Terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While ev'ry mother closer to her breast
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam thro' the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch, that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature giv'n
To mutual terror and Compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of Pain, the Social Pow'rs
To this their proper action and their end?
Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow thro' that studious gloom thy pausing eye
Led by the glimm'ring taper moves around

The

The ſacred volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the preſent pow'r
Of heav'n and earth ſurveys th' immortal page,
E'en as a father bleſſing, while he reads
The praiſes of his ſon; if then thy ſoul
Spurning the yoke of theſe inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds, and kindle with their flame:
Say, when the proſpect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the baſe, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt and tremble at the frown
Of curs'd Ambition;—when the pious band
Of youths that fought for freedom and their ſires
Lie ſide by ſide in gore;—when ruffian Pride
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of public pow'r, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To ſlaviſh empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee;—when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful buſt
And ſtoried arch, to glut the coward-rage
Of regal Envy, ſtrew the public way
With hallow'd ruins!—when the Muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where Wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Or female Superſtition's midnight pray'r;—
When ruthleſs Rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer blow
To ſweep the works of glory from their baſe;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands his raven wings, and up the wall,
Where ſenates, once the pride of monarchs doom'd,
Hiſſes the gliding ſnake thro' hoary weeds
That claſp the mould'ring column;—thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the proſpect thrills
Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,

Or

Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;—
Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? Or wouldſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-ennobling ſorrows for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
And wherefore ſhould the clam'rous voice of Woe
Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful dregs
Of theſe late ages, this inglorious draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſt be th' Eternal Ruler of the World!
Defil'd to ſuch a depth of ſordid ſhame
The native honours of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of its ſire. AKENSIDE.

CHAP. XXV.

ON TASTE.

SAY, what is taſte, but the internal pow'rs
Active, and ſtrong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulſe? a diſcerning ſenſe
Of decent and ſublime, with quick diſguſt
From things deform'd, or diſarang'd, or groſs
In ſpecies? This nor gems, nor ſtores of gold,
Nor purple ſtate, nor culture can beſtow?
But God alone, when firſt his active hand
Imprints the ſacred bias of the ſoul,
He, mighty Parent! wiſe and juſt in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,
Reveals the charms of nature. Aſk the ſwain
Who journies homeward from a ſummer day's
Long labour, why forgetful of his toils
And due repoſe, he loiters to behold
The ſhunſhine gleaming, as thro' amber clouds,
O'er all the weſtern ſky? Full ſoon, I ween,
His rude expreſſion and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
The form of beauty ſmiling at his heart,

How lovely! how commanding! But tho' Heav'n
In ev'ry breaſt hath ſown theſe early ſeeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair Culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening ſuns, and genial ſhow'rs,
And ſhelter from the blaſt, in vain we hope
The tender plant ſhould rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harveſt promis'd in its ſpring.
Nor yet will every ſoil with equal ſtores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obſequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel; diff'rent minds
Incline to diff'rent objects: one purſues
The vaſt alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another ſighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentleſt beauty. Hence when light'ning fires
The arch heav'n, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And Ocean, groaning from his loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpear looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs,
All on the margin of ſome flow'ry ſtream,
To ſpread his careleſs limbs amid the cool
Of plantane ſhades, and to the liſt'ning deer,
The tale of ſlighted vows and Love's diſdain
Reſounds ſoft-warbling all the live-long day:
Conſenting Zephyr ſighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and ſo various are the taſtes of men.

AKENSIDE.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of Heav'n, whom not the languid ſongs
Of Luxury, the Siren! not the bribes

Of fordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy fpoils
Of pageant Honour, can feduce to leave
Thofe ever-blooming fweets, which from the ftore
Of Nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enliven'd foul! What tho' not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life; tho' only few poffefs
Patrician treafures or imperial ftate;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children juft,
With richer treafures and an ampler ftate
Endows at large whenever happy man
Will deign to ufe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. What'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marble and the fculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poffeffor's narrow claim.
His tuneful breaft enjoys. For him the Spring
Diftils her dews, and from the filken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blufhes like the morn,
Each paffing hour fheds tribute from her wings;
And ftill new beauties, meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The fetting fun's effulgence, not a ftrain
From all the tenants of the warbling fhade
Afcends, but whence his bofom can partake
Frefh pleafure, unreprov'd. Nor then partakes
Frefh pleafure only: for th' attentive mind
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herfelf harmonious: wont fo oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of facred Order, foon fhe feeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herfelf this elegance of love,
This fair infpir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and every paffion wears
A chafter, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler profpects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where negligent of all

These

Theſe leſſer graces, ſhe aſſumes the port
Of that eternal Majeſty that weigh'd
The world's foundations; if to theſe the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of ſervile Cuſtom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs!
Would ſordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of Ignorance and Rapine, bow her down
To tame purſuits, to indolence and fear!
Lo! ſhe appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the ſun's unwearied courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons: all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourſelves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himſelf
Hold converſe; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions: act upon his plan;
And form to his, the reliſh of their ſouls.

AKENSIDE.

BOOK IV.

Argumentative Pieces.

CHAP. I.

ON ANGER.

QUESTION.

WHETHER Anger ought to be ſuppreſſed entirely; or only to be confined within the bounds of moderation?

Thoſe who maintain that reſentment is blamable only in the exceſs, ſupport their opinion with ſuch arguments as theſe.

SINCE Anger is natural and uſeful to man, entirely to baniſh it from our breaſt, would be an equally fooliſh and vain attempt; for as it is difficult, and next to impoſſible, to oppoſe nature with ſucceſs; ſo it were imprudent, if we had it in our power, to caſt away the weapons with which ſhe has furniſhed us for our defence. The beſt armour againſt injuſtice, is a proper degree of ſpirit, to repel the wrongs that are done, or deſigned againſt us; but if we diveſt ourſelves of all reſentment, we ſhall perhaps prove too irreſolute and languid, both in reſiſting the attacks of injuſtice, and inflicting puniſhment upon thoſe, who have committed it. We ſhall therefore ſink into contempt, and by the tameneſs of our ſpirit, ſhall invite the malicious to abuſe and affront us. Nor will others fail to deny us the regard which is due from them, if once they think us incapable of reſentment. To remain unmoved at groſs injuries has the appearance of ſtupidity, and will make us deſpicable and mean in the eyes of many who are not to be influenced by any thing but their fears.

AND as a moderate ſhare of reſentment is uſeful in its effects, ſo it is innocent in itſelf, nay often commendable.

mendable. The virtue of mildneſs is no leſs remote from inſenſibility, on the one hand, than from fury on the other. It implies, that we are angry only upon proper occaſions, and in a due degree; that we are never tranſported beyond the bounds of decency, or indulge a deep and laſting reſentment; that we do not follow, but lead our paſſion, governing it as our ſervant, not ſubmitting ourſelves to it as our maſter. Under theſe regulations it is certainly excuſable, when moved only by private wrongs: and being excited by the injuries which others ſuffer, it beſpeaks a generous mind, and deſerves commendation. Shall a good man feel no indignation againſt injuſtice and barbarity? not even when he is witneſs to ſhocking inſtances of them? when he ſees a friend baſely and cruelly treated; when he obſerves

> Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
> That patient Merit of th' unworthy takes——

ſhall he ſtill enjoy himſelf in perfect tranquillity? Will it be a crime if he conceives the leaſt reſentment? Will it not rather be ſomewhat criminal, if he is deſtitute of it? In ſuch caſes we are commonly ſo far from being aſhamed of our anger, as of ſomething mean, that we are proud of it, and confeſs it openly, as what we count laudable and meritorious.

THE truth is, there ſeems to be ſomething manly, and we are bold to ſay, ſomething virtuous, in a juſt and well-conducted reſentment. In the mean time, let us not be ſuſpected of endeavouring to vindicate rage, and peeviſhneſs, and implacable reſentment. No; ſuch is their deformity, ſo horrid and ſo manifeſt are the evils they produce, that they do not admit of any defence or juſtification. We condemn, we deteſt them, as unnatural, brutiſh, unmanly, and monſtrous. All we contend for, is that it is better to be moderate in our reſentment, than to ſuppreſs it altogether. Let us therefore keep it under a ſtrict diſcipline, and carefully reſtrain it within the bounds which reaſon preſcribes, with regard to the occaſion, degree, and continuance of it. But let us not preſume to extirpate

any of those affections, which the wiſdom of God has implanted in us, which are ſo nicely balanced, and ſo well adjuſted to each other, that by deſtroying one of them, we may perhaps diſorder and blemiſh the whole frame of our nature.

To theſe arguments, thoſe who adopt the opinion that anger ſhould be entirely ſuppreſſed, reply :

You tell us, anger is natural to man ; but nothing is more natural to man, than reaſon, mildneſs, and benevolence. Now, with what propriety can we call that natural to any creature, which impairs and oppoſes the moſt eſſential and diſtinguſhing parts of its conſtitution ? Sometimes indeed we may call that natural to a ſpecies, which being found in moſt of them, is not produced by art or cuſtom. That anger is in this ſenſe natural, we readily grant ; but deny that we therefore cannot or may not lawfully extinguiſh it. Nature has committed to our management the faculties of the mind, as well as the members of the body : and, as when any of the latter becomes pernicious to the whole, we cut them off and caſt them away ; in like manner, when any of our affections are become hurtful and uſeleſs in our frame, by cutting them of, we do not in the leaſt counteract the intention of Nature. Now, ſuch is anger to a wiſe man. To fools and cowards it is a neceſſary evil, but to a perſon of moderate ſenſe and virtue, it is an evil, which has no advantage attending it. The harm it muſt do him is very apparent. It muſt ruffle his temper, make him leſs agreeable to his friends, diſturb his reaſon, and unfit him for diſcharging the duties of life in a becoming manner. By only diminiſhing his paſſion, he may leſſen, but cannot remove the evil ; for the only way to get clear of the one, is by entirely diſmiſſing the other.

How then will anger be ſo uſeful to him, as to make it worth his while to retain it in any degree ? He may defend his own rights ; aſſiſt an injured friend ; proſe-

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cute and puniſh a villain; I ſay his prudence and friendſhip, his public ſpirit and calm reſolution, will enable him to do all this, and to do it in a much more ſafe, proper, and effectual manner, without the aſſiſtance of anger, than with it. He will be deſpiſed and neglected, you ſay, if he appears to have no reſentment. You ſhould rather ſay, if he appears to have no ſedate wiſdom and courage; for theſe qualities will be ſufficient of themſelves to ſecure him from contempt, and maintain him in the poſſeſſion of his juſt authority. Nor does any thing commonly leſſen us more in the eyes of others, than our own paſſion. It often expoſeth us to the contempt and deriſion of thoſe who are not in our power; and if it makes us feared, it alſo makes us proportionably hated, by our inferiors and dependents. Let the influence it gives us be ever ſo great, that man muſt pay very dear for his power, who procures it at the expence of his own tranquillity and peace.

Besides, the imitation of anger, which is eaſily formed, will produce the ſame effect upon others, as if the paſſion was real. If therefore to quicken the flow, to rouſe the inattentive, and reſtrain the fierce, it is ſometimes expedient that they believe you are moved, you may put on the outward appearance of reſentment. Thus you may obtain the end of anger, without the danger and vexation that attends it; and may preſerve your authority, without forfeiting the peace of your mind.

However manly and vigorous anger may be thought, it is in fact, but a weak principle, compared with the ſedate reſolution of a wiſe and virtuous man. The one is uniform and permanent, like the ſtrength of a perſon in perfect health; the other, like a force which proceedeth from a fever, is violent for a time, but it ſoon leaves the mind more feeble than before. To him therefore who is armed with a proper firmneſs of ſoul, no degree of paſſion can be uſeful in any reſpect. And to ſay it can ever be laudable and virtuous, is indeed a ſufficiently bold aſſertion. For the moſt part we blame it in others, and though we are apt to be indulgent enough to our own faults, we are often

often ashamed of it in ourselves. Hence it is common to hear men excusing themselves, and seriously declaring, they were not angry, when they have given unquestionable proofs to the contrary. But do we not commend him, who resents the injuries done to a friend or innocent person? Yes, we commend him; yet not for his passion, but for that generosity and friendship of which it is the evidence. For let any one impartially consider, which of these characters he esteems the better; his, who interests himself in the injuries of his friend, and jealously defends him with perfect calmness and serenity of temper; or his, who pursues the same conduct under the influence of resentment.

If anger then is neither useful nor commendable, it is certainly the part of wisdom to suppress it entirely. We should rather confine it, you tell us, within certain bounds. But how shall we ascertain the limits, to which it may, and beyond which it ought not to pass? When we receive a manifest injury, it seems we may resent it, provided we do it with moderation. When we suffer a worse abuse, our anger, I suppose, may rise somewhat higher. Now as the degrees of injustice are infinite, if our anger must always be proportioned to the occasion, it may possible proceed to the utmost extravagance. Shall we set bounds to our resentment while we are yet calm? how can we be assured, that being once let loose, it will not carry us beyond them? or shall we give passion the reins, imagining we can resume them at pleasure, or trusting it will tire or stop itself, as soon as it has run to its proper length? As well might we think of giving laws to a tempest; as well might we endeavour to run mad by rule and method.

In reality, it is much easier to keep ourselves void of resentment, than to restrain it from excess, when it has gained admission: for if Reason, while her strength is yet intire, is not able to preserve her dominion, what can she do when her enemy has in part prevailed and weakened her force? To use the illustration of an excellent author, we can prevent the beginnings of somethings whose progress afterwards we cannot hinder.

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We can forbear to caſt ourſelves down from a precipice, but if once we have taken the fatal leap, we muſt deſcend, whether we will or no. Thus the mind, if duly cautious, may ſtand firm upon the rock of tranquillity; but if ſhe raſhly forſakes the ſummit, ſhe can ſcarce recover herſelf, but is hurried away downwards by her own paſſion, with increaſing violence.

Do not ſay that we exhort you to attempt that which is impoſſible. Nature has put it in our power to reſiſt the emotions of anger. We only plead inability, when we want an excuſe for our own negligence. Was a paſſionate man to forfeit an hundred pounds, as often as he was angry, or was he ſure he muſt die the next moment after the firſt ſally of his paſſion, we ſhould find, he had a great command of his temper, whenever he could prevail upon himſelf to exerciſe a proper attention about it. And ſhall we not eſteem it worthy of equal attention, worthy of our utmoſt care and pains, to obtain that immoveable tranquillity of mind, without which we cannot reliſh either life itſelf, or any of its enjoyments;—Upon the whole then, we both may and ought, not merely to reſtrain, but extirpate anger. It is impatient of rule; in proportion as it prevails, it will diſquiet our minds; it has nothing commendable in itſelf, nor will it anſwer any valuable purpoſe in life.

HOLLAND.

CHAP. II.

VIRTUE OUR HIGHEST INTEREST.

I FIND myſelf exiſting upon a little ſpot, ſurrounded every way by an immenſe unknown expanſion. Where am I? What ſort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every inſtance, to my convenience? Is there no exceſs of cold, none of heat, to offend me; Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing ſubſervient to me, as though I had ordered all myſelf?—No—nothing like it—the fartheſt from it poſſible.——The world appears not then originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not.—But is it not poſſible

possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry?—If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth; if this be beyond me, it is not possible—— What consequence then follows?—Or can there be any other than this—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others; I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence.

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for staying here. It is a smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better.—But why no interest?—Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached?—Is a social interest joined with others such an absurdity, as not to be admitted?—The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me, that the thing is, somewhere at least, possible. How then am I assured, that it is not equally true of man?——Admit it; and what follows?—If so, then Honour and Justice are my interest—then the whole train of Moral Virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest, as far as I can trace my several relations—I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth.—Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce; by the general intercourse of arts and letters; by that common nature, of which we all participate?—Again—I must have food and cloathing——Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself?—To the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? To that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on?——Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.

What then have I to do, but to enlarge Virtue into Piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence,

ſcence, reſignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common Parent.

BUT if all theſe moral and divine habits be my intereſt, I need not ſurely ſeek for a better. I have an intereſt compatible with the ſpot on which I live—I have an intereſt which may exiſt, without altering the plan of Providence; without mending or marring the general order of events.—I can bear whatever happens with manlike magnanimity; can be contented and fully happy in the good which I poſſeſs; and can paſs through this turbid, this fickle, fleeting period, without bewailings, or envyings, or murmurings, or complaints.

HARRIS.

CHAP. III.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

ALL men purſue good, and would be happy, if they knew how: not happy for minutes, and miſerable for hours; but happy, if poſſible, through every part of their exiſtence. Either, therefore, there is a good of this ſteady durable kind, or there is none. If none, then all good muſt be tranſient and uncertain; and if ſo, an object of loweſt value, which can little deſerve either our attention or inquiry. But if there be a better good, ſuch a good as we are ſeeking; like every other thing, it muſt be derived from ſome cauſe; and that cauſe muſt be either external, internal, or mixed, in as much as except theſe three, there is no other poſſible. Now, a ſteady, durable good, cannot be derived from an external cauſe; by reaſon, all derived from externals muſt fluctuate as they fluctuate. By the ſame rule, not from a mixture of the two: becauſe the part which is external will proportionally deſtroy its eſſence. What then remains but the cauſe internal; the very cauſe which we have ſuppoſed, when we place the Sovereign Good in Mind—in Rectitude of Conduct.

HARRIS.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

AMONG other excellent arguments for the immorality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created! Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass; in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

MAN, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

HE does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs, and dies. But in this life man can never take in his full measure of knowledge; nor has he time to subdue his passions establish

eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity?

THERE is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever, with new acceſſion of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

METHINKS this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in ſuperior. That cherubim which now appears as a god to a human ſoul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is; nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher Nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being: but he knows

that, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

WITH what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge! Such inexhauſted ſources of perfection! We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered in relation to its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a poſſibility of touching it: and can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to HIM, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection, but of happineſs?

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. V.

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

RETIRE;——The world ſhut out;——Thy
thoughts call home;——
Imagination's airy wing repreſs;
Lock up thy ſenſes;—Let no paſſions ſtir;
Wake all to Reaſon;—Let her reign alone:
Then in thy ſoul's deep ſilence, and the depth
Of Nature's ſilence, midnight, thus inquire:
What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
But that I am; and ſince I am, conclude
Something eternal; had there e'er been nought,
Nought ſtill had been: Eternal there muſt be——
But what eternal?—Why not human race,
And ADAM's anceſtors without an end?——
That's hard to be conceiv'd; ſince ev'ry link
Of that long chain's ſucceſſion is ſo frail;
Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true; new difficulties riſe;
I'm ſtill quite out at ſea; nor ſee the ſhore.
Whence earth and theſe bright orbs?—Eternal too!—
Grant matter was eternal; ſtill theſe orbs

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Would want some other father—Much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes:
Design implies intelligence and art;
That can't be from themselves—or man; that art
Man can scarce comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man.—
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute Matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion! Then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universal dust:
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
And boundless flights, from shapeless and repos'd?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,
Which, but to guess, a NEWTON made immortal?
If art to form; and counsel to conduct;
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns!—
And if a GOD there is, that GOD how great!

YOUNG.

BOOK V.

Orations and Harangues.

CHAP. I.

JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE DEAD BODY OF LUCRETIA.

YES, noble lady! I ſwear by this blood, which was once ſo pure, and which nothing but royal villany could have polluted, that I will purſue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and ſword; nor will I ever ſuffer any of that family, or of any other whatſoever, to be king in Rome. Ye gods! I call you to witneſs this my oath!—There, Romans, turn your eyes to that ſad ſpectacle—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—ſhe died by her own hand. See there a noble Lady, whom the luſt of a Tarquin reduced to the neceſſity of being her own executioner, to atteſt her innocence. Hoſpitably entertained by her, as a kinſman of her huſband, Sextus, the perfidious gueſt became her brutal raviſher.—— The chaſte, the generous Lucretia could not ſurvive the inſult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a ſlave, ſhe thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, diſdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will: and ſhall we, ſhall men, with ſuch an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious ſervitude, ſhall we, through a fear of dying, defer one ſingle inſtant to aſſert our liberty? No, Romans; now is the time; the favourable moment we have ſo long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome. The Patricians are at the head of the enterpriſe. The city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things neceſſary. There is nothing wanting to ſecure the ſucceſs, if our own courage does not fail us. Can all thoſe warriors, who have ever been

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ſo brave when foreign enemies were to be ſubdued, or when conqueſts were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards when they are to deliver themſelves from ſlavery? Some of you are, perhaps, intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands. The ſoldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Baniſh ſo groundleſs a fear. The love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow-citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppreſſion with as quick a ſenſe as you that are in Rome: they will as eagerly ſeize the occaſion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be ſome among them, who, thro' baſeneſs of ſpirit, or a bad education, will be diſpoſed to favour the tyrant. The number of theſe can be but ſmall, and we have means ſufficient in our hands to reduce them to reaſon. They have left us hoſtages more dear to them than life. Their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans! the gods are for us; Thoſe gods whoſe temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by ſacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberleſs unexpiated crimes committed againſt his ſubjects. Ye Gods, who protected our forefathers! ye Genii, who watch for the preſervation and glory of Rome! do you inſpire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cauſe, and we will to our laſt breath, defend your worſhip from all profanation. LIVY.

CHAP. II.

HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

I KNOW not, ſoldiers, whether you or your priſoners be encompaſſed by fortune with the ſtricter bonds and neceſſities. Two ſeas encloſe you on the right and left:—not a ſhip to flee to for eſcaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminiſhed, you were hardly able to force a paſſage. Here then, soldiers! you muſt either conquer or die, the very firſt hour you

you meet the enemy. But the ſame fortune which has thus laid you under the neceſſity of fighting, has ſet before your eyes thoſe rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wiſh for greater from the immortal gods. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were raviſhed from our fathers, thoſe would be no inconſiderable prizes.—Yet what are theſe? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches ſhe has heaped together in the ſpoils of nations, all theſe, with the maſters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vaſt mountains of Luſitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompenſe of your toilſome marches over ſo many mountains and rivers, and through ſo many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which Fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finiſh your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompenſe of your completed ſervice. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult, as the name of a Roman war is great and ſounding. It has often happened that a deſpiſed enemy has given a bloody battle, and the moſt renowned kings and nations have by ſmall force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may ſtand in competition with you? For to ſay nothing of your ſervice in war for twenty years together, with ſo much valour and ſucceſs, from the very Pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmoſt bounds of the earth, through ſo many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are ye now to fight? with raw ſoldiers, an undiſciplined army, beaten, vanquiſhed, beſieged by the Gauls the very laſt ſummer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

OR ſhall I, who was born, I might almoſt ſay, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that moſt excellent general, ſhall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations; but, which

which is greater yet, of the Alps, themſelves, ſhall I compare myſelf with this half-year captain! a captain, before whom ſhould one place the two armies without their enſigns, I am perſuaded he would not know to which of them he was conſul! I eſteem it no ſmall advantage, ſoldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witneſs of my exploits in war; not one of whoſe valour I myſelf have not been a ſpectator, ſo as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with ſoldiers whom I have a thouſand times praiſed and rewarded, and whoſe pupil I was, before I became their general, I ſhall march againſt an army of men, ſtrangers to one another.

ON what ſide ſoever I turn my eyes, I beheld all full of courage and ſtrength; and a veteran infantry; a moſt gallant calvary; you, my allies, moſt faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cauſe, but the juſteſt anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of aſſailants, is always greater than thoſe who act upon the defenſive. With hoſtile banners diſplayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and ſpur you forward to revenge!—Firſt they demanded me; that I, your general, ſhould be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the ſiege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death by the extremeſt tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing muſt be yours, and at your diſpoſal! You are to preſcribe to us with whom we ſhall make war, with whom we ſhall make peace! you are to ſet us bounds; to ſhut us up within hills and rivers! but you —you are not to obſerve the limits which yourſelves have fixed; Paſs not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines; Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a ſtep towards that city. Is it a ſmall matter then, that you have deprived us of our ancient poſſeſſions Sicily and Sardinia; you would have Spain too! Well, we ſhall yield Spain and then you will paſs into Africa. Will paſs, did I ſay?—This very year they order one of their conſuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, ſoldiers!

ſoldiers! there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our ſwords. Come on, then? Be men. The Romans may with more ſafety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are ſecure from danger in the roads thither: but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I ſay, you are conquerors. LIVY.

CHAP. III.

C. MARIUS TO THE ROMANS ON THEIR HESITATING TO APPOINT HIM GENERAL IN THE EXPEDITION AGAINST JUGURTHA, MERELY ON ACCOUNT OF HIS EXTRACTION.

IT is but too common, my countrymen, to obſerve a material difference between the behaviour of thoſe, who ſtand candidates for places of power and truſt, before and after their obtaining them. They ſolicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They ſet out with great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation: and they quickly fall into ſloth, pride, and avarice. It is, undoubtedly, no eaſy matter to diſcharge, to the general ſatisfaction, the duty of a ſupreme commander in troubleſome times. I am, I hope, duly ſenſible of the importance of the office I propoſe to take upon me, for the ſervice of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expenſive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige thoſe to ſerve whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the ſame time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert meaſures at home, anſwerable to the ſtate of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in ſpite of oppoſition from the envious, the factious, and the diſaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult, than is generally thought. And, beſides the diſadvantages, which are common to me with all others in eminent ſtations, my caſe is, in this reſpect, peculiarly hard; that, whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his

his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his anceſtors, and the multitudes he has by power engaged in his intereſt, to ſcreen him from condign puniſhment; my whole ſafety depends upon myſelf, which renders it the more indiſpenſibly neceſſary for me to take care, that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Beſides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other conſiderations, favour my pretenſions, the Patricians want nothing ſo much as an occaſion againſt me. It is therefore, my fixed reſolution, to uſe my beſt endeavours, that you be not diſappointed in me, and that their indirect deſigns againſt me may be defeated. I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your intereſts, my countrymen, when I ſerved you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my deſign to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war againſt Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wiſdom of giving ſuch a command to one of their honourable body, a perſon of illuſtrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable ſtatues, but ——of no experience? What ſervice would his long line of dead anceſtors, or his multitude of motionleſs ſtatues do his country in the day of battle! What could ſuch a general do, but, in his trepidation and experience, have recourſe to ſome inferior commander, for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himſelf equal? Thus, your Patrician general would in fact, have a general over him; ſo that the acting commander would ſtill be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myſelf known thoſe, who have been choſen conſuls, begin then to read the hiſtory of their own country, of which till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they firſt obtained the employment, and then bethought themſelves of the qualifications neceſſary for the proper diſcharge of it. I ſubmit to your judgment, Romans, on which ſide the advantage lies

lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness, and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action.—They are pleased to slight my mean birth; I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man, as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character, or of mine; what would they answer, but that they should wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? Let them envy likewise my labours, my abstinence and the dangers I have undergone for my country; by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow; whilst they aspire to honours, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They arrogate the rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers. Whereas they do the very contrary. For, as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers: but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done. Observe, now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians: They arrogate

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to themselves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors. —What then! Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by his own good behaviour? What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can show the scars of those wounds, which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of; not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour, amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood; scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

SALLUST.

CHAP. IV.

CALISTHENES'S REPROOF OF CLEON'S FLATTERY TO ALEXANDER.

IF the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of any answering to what you have just proposed. He would himself reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign absurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by such unmanly flattery. As he is absent, I take upon me to tell you in his name, that no praise is lasting, but what is rational; and that you do what you can to lessen his glory, instead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified, till after their death. And whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour. You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? And are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our sovereign

ſovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his ſubjects? Firſt try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, ſurely, eaſier to make a king than a god? to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven! I only wiſh, that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant propoſal you have made, of adding one to the number; and that they may ſtill be ſo propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that ſucceſs to our affairs, with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not aſhamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws, or rules of conduct, from them, what is it, but to confeſs ourſelves inferior to them!

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

CHAP. V.

THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS TO ALEXANDER.

IF your perſon were as gigantic as your deſires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the eaſt, and your left the weſt, at the ſame time. You graſp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Aſia: from Aſia you lay hold on Europe. And if you ſhould conquer all mankind, you ſeem diſpoſed to wage war with woods and ſnows, with rivers and wild beaſts, and to attempt to ſubdue Nature. But have you conſidered the uſual courſe of things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour. It is fooliſh to think of the fruit only, without conſidering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care leſt, while you ſtrive to reach the top, you fall to the ground, with the branches you have laid hold on. The lion, when dead, is devoured by ravens; and ruſt conſumes the hardneſs of iron. There is nothing ſo ſtrong, but it is in danger from what is weak. It will, therefore, be your wiſdom to take care how you venture beyond your reach. Be-

ſides,

ſides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why ſhould you attack Scythia? We inhabit vaſt deſerts, and pathleſs woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of Alexander. We are not diſpoſed to ſubmit to ſlavery; and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation. That you may underſtand the genius of the Scythians, we preſent you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We uſe theſe reſpectively in our commerce with friends and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raiſe by the labour of our oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring drink-offerings to the gods; and with arrows we attack our enemies. We have conquered thoſe, who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our own country, and likewiſe the kings of the Medes and Perſians, when they made unjuſt war upon us; and we have opened to ourſelves a way into Egypt. You pretend to be the puniſher of robbers; and are yourſelf the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia: you have ſeized Syria: you are maſter of Perſia: you have ſubdued the Bactrians; and attacked India. All this will not ſatisfy you, unleſs you lay your greedy and inſatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You graſp at riches, the poſſeſſion of which only increaſes your avarice. You increaſe your hunger by what ſhould produce ſatiety; ſo that the more you have, the more you deſire. But have you forgot how long the conqueſt of the Bactrians detained you? While you were ſubduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories ſerve no other purpoſe, than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the buſineſs of every conqueſt is twofold; to win, and to preſerve. And though you may be the greateſt of warriors, you muſt expect, that the nations you conquer will endeavour to ſhake off the yoke as faſt as poſſible. For what people chooſes to be under foreign dominions? If you will croſs the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and obſerve how extenſive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another buſineſs. Your army is

loaded with the cumbrous ſpoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the Scythians, at one time, too nimble for your purſuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us ſurpriſe you in your camp. For the Scythians attack with no leſs vigour than they fly. Why ſhould we put you in mind of the vaſtneſs of the country you will have to conquer? the deſerts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows, that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations. It will therefore be your wiſdom to keep with ſtrict attention what you have gained. Catching at more, you may loſe what you have. We have a proverbial ſaying in Scythia, That fortune has no feet, and is furniſhed only with hands, to diſtribute her capricious favours, and with fins, to elude the graſp of thoſe, to whom ſhe has been bountiful. You give yourſelf out to be a god, the ſon of Jupiter Hammon. It ſuits the character of a god, to beſtow favours on mortals; not to deprive them of what good they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus ſhow more wiſdom, than by dwelling on thoſe ſubjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourſelf. You ſee how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conqueſt of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you pleaſe, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Aſia. There is nothing between us and Bactria, but the river Tanais: and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hoſtile manner, you may have our friendſhip. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing. But it is in vain, that confidence is repoſed in a conquered people. There can be no ſincere friendſhip between the oppreſſor and the oppreſſed. Even in peace, the latter think themſelves entitled to the rights of war againſt the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is, not by ſigning, ſealing, and taking the gods to witneſs, as

as is the Grecian custom, but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise; but to perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those, who have no regard for the esteem of men, will not hesitate to offend the gods by prejury. You may, therefore, consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you, or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies, or for enemies.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

CHAP. VI.

GALGACUS THE GENERAL OF THE CALEDONII TO HIS ARMY, TO INCITE THEM TO ACTION AGAINST THE ROMANS.

WHEN I reflect on the causes of the war, and circumstances of our situation, I feel a strong persuasion that our united efforts on the present day, will prove the beginning of universal liberty to Britain. For none of us are hitherto debased by slavery; and we have no prospect of a secure retreat behind us, either by land or sea, whilst the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus the use of arms, which is at all times honourable to the brave, here offers the only safety even to cowards. In all the battles which have yet been fought with various success against the Romans, the resources of hope and aid were in our hands; for we, the noblest inhabitants of Britain, and therefore stationed in its deepest recesses, far from the view of servile shores, have preserved even our eyes unpolluted by the contact of subjection. We, at the farthest limits both of land and liberty, have been defended to this day by the obscurity of our situation and of our fame. The extremity of Britain is now disclosed; and whatever is unknown becomes an object of importance. But there is no nation beyond us; nothing but waves and rocks; and the Romans are before us. The arrogance of these invaders it will be in vain to encounter by obsequiousness and submission. These plunderers of

the world, after exhausting the land by their devastations, are rifling the ocean: stimulated by avarice, if their enemy be rich; by ambition, if poor; unsatiated by the East and by the West: the only people who behold wealth and indigence with equal avidity. To ravage, to slaughter, to usurp under false titles, they call empire; and when they make a desert, they call it peace.

OUR children and relations are, by the appointment of Nature rendered the dearest of all things to us. These are torn away by levies to foreign servitude. Our wives and sisters, though they should escape the violation of hostile force, are polluted under the names of friendship and hospitality. Our estates and possessions are consumed in tributes; our grain in contributions. Even the powers of our bodies are worn down amidst stripes and insults in clearing woods and draining marshes. Wretches born to slavery are first bought, and afterwards fed by their masters: Britain continually buys, continually feeds her own servitude. And as among domestic slaves, every new-comer serves for the scorn and derision of his fellows; so in this ancient household of the world, we, as the last and vilest, are sought out for destruction. For we have neither cultivated lands nor mines, nor harbours, which can induce them to preserve us for our labours; and our valour and unsubmitting spirit will only render us more obnoxious to our imperious masters; while the very remoteness and secrecy of our situation, in proportion as it conduces to security, will tend to inspire suspicion. Since then all hopes of forgiveness are vain, let those at length assume courage, to whom glory, to whom safety is dear. The Brigantines, even under a female leader, had force enough to burn the enemy's settlements, to storm their camps and, if success had not introduced negligence and inactivity, would have been able entirely to throw off the yoke: and shall not we, untouched, unsubdued, and struggling not for the acquisition, but the continuance of liberty, declare at the very first outset, what kind of men Caledonia has reserved for her defence?

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CAN you imagine that the Romans are as brave in war as they are insolent in peace? Acquiring renown from our discords and dissentions, they convert the errors of their enemies to the glory of their own army, an army compounded of the most different nations, which as success alone has kept together, misfortune will certainly dissipate. Unless, indeed, you can suppose that Gauls and Germans, and (I blush to say it) even Britons, lavishing their blood for a foreign state; to which they have been longer foes than subjects, will be retained by loyalty and affection! Terror and dread alone, weak bonds of attachment, are the ties by which they are restrained; and when these are once broken, those who cease to fear will begin to hate. Every incitement to victory is on our side. The Romans have no wives to animate them; no parents to upbraid their flight. Most of them have either no habitation, or a distant one. Few in number, ignorant of the country, looking around in silent horror at the woods, seas, and a haven itself unknown to them, they are delivered by the gods, as it were, imprisoned and bound into our hands. Be not terrified with an idle show, and the glitter of silver and gold, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy we shall find our own bands. The Britons will acknowledge their own cause. The Gauls will recollect their former liberty. The Germans will desert them, as the Usipii have lately done. Nor is there any thing formidable behind them; Ungarrisoned forts; colonies of invalids; municipal towns, distempered and distracted between unjust masters and ill-obeying subjects. Here is your general; here your army. There, tributes, mines, and all the train of servile punishments; which whether to bear eternally, or instantly to revenge, this field must determine. March, then, to battle, and think of your ancestors and your posterity.

CHAP. VII.

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL's SPEECH, PROPOSING AN ACCOMMODATION BETWEEN HENRY II. AND STEPHEN.

IN the midst of a wide and open plain, Henry found Stephen encamped, and pitched his own tents within a quarter of a mile of him, preparing for battle with all the eagerness, that the desire of empire and glory could excite, in a brave and youthful heart, elate with success. Stephen also much wished to bring the contest between them to a speedy decision: but, while he and Eustace were consulting with William of Ipres, in whose affection they most confided, and by whose private advice they took all their measures, the Earl of Arundel, having assembled the English nobility, and principal officers, spoke to this effect:

IT is now above sixteen years, that on a doubtful and disputed claim to the crown, the rage of civil war has almost continually infested this kingdom. During this melancholy period how much blood has been shed! What devestations and misery have been brought on the people! The laws have lost their force, the crown its authority: licentiousness and impunity have shaken all the foundations of public security. This great and noble nation has been delivered a prey to the basest of foreigners, the abominable scum of Flanders, Brabant, and Bretagne, robbers rather than soldiers, restrained by no laws, divine or human, tied to no country, subject to no prince, instruments of all tyranny, violence, and oppressions. At the same time, our cruel neighbours, the Welsh and the Scotch, calling themselves allies or auxiliaries to the Empress, but in reality enemies and destroyers of England, have broken their bounds, ravaged our borders, and taken from us whole provinces, which we never can hope to recover; while, instead of employing our united force against them, we continue thus madly, without any care of our public safety or national honour, to turn our swords against our own bosoms. What benefits have we gained to compensate all these losses, or what do we expect?

expect? When Matilda was miſtreſs of the kingdom, though her power was not yet confirmed, in what manner did ſhe govern? Did ſhe not make even thoſe of her own faction and court regret the king? Was not her pride more intolerable ſtill than his levity; her rapine than his profuſeneſs! Were any years of his reign ſo grievous to the people, ſo offenſive to the nobles, as the firſt days of hers? When ſhe was driven out, did Stephen correct his former bad conduct? Did he diſmiſs his odious foreign favourite? Did he diſcharge his lawleſs foreign hirelings, who had been ſo long the ſcourge and the reproach of England? Have they not lived ever ſince upon free quarter, by plundering our houſes and burning our cities? And now, to complete our miſeries, a new army of foreigners, Angevins, Gaſcons, Poictevins, I know not who, are come over with Henry Plantagenet, the ſon of Matilda; and many more, no doubt, will be called to aſſiſt him, as ſoon as ever his affairs abroad will permit; by whoſe help, if he be victorious, England muſt pay the price of their ſervices: our lands, our honours muſt be the hire of theſe rapacious invaders. But ſuppoſe we ſhould have the fortune to conquer for Stephen, what will be the conſequence? Will victory teach him moderation? Will he learn from ſecurity that regard to our liberties, which he could not learn from danger? Alas! the only fruit of our good ſucceſs will be this; the eſtates of the Earl of Leiceſter, and others of your countrymen, who have now quitted the party of the king, will be forfeited; and new confiſcations will accrue to William of Ipres.

But let us not hope, that, be our victory ever ſo complete, it will give any laſting peace to this kingdom. Should Henry fall in this battle, there are two other brothers to ſucceed to his claim, and ſupport his faction, perhaps with leſs merit, but certainly with as much ambition as he. What ſhall we do then to free ourſelves from all theſe misfortunes! Let us prefer the intereſt of our country to that of our party, and to all thoſe paſſions, which are apt, in civil diſſentions, to enflame zeal into madneſs, and render men the blind inſtruments

instruments of those very evils, which they fight to avoid. Let us prevent all the crimes and all the horrors that attend a war of this kind, in which conquest itself is full of calamity, and our most happy victories deserve to be celebrated only by tears. Nature herself is dismayed, and shrinks back from a combat, where every blow that we strike may murder a friend, a relation, a parent. Let us hearken to her voice, which commands us to refrain from that guilt. Is there one of us here, who would not think it a happy and a glorious act, to save the life of one of his countrymen? What a felicity then, and what a glory, must it be to us all, if we save the lives of thousands of Englishmen, that must otherwise fall in this battle, and in many other battles, which hereafter may he fought in this quarrel? It is in our power to do so—It is in our power to end the controversy, both safely and honourably; by an amicable agreement; not by the sword. Stephen may enjoy the royal dignity for his life, and the succession may be secured to the young Duke of Normandy, with such a present-rank in the state, as befits the heir of the crown. Even the bitterest enemies of the king must acknowledge, that he is valiant, generous, and good-natured; his warmest friends cannot deny, that he has a great deal of rashness and indiscretion. Both may therefore conclude that he should not be deprived of the royal authority, but that he ought to be restrained from a further abuse of it; which can be done by no means so certainly and effectual as what I propose: for thus his power will be tempered by the presence, the counsels, and influence of Prince Henry; who, from his own interest in the weal of the kingdom which he is to inherit, will always have a right to interpose his advice, and even his authority, if it be necessary, against any future violation of our liberties; and to procure an effectual redress of our grievances, which we have hitherto sought in vain. If all the English in both armies unite, as I hope they may, in this plan of pacification, they will be able to give the law to the foreigners, and oblige both the king and the duke to consent to it. This will secure the

the public tranquillity, and leave no secret stings of resentment to rankle in the hearts of a suffering party, and produce future disturbances. As there will be no triumph, no insolence, no exclusive right to favour, on either side; there can be no shame, no anger, no uneasy desire of change. It will be the work of the whole nation; and all must wish to support what all have established. The sons of Stephen, indeed, may endeavour to oppose it; but their efforts will be fruitless, and must end very soon either in their submission or their ruin.—Nor have they any reasonable cause to complain. Their father himself did not come to the crown by hereditary right. He was elected in preference to a woman and infant, who were deemed not to be capable of ruling a kingdom. By that election, our allegiance is bound to him during his life: but neither that bond, nor the reason for which we chose him, will hold as to the choice of a successor. Henry Plantagenet is now grown up to an age of maturity, and every way qualified to succeed to the crown. He is the grandson of a king whose memory is dear to us, and the nearest heir-male to him in the course of descent: he appears to resemble him in all his good qualities, and to be worthy to reign over the Normans and English, whose noblest blood united, enriches his veins. Normandy has already submitted to him with pleasure. Why should we now divide that duchy from England, when it is so greatly the interest of our nobility to keep them always connected? If we had no other inducement, to make us desire a reconciliation between him and Stephen, this would be sufficient. Our estates in both countries will by that means be secured, which otherwise we must forfeit, in the one or the other, while Henry remains possessed of Normandy: and it will not be an easy matter to drive him from thence, even tho' we should compel him to retire from England. But by amicably compounding his quarrel with Stephen we shall maintain all our interests private and public. His greatness abroad will increase the power of this kingdom; it will make us respectable and formidable to France: England will be the head of

of all thoſe ample dominions, which extend from the Britiſh ocean to the Pyrenean mountains. By governing, in his youth, ſo many different ſtates, he will learn to govern us, and come to the crown, after the deceaſe of King Stephen, accompliſhed in all the arts of good policy. His mother has willingly reſigned to him her pretenſions, or rather ſhe acknowledges that his are ſuperior: we therefore can have nothing to apprehend on that ſide. In every view, our peace, our ſafety, the repoſe of our conſciences, the quiet and happineſs of our poſterity, will be firmly eſtabliſhed by the means I propoſe. Let Stephen continue to wear the crown that we give him, as long as he lives; but after his death let it deſcend to that prince, who alone can put an end to our unhappy diviſions. If you approve my advice, and will empower me to treat in your names, I will immediately convey your deſires to the king and the duke. LORD LYTTLETON.

CHAP. VIII.

MR. PULTNEY's SPEECH ON THE MOTION FOR REDUCING THE ARMY.

SIR,

WE have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year; I have always been, Sir, and always ſhall be, againſt a ſtanding army of any kind: to me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of parliamentary or any other deſignation; a ſtanding army is ſtill a ſtanding army, whatever name it be called by; they are a body of men diſtinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws, and blind obedience, and an entire ſubmiſſion to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enſlaved, and have been enſlaved by thoſe very means; by means of their ſtanding armies they have every one loſt their liberties; it is indeed impoſſible that the liberties of the people can be preſerved in any country where a numerous ſtanding army is kept up. Shall we then take any of

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our meafures from the example of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid thofe rocks upon which they have fplit.

It fignifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by fuch gentlemen as cannot be fuppofed to join in any meafures for enflaving their country: it may be fo; I hope it is fo; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any fuch meafures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be fure how long they may be continued in command; they may all be difmiffed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Befides Sir, we know the paffions of men, we know how dangerous it is to truft the beft of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæfar? Where was there ever an army that had ferved their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the beft citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enflaved their country. The affections of the foldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on; by the military law, the adminiftration of juftice is fo quick, and the punifhments fo fevere, that neither officer nor foldier dares offer to difpute the orders of his fupreme commander; he muft not confult his own inclinations: If an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this houfe, he muft do it; he dares not difobey; immediate death would be the fure confequence of the leaft grumbling. And if an officer were fent into the court of Requefts, accompanied by a body of mufqueteers with fcrewed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this houfe; I know it would be our duty to order the officers to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby: but, Sir, I doubt much if fuch a fpirit could be found in the Houfe, or in any Houfe of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has

has happened to an English House of Commons, and from an English army! not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very House of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of Parliament, will always be submissive to them. If an army be so numerous as to have it in their power to overawe the Parliament, they will be submissive as long as the Parliament, does nothing to disoblige their favourite general; but when that case happens, I am afraid, that in place of the Parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the Parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that Parliament, or of that army, alter the case; for with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the Parliament dismissed by them was a legal Parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law; and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant succession, must be for continuing the army; for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his Majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary successions. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? a cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections was made emperor of the world: was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

WE

We are told that this army is desiredto be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How abſurd is this diſtinction! Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the moſt abſolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the ſtanding armies of thoſe countries which have already ſubmitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his Majeſty's own mouth we are aſſured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there is one at home; if this is not a proper time, if theſe circumſtances do not afford us a ſafe opportunity for reducing at leaſt a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to ſee any reduction; and this nation, already overburthened with debts and taxes, muſt be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually ſupporting a numerous ſtanding army; and remain for ever expoſed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future King or Miniſtry, who ſhall take it in their heads to do ſo, and ſhall take a proper care to model the army for that purpoſe.

CHAP. IX.

SIR JOHN ST. AUBIN's SPEECH FOR REPEALING THE SEPTENNIAL ACT.

MR. SPEAKER,

THE ſubject matter of this debate is of ſuch importance, that I ſhould be aſhamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the beſt manner I am able, to declare publicly the reaſons which induced me to give my moſt ready aſſent to this queſtion.

The people have an unqueſtionable right to frequent new Parliaments by ancient uſage; and this uſage has been confirmed by ſeveral laws, which have been progreſſively made by our anceſtors, as often as they found it neceſſary to inſiſt on this eſſential privilege.

Parliaments were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every reftraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a facrifice, as they ftood in the way of his avarice, or difappointed his ambition; he therefore introduced long Parliaments, becaufe he very well knew, that they would become the proper inftruments of both; and what a flavifh obedience they paid to all his meafures is fufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of Charles I. we muft acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper, he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune——he was led from his natural difpofition by fycophants and flatterers; they advifed him to neglect the calling of frequent new Parliaments, and therefore, by not taking the conftant fenfe of his people in what he did, he was worked up into fo high a notion of prerogative, that the Commons (in order to reftrain it) obtained that independent fatal power, which at laft unhappily brought him to his moft tragical end, and at the fame time fubverted the whole conftitution. And I hope we fhall learn this leffon from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people thofe rights, which by ancient ufage they are entitled to; but to preferve the juft and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual fecurity, and which, if duly obferved, will render our conftitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles II naturally took a furfeit of Parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely defirous to lay them afide. But this was a fcheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did fo; for he obtained a parliament, which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became fo exactly difciplined to his own meafures, that they knew no other command but from that perfon who gave them their pay.

This was a fafe and moft ingenious way of enflaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power;

power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here. The people were therefore amufed with this fpecious form of their ancient conftitution: it exifted, indeed, in their fancy, but, like a mere phantom, had no fubftance nor reality in it; for the power, the authority, the dignity of Parliaments where wholly loft. This was that remarkable Parliament which fo juftly obtained the opprobious name of the PENSION PARLIAMENT; and was the model, from which, I believe, fome later Parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the revolution, the people made a frefh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had fo lately experienced the misfortune of long and fervile Parliaments, it was then declared that they fhould be held frequently. But, it feems, their full meaning was not underftood by this declaration; and therefore, as in every new fettlement, the intention of all parties fhould be efpecially manifefted, the Parliament never ceafed ftruggling with the crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely full and ftrong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted* by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their firft meaning, and therefore ftands a part of that original contract under which the conftitution was then fettled. His Majefty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if, upon a review, there fhall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as fo many injuries done to that title. And I dare fay, that this houfe, which has gone through fo long a feries of fervices to his Majefty, will at laft be willing to revert to thofe original ftated meafures of government, to renew and ftrengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the feptennial law was firft introduced, is a very ftrong reafon why it fhould be repealed: People, in their fears, have very often recourfe to defperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in feafon, will themfelves prove fatal to that conftitution which they were meant to fecure.

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Such is the nature of the ſeptennial law; it was intended only as a preſervative againſt a temporary inconvenience: the inconvenience is removed, but the miſchievous effects ſtill continue; for it not only altered the conſtitution of Parliaments, but it extended that ſame Parliament beyond its natural duration; and therefore carries this moſt unjuſt implication with it; That you may at any time uſurp the moſt undubitable, the moſt eſſential privilege of the people——I mean that of chooſing their own repreſentatives. A precedent of ſuch a dangerous conſequence, of ſo fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our ſtatute-book, if that law was any longer to ſubſiſt, which might record it to poſterity.

This is a ſeaſon of virtue and public ſpirit. Let us take advantage of it to repeal thoſe laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce ſuch as may reſtore the vigour of our ancient conſtitution.

Human nature is ſo very corrupt, that all obligations loſe their force, unleſs they are frequently renewed.——Long Parliaments become therefore independent of the people, and when they do ſo, there always happens a moſt dangerous dependence elſewhere.

Long Parliaments give the miniſter an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practiſing his ſeveral arts to win them into his ſchemes.—This muſt be the work of time.——Corruption is of ſo baſe a nature, that at firſt ſight it is extremely ſhocking.—Hardly any one has ſubmitted to it all at once.—His diſpoſition muſt be previouſly underſtood, the particular bait muſt be found out with which he is to be allured; and after all, it is not without many ſtruggles that he ſurrenders his virtue. Indeed, there are ſome who will at once plunge themſelves into any baſe action, but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leiſurely degrees.——One or two, perhaps; have deſerted their colours the firſt compaign, ſome have done it a ſecond:—But a great many, who have not that eager diſpoſition to vice, will wait till a third.

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For this reaſon, ſhort Parliaments have been leſs corrupt than long ones; they are obſerved, like ſtreams of water, always to grow more impure the greater diſtance they run from the fountain head.

I am aware, it may be ſaid, that frequent new Parliaments will produce frequent new expences; but I think quite the contrary; I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy againſt the evil of bribery at elections, eſpecially as you have provided ſo wholeſome a law to co-operate upon theſe occaſions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it ariſe? Not from country gentlemen, for they are ſure of being choſen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt miniſters, who have, from time to time, led weak princes into ſuch deſtructive meaſures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural repreſentation of the people. Long Parliaments, Sir, firſt introduced bribery, becauſe they were worth purchaſing at any rate:—Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to ſerve, are unable to oppoſe it, eſpecially if at any time the public treaſure ſhall be unfaithfully ſquandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make ſome weak efforts; but as they generally prove unſucceſsful, and the time of a freſh ſtruggle is at ſo great a diſtance, they at laſt grow faint in the diſpute, give up their country for loſt, and retire in deſpair.—Deſpair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper diſpoſition for ſlavery. Miniſters of ſtate underſtand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy, by frequent elections. They know that the ſpirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by conſtant action; that it is impoſſible to enſlave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themſelves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raiſe that zeal and ſpirit, which will at laſt get the better of thoſe undue influences, by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the

ſeveral boroughs, have been able to ſupplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood. I do not ſay this upon idle ſpeculation only—I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the houſe, to more out of it, (and who are ſo for this very reaſon) for the truth of my aſſertion. Sir, it is a ſore which has been long eating into the moſt vital part of our conſtitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom.—For if a miniſter ſhould ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs, if he ſhould keep a regiſter of them in his cloſet, and, by ſending dowu his treaſury-mandates, ſhould procure a ſpurious repreſentative of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and juſtify the moſt contradictory meaſures of his adminiſtration, and even to vote every crude, indigeſted dream of their patron into a law; if, the maintenance of his power ſhould become the ſole object of their attention, and they ſhould be guilty of the moſt violent breach of Parliamentary truſt, by giving the King a diſcretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or controul—the laſt fatal compliment they can pay to the crown: if this ſhould ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place where their complaints ſhould be heard, will for ever be ſhut againſt them.

Our diſeaſe, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wiſely intended to remove the firſt and principle diſorder.——Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will reſtore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our conſtitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot expreſs a greater zeal for his Majeſty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this houſe, than by ſeconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE's REPLY.

MR. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

THOUGH the queſtion has been already ſo fully oppoſed, that there is no great occaſion to ſay any thing farther againſt it, yet, I hope, the Houſe will indulge me the liberty of giving ſome of thoſe reaſons, which induce me to be againſt the motion. In general I muſt take notice, that the nature of our conſtitution ſeems to be very much miſtaken by the gentlemen who have ſpoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixed government, and the perfection of our conſtitution conſiſts in this, that the monarchical, ariſtocratical, and democratical forms of government are mixed and interwoven in ours, ſo as to give us all the advantages of each, without ſubjecting us to the dangers and inconveniences of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occaſion to take notice of, is liable to theſe inconveniences: That they are generally too tedious in their coming to any reſolution, and ſeldom briſk and expeditious enough in carrying their reſolutions in execution: that they are always wavering in their reſolutions, and never ſteady in any of the meaſures they reſolve to purſue; and that they are often involved in factions, ſeditions, and inſurrections, which expoſes them to be made the tools, if not the prey of their neighbours: therefore in all the regulations we make, with reſpect to our conſtitution, we are to guard againſt running too much into that form of government which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it ſhould be reſtored.

THAT triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their reſolves, is evident; becauſe, in ſuch caſe, no prudent adminiſtration would ever reſolve upon any meaſure of conſequence, till they had felt not only the pulſe of the parliament, but the pulſe of the people; and the miniſters of ſtate would always

always labour under this diſadvantage, that as ſecrets of ſtate muſt not be immediately divulged, their enemies, (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for expoſing their meaſures, and rendering them diſagreeable to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election againſt them, before they could have an opportunity of juſtifying their meaſures, by divulging thoſe facts and circumſtances, from whence the juſtice and the wiſdom of their meaſures would clearly appear.

THEN, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country, are apt to be too much elated with ſucceſs, and too much dejected with every misfortune; this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of ſtate, and never long of the ſame mind; and as this houſe is choſen by the free and unbiaſſed voice of the people in general, if this choice were ſo often renewed, we might expect, that this houſe would be as wavering, and as unſteady as the people uſually are; and it being impoſſible to carry on the public affairs of the nation, without the concurrence of this houſe, the miniſters would always be obliged to comply, and conſequently, would be obliged to change their meaſures, as often as the people changed their minds.

WITH ſeptennial Parliaments, Sir, we are not expoſed to either of theſe misfortunes: becauſe, if the miniſters, after having felt the pulſe of the parliament, which they can always ſoon do, reſolve upon any meaſures, they have generally time enough before the new elections come on, to give the people proper information, in order to ſhow them the juſtice and the wiſdom of the meaſures they have purſued; and if the people ſhould at any time be too much elated or too much dejected, or ſhould without a cauſe change their minds, thoſe at the helm of affairs have time to ſet them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and ſedition, Sir, I will grant, that in monarchial and ariſtocratical governments, it generally ariſes from violence and oppreſſion; but in democratical governments, it always ariſes from the people's having

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too great a ſhare in the government; for in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet ſpirits, who can never be at reſt either in power or out of power: When in power, they are never eaſy, unleſs every man ſubmits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing againſt thoſe that are in, without any regard to juſtice, or to the intereſt of their country; In popular governments, ſuch men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impreſſion of, and to raiſe diſcontents againſt, thoſe that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and theſe diſcontents often break out into ſeditions and inſurrections. This, Sir, would, in my opinion be our misfortune, if our parliaments were either annual or triennial: By ſuch frequent elections, there would be ſo much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would deſtroy that equal mixture, which is the beauty of our conſtitution: in ſhort, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preſerve our conſtitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preſerve that law, which I really think has brought our conſtitution to a more equal mixture; and conſequently to greater perfection than it was ever in, before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were poſſible to influence, by ſuch baſe means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain, to chooſe ſuch men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were poſſible to influence by ſuch means, a majority of the members of this houſe, to conſent to the eſtabliſhment of arbitrary power, I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other ſide were juſt, and their inference true: but I am perſuaded that neither of theſe is poſſible. As the members of this houſe generally are, and muſt always be gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country; is it poſſible

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to ſuppoſe, that any of them could, by a penſion, or a poſt, be influenced to conſent to the overthrow of our conſtitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that with reſpect to bribery, the price muſt be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it muſt likewiſe be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the ſpirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue.——When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themſelves in any danger, there may be many of the electors, who by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper ſpirit would, without doubt, ariſe in the nation; and in ſuch a caſe, I am perſuaded, that none, or very few, even of ſuch electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate; no, not for ten times the ſum.

There may, Sir, be ſome bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be ſome; but it is no proof of it, that ſtrangers are ſometimes choſen; for a gentleman may have ſo much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to chooſe any perſon he pleaſes to recommend; and, if, upon ſuch recommendation they chooſe one or two of his friends, who are perhaps ſtrangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred, that the two ſtrangers were choſen their repreſentatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To inſinuate, Sir, that money may be iſſued from the public treaſury for bribing elections, is really ſomething very extraordinary, eſpecially in thoſe gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every ſhilling that can be iſſued from thence, and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public ſervice of the nation, muſt always be accounted for, the very next ſeſſion, in this houſe, and likewiſe in the other, if they have a mind to call for any ſuch account. And as to the

the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having ſomething elſe to depend on beſides their own private fortune, they have likewiſe many diſadvantages: they are obliged to live in London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expence, than gentlemen of equal fortunes, who live in the country: this lays them under a very great diſadvantage, with reſpect to the ſupporting their intereſt in the country. The country gentlemen, by living among the electors, and purchaſing the neceſſaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correſpondence with them, without putting himſelf to any extraordinary charge; whereas a gentleman who lives in London, has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correſpondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a-year at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other buſineſs; ſo that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in ſeven years, ſave much for diſtributing in ready money at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly inquired into, it would appear, that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other ſet of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often ariſing among the people, without any juſt cauſe, is what I am ſurpriſed to hear controverted, ſince very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do we not know what a ferment was raiſed in the nation, towards the latter end of the late Queen's reign? And, it is well known, what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at leaſt confirmed, by an election coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raiſed in the nation, ſoon after his late Majeſty's acceſſion? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but thank God, this was wiſely provided againſt, by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

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As ſuch ferments may hereafter often happen, I muſt think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which reaſon, as far as I can ſee at preſent, I ſhall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the ſeptennial bill.

CHAP. XI.

LORD LYTTLETON'S SPEECH ON THE REPEAL OF THE ACT CALLED THE JEW BILL, IN THE YEAR 1753.

MR. SPEAKER,

I SEE no occaſion to enter at preſent into the merits of the bill we paſt the laſt ſeſſion for the naturalization of the Jews; becauſe I am convinced, that in the preſent temper of the nation, not a ſingle foreign Jew will think it expedient to take any benefit of that act; and therefore, the repealing of it, is giving up nothing. I aſſented to it laſt year, in hopes it might induce ſome wealthy Jews to come and ſettle among us; in that light I ſaw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than diſlike it; but, that any man alive could be zealous, either for or againſt it, I confeſs I had no idea. What affects our religion, is indeed of the higheſt and moſt ſerious importance. God forbid we ſhould ever be indifferent about that! But I thought this had no more to do with religion, than any turnpike act we paſt in that ſeſſion; and after all the divinity that has been preached on the ſubject, I think ſo ſtill.

RESOLUTION and ſteadineſs are excellent qualities; but it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wiſe government, Mr. Speaker will know where to yield as well as where to reſiſt; and there is no ſurer mark of littleneſs of mind in an adminiſtration, than obſtinacy in trifles. Public wiſdom on ſome occaſions muſt condeſcend to give way to popular folly, eſpecially in a free country, where the humour of the people muſt be conſidered as attentively, as the humour of a king in an abſolute monarchy. Under both forms of government a prudent and honeſt miniſtry

miniſtry will indulge a ſmall folly, and will reſiſt a great one. Not to vouchſafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would diſcover an ignorance of human nature; and to reſiſt the latter at all times, would be meanneſs and ſervility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at preſent debating, not as a ſacrifice made to popularity, (for it ſacrifices nothing) but as a prudent regard to ſome conſequences ariſing from the nature of the clamour raiſed againſt the late act for naturalizing Jews, which ſeems to require a particular conſideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his Majeſty's reign, that his ſubjects have enjoyed ſuch a ſettled tranquillity, ſuch a freedom from angry religious diſputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Chriſtian ſpirit of moderation, of charity, of univerſal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, inſtead of thoſe narrow principles, thoſe bigotted prejudices, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which has often done ſo much hurt both to the church and the ſtate. But from the ill-underſtood, inſignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occaſion has been taken to deprive us of this ineſtimable advantage. It is a pretence to diſturb the peace of the church, to infuſe idle fears into the minds of the people, and make religion itſelf an engine of ſedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wiſdom of parliament, to diſappoint thoſe endeavours. Sir, the very worſt miſchief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purpoſes of faction. Heaven and Hell are not more diſtant than the benevolent ſpirit of the goſpel, and the malignant ſpirit of party. The moſt impious wars ever made, were thoſe called holy wars. He who hates another man for not being a Chriſtian, is himſelf not a Chriſtian. Chriſtianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and good-will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately diſtinguiſhed this nation; and a glorious diſtinction it was! But there is latent, at all times in the mind of the vulgar, a ſpark of enthuſiaſm; which, if blown by

the breath of a party, may even when it ſeems quite extinguiſhed, be ſuddenly revived and raiſed to a flame. The act of laſt ſeſſion for naturalizing Jews, has, very unexpectedly, adminiſtered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may riſe, if it ſhould continue much longer, one cannot eaſily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itſelf.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the ſtate, the civil power and the hierarchy, have ſeparate intereſts; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happineſs, that there they form but one ſyſtem. While this harmony laſts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the ſtate; whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its ſtrength, and ſhakes the whole conſtitution.

Sir, I truſt and believe, that, by ſpeedily paſſing this bill, we ſhall ſilence that obloquy, which has ſo unjuſtly been caſt upon our reverend prelates (ſome of the moſt reſpectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community, that they ſhould not loſe that reſpect, which is ſo juſtly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in oppoſition to a matter of no importance in itſelf.—But if the departing from that meaſure ſhould not remove the prejudice ſo maliciouſly raiſed, I am certain that no farther ſtep you can take will be able to remove it, and therefore, I hope you will ſtop here. This appears to be a reaſonable and ſafe condeſcenſion, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this, would be dangerous weakneſs in government. It might open a door to the wildeſt enthuſiaſm, and to the moſt miſchievous attacks of political diſaffection working upon that enthuſiaſm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the ſynagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-houſe, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progreſs. The more zealous we are to ſupport Chriſtianity, the more vigilant ſhould we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back proſecution,

tion, we bring back the anti-chriſtian ſpirit of Popery; and when the ſpirit is here, the whole ſyſtem will ſoon follow. Toleration is the baſis of all public quiet. It is a character of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which ſecures our perſons and eſtates.—Indeed, they are inſeparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conſcience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We ſee it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both ſeen and felt it in England. By the bleſſing of God, we are now delivered from all kind of oppreſſion. Let us take care, that they may never return.

CHAP. XII.

IN PRAISE OF VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is of intrinſic value and good deſert, and of indiſpenſable obligation; not the creature of will, but neceſſary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the DIVINE MIND; not a mode of ſenſation, but everlaſting TRUTH; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. VIRTUE is the foundation of honour and eſteem, and the ſource of all beauty, order, and happineſs in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reaſonable being, to which they ought to be abſolutely ſubſervient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curſes they become. The uſe of it is not confined to any ſtage of our exiſtence, or to any particular ſituation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumſtances of our beings—— Many of the endowments and talents we now poſſeſs, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will ceaſe entirely with the preſent ſtate; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future ſtate to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vaniſh away, and all the arts of life be ſoon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole

whole rational creation, and fits us for converfing with any order of fuperior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wife and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unfpeakable greater confequence is, that it makes God our friend, affimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no lefs than ourfelves. It has the fame authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more is he under its influence. To fay no more; 'Tis the LAW of the whole univerfe; it ftands firft in the eftimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

SUCH is the importance of Virtue.—Of what confequence, therefore, is it that we practife it?—There is no argument or motive which is at all fitted to influence a reafonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous difpofition of foul is preferable to the greateft natural accomplifhment and abilities, and of more value than all the treafures of the world—If you are wife, then ftudy virtue, and contemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing elfe deferves one anxious thought or wifh. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happinefs. Secure this, and you fecure every thing. Lofe this, and all is loft.

PRICE.

CHAP. XIII.

THE SPEECH OF BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my caufe; and be filent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have refpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenfure me in your wifdom, and awake your fenfes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this affembly, any dear friend of Cæfar's, to him, I fay, that Brutus's love to Cæfar

was

was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar, this is my anſwer: Not that I lov'd Cæſar leſs, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæſar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here ſo baſe, that would be a bond man? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman! if any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended—I pauſe for a reply——

NONE?—then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæſar than you ſhould do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy: nor his offences inforced, for which he ſuffered death.——.

HERE comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XIV.

GLOCESTER'S SPEECH TO THE NOBLES.

BRAVE Peers of England, pillars of the ſtate,
To you Duke Humphry muſt unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! Did my brother Henry ſpend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold and ſummer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritence?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?

Have you yourſelves, Somerſet, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Saliſbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep ſcars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort and myſelf,
With all the learned counſel of the realm,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe;
And was his highneſs in his infancy
Crown'd in Paris, in deſpite of foes?
And ſhall theſe labours and theſe honours die?
Shall Henry's conqueſt, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counſel, die?
O Peers of England, ſhameful is this league!
Fatal this marriage? cancelling your fame;
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown;
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;
Undoing all, as all had never been. SHAKESPEAR.

BOOK

BOOK VI.

Dialogues.

CHAP. I.

ON HAPPINESS.

IT was at a time, when a certain friend, who I highly value, was my gueſt. We had been ſitting together, entertaining ourſelves with Shakeſpear. Among many of his characters, we had looked into that of Wolſey. How ſoon, ſays my friend, does the Cardinal in diſgrace abjure that happineſs which he was lately ſo fond of? Scarcely out of office, but he begins to exclaim,

Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate ye.

So true is it, that our ſentiments ever vary with the ſeaſon; and that in adverſity we are of one mind, in proſperity of another. As for his mean opinion, ſaid I, of human happineſs, it is a truth, which ſmall reflection might have taught him long before. There ſeems little need of diſtreſs to inform us of this. I rather commend the ſeeming wiſdom of that eaſtern monarch, who in the affluence of proſperity, when he was proving every pleaſure, was yet ſo ſenſible of their emptineſs, their inſufficiency to make him happy, that he proclaimed a reward to the man, who ſhould invent a new delight. The reward indeed was proclaimed, but the delight was not to be found. If by delight, ſaid he, you mean ſome good; ſomething conducing to real happineſs; it might have been found perhaps, and yet not hit the monarch's fancy. Is that, ſaid I, poſſible? It is poſſible, replied he, tho' it had been the Sovereign Good itſelf. And indeed what wonder? Is it probable that ſuch a mortal as an eaſtern monarch; ſuch a pampered, flattered, idle mortal, ſhould have attention or capacity for a ſubject ſo delicate? A ſubject, enough to exerciſe the ſubtileſt and moſt acute?

WHAT

What then is it you efteem, faid I, the Sovereign Good to be? It fhould feem, by your reprefentation, to be fomething very uncommon. Afk me not the queftion, faid he, you know not where it will carry us. Its general idea indeed is eafy and plain; but the detail of particulars is perplexed and long: paffions and opinions for ever thwart us; a paradox appears in almoft every advance. Befides, did our inquiries fucceed ever fo happily, the very fubject itfelf is always enough to give me pain. That, replied I, feems a paradox indeed. It is not, faid he, from any prejudice, which I have conceived againft it; for to man I efteem it the nobleft in the world. Nor is it for being a fubject, to which my genius does not lead me; for no fubject, at all times, has more employed my attention. But the truth is, I can fcarce ever think of it, but an unlucky ftory ftill occurs to my mind. "A certain ftargazer, with his telefcope was once viewing the moon, and defcribing her feas, her mountains, and her territories. Says a clown to his companion, Let him fpy what he pleafes; we are as near to the moon, as he and all his brethren." So fares it, alas! with thefe our moral fpeculations. Practice too often creeps, where Theory can foar. The philofopher proves as weak, as thofe whom he moft contemns. A mortifying thought to fuch as well attend it. Too mortifying, replied I, to be long dwelt on. Give us rather your general idea of the Sovereign Good. This is eafy from your account however intricate the detail.

Thus then, faid he, fince you are fo urgent, it is thus that I conceive it. The Sovereign Good is that, the poffeffion of which renders us happy. And how, faid I, do we poffefs it? Is it fenfual, or intellectual? There you are entering, faid he, upon the detail. This is beyond your queftion. Not a fmall advance, faid I, to indulge poor curiofity? Will you raife me a thirft, and be fo cruel not to allay it? It is not, replied he, of my raifing, but your own. Befides, I am not certain, fhould I attempt to proceed, whether you will admit, fuch authorities as it is poffible I may vouch. That, faid I, muft be determined by their weight and character.

character. Suppose, said he, it should be mankind; the whole human race. Would you not think it something strange to seek of those concerning Good, who pursue it a thousand ways, and many of them contradictory? I confess, said I, it seems so. And yet, continued he, were there a point, in which such dissentients ever agreed, this agreement would be no mean argument in favour of its truth and justness. But where, replied I, is this agreement to be found?

He answered me by asking, what if it should appear, that there were certain original characteristics and preconceptions of good, which were natural, uniform, and common to all men; which all recognized in their various pursuits; and that the difference lay only in the applying them to particulars? This requires, said I, to be illustrated. As if, continued he, a company of travellers, in some wide forest, were all intending for one city, but each by a routè peculiar to himself. The roads indeed would be various, and many perhaps false? but all who travelled, would have one end in view. It is evident, said I, they would. So fares it then, added he, with mankind in the pursuit of good. The ways indeed are many, but what they seek is one.

For instance: Did you ever hear of any, who, in pursuit of their good, were for living the life of a bird, an insect, or a fish? None. And why not? It would be inconsistent, answered I, with their nature. You see then, said he, they all agree in this; that what they pursue, ought to be consistent, and agreeable to their proper nature. So ought it, said I, undoubtedly. If, so, continued he, one preconception is discovered, which is common to good in general: It is, that all good is supposed something agreeable to nature. This, indeed, replied I, seems to be agreed on all hands.

But again, said he, Is there a man scarcely to be found of a temper so truly mortified, as to acquiesce in the lowest, and shortest necessaries of life! Who aims not, if he be able, at something farther, something better? I replied, scarcely one. Do not multitudes pursue, said he, infinite objects of desire, acknowledge, every one of them, to be in no respect necessaries?

neceſſaries? Exquiſite viands, delicious wines, ſplendid apparel, curious gardens; magnificent apartments adorned with pictures and ſculptures; muſic and poetry, and the whole tribe of elegant arts? It is evident, ſaid I. If it be, continued he, it ſhould ſeem that they all conſidered the Chief or Sovereign Good, not to be that, which conduces to bare exiſtence or mere being; for to this the neceſſaries alone are adequate. I replied, they were. But if not this, it muſt be ſomewhat conducive to that, which is ſuperior to mere being. It muſt. And what, continued he, can this be, but well-being, under the various ſhapes, in which different opinions paint it? Or can you ſuggeſt any thing elſe? I replied, I could not. Mark here, then, continued he, another preconception, in which they all agree; the Sovereign Good is ſomewhat conducive, not to mere being, but to well being. I replied, it had ſo appeared.

Again, continued he. What labour, what expence, to procure thoſe rarities, which our own poor country is unable to afford us! How is the world ranſacked to its utmoſt verges, and luxury and arts imported from every quarter! Nay more: How do we baffle Nature herſelf; invert her order; ſeek the vegetables of ſpring in the rigours of winter, and winter's ice during the heats of ſummer! I replied, we did. And what diſappointment, what remorſe, when endeavours fail? It is true. If this then be evident, ſaid he, it would ſeem, that whatever we deſire as our chief and Sovereign Good, is ſomething which, as far as poſſible, we would accommodate to all places and times. I anſwered, So it appeared. See then, ſaid he, another of its characteriſtics, another preconception.

But farther ſtill: What conteſts for wealth! What ſcrambling for poverty! What perils in the purſuit! What ſolicitude in the maintenance? And why all this? To what purpoſe, what end? Or is not the reaſon plain? Is it not that wealth may continually procure us, whatever we fancy good; and make that perpetual, which would otherwiſe be tranſient? I replied, it ſeemed ſo. Is it not further deſired, as ſupplying us from ourſelves

ourselves; when without it, we must be beholden to the benevolence of others, and depend on their caprice for all that we enjoy? It is true, said I, this seems a reason.

AGAIN: Is not power of every degree as much contested for as wealth? Are not magistracies, honours, principalities, and empire, the subjects of strife and everlasting contention? I replied, they were. And why, said he, this? To obtain what end? Is it not to help us, like wealth, to the possession of what we desire? Is it not farther to ascertain, to secure our enjoyments; that when others would deprive us, we may be strong enough to resist them? I replied, it was.

OR, to invert the whole: Why are there, who seek recesses the most distant and retired; flee courts and power, and submit to parsimony and obscurity? Why all this, but from the same intention? From an opinion that small possessions, used moderately, are permanent: That larger possessions raise envy, and are more frequently invaded: That the safety of power and dignity is more precarious than that of retreat; and that therefore they have chosen, what is most eligible upon the whole? It is not, said I, improbable, that they act by some such motive.

Do you not see, then, continued he, two or three more preconceptions of the Sovereign Good, which are sought for by all, as essential to constitute it? And what, said I, are these? That it should not be transient, nor derived from the will of others, nor in their power to take away; but be durable, self-derived, and (if I may use the expression) indeprivable. I confess, said I, it appears so. But we have already found it to be considered as something agreeable to our nature! conducive not to mere being, but to well-being; and what we aim to have accommodated to all places and times. We have.

THERE may be other characteristics, said he, but these I think sufficient. See then its idea: behold it, as collected from the original, natural, and universal preconceptions of all mankind. The Sovereign Good, they have taught us, out to be something *agreeable to*

our

our nature; conducive to well-being; accommodated to all places and times; durable, self-derived, and *indeprivable.* Your account, said I, appears just. HARRIS.

CHAP. II.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

"BRUTUS perished untimely, and Cæsar did no more." These words I was repeating the next day to myself, when my friend appeared, and cheerfully bade me good-morrow. I could not return his compliment with an equal gaiety, being intent, somewhat more than usual, on what had passed the day before. Seeing this, he proposed to walk into the fields. The face of Nature, said he, will perhaps dispel these glooms. No assistance on my part, shall be wanting, you may be assured. I accepted his proposal; the walk began; and our former conversation insensibly renewed.

"BRUTUS, said he, perished untimely, and Cæsar did no more."—It was thus, as I remember, not long since you were expressing yourself. And yet suppose their fortunes to have been exactly parallel—Which would you have preferred? Would you have been Cæsar or Brutus? Brutus, replied I, beyond all controversy. He asked me, Why? Where was the difference, when their fortunes, as we now supposed them, were considered as the same? There seems, said I, abstract for their fortunes, something I know not what, intrinsically preferable in the life and character of Brutus. If that, said he, be true, then must we derive it, not from the success of his endeavours, but from their truth and rectitude. He had the comfort to be conscious, that his cause was a just one. It was impossible the other should have any such feeling. I believe, said I, you have explained it.

SUPPOSE then, continued he, (it is but merely an hypothesis,) suppose, I say, we were to place the Sovereign Good in such a rectitude of conduct, in the conduct merely, and not in the event. Suppose we were to fix our happiness, not in the actual attainment of that health, that perfection of a social state, that fortunate

fortunate concurrence of externals, which is congruous to our nature, and which all have a right to purſue; but ſolely fix it in the mere doing whatever is correſpondent to ſuch an end, even though we never attain, or are near attaining it. In fewer words: What if we make our natural ſtate the ſtandard only to determine our conduct and place our happineſs in the rectitude of this conduct alone? On ſuch an hypotheſis (and we conſider it as nothing farther) we ſhould not want a good, perhaps, to correſpond to our preconceptions; for this, it is evident, would be correſpondent to them all. Your doctrine, replied I, is ſo new and ſtrange, that though you have been copious in explaining, I can hardly yet comprehend you.

It amounts all, ſaid he, but to this: Place your happineſs where your praiſe is. I aſked, Where he ſuppoſed that? Not, replied he, in the pleaſures which you feel, more than your diſgrace lies in the pain; not in the caſual proſperity of fortune, more than your diſgrace in the caſual adverſity; but in juſt, complete action throughout every part of life, whatever be the face of things, whether favourable or the contrary.

But why then, ſaid I, ſuch accuracy about externals? So much pains to be informed, what are purſuable, what avoidable? It behoves the pilot, replied he, to know the ſeas and the winds; the nature of tempeſts, calms, and tides. They are the ſubjects about which his art is converſant. Without a juſt experience of them, he can never prove himſelf an artiſt. Yet we look not for his reputation either in fair gales, or in adverſe; but in the ſkilfulneſs of his conduct, be theſe events as they happen. In like manner fares it with the moral artiſt. He, for a ſubject, has the whole of of human life, health and ſickneſs; pleaſure and pain; with every other poſſible incident, which can befal him during his exiſtence. If his knowledge of all theſe be accurate and exact, ſo too muſt his conduct, in which we place his happineſs. But if his knowledge be defective, muſt not his conduct be defective alſo? I replied, So it ſhould ſeem. And if his conduct, then his happineſs? It is true.

You ſee then, continued he, even though externals were as nothing; though it was true, in their own nature, they were neither good or evil; yet an accurate knowledge of them is, from our hypotheſis, abſolutely neceſſary. Indeed, ſaid I, you have proved it.

He continued—Inferior artiſts may be at a ſtand, becauſe they want materials. From their ſtubbornneſs and intractability, they may often be diſappointed. But as long as life is paſſing, and nature continues to operate, the moral artiſt of life has at all times all he deſires. He can never want a ſubject fit to exerciſe him in his proper calling; and that with this happy motive to the conſtancy of his endeavours, that the croſſer, the harſher, the more untoward the events, the greater his praiſe, the more illuſtrious his reputation.

All this, ſaid I, is true, and cannot be denied. But one circumſtance there appears, where your ſimile ſeems to fail. The praiſe indeed of the pilot, we allow to be in his conduct; but it is in the ſucceſs of that conduct where we look for his happineſs. If a ſtorm ariſes, and the ſhip be loſt, we call him not happy, how well ſoever he may have conducted it. It is then only we congratulate him, when he has reached the deſired haven. Your diſtinction, ſaid he, is juſt. And it is here lies the noble prerogative of moral artiſts, above all others. But yet I know not how to explain myſelf, I fear my doctrine will appear ſo ſtrange. You may proceed, ſaid I, ſafely, ſince you advance it but as an hypotheſis.

Thus, then, continued he—the end in other arts is ever diſtant and removed. It conſiſts not in the mere conduct, much leſs in a ſingle energy; but it is the juſt reſult of many energies, each of which are eſſential to it. Hence, by obſtacles unavoidable, it may often be retarded; nay more, may be ſo embarraſſed, as never poſſibly to be attained. But in the moral art of life, the very conduct is the end; the very conduct, I ſay, itſelf, throughout its every minuteſt energy; becauſe each of theſe, however minute, partakes as truly of rectitude, as the largeſt combinations of them, when conſidered collectively. Hence, of all arts this is the only

only one perpetually complete in every inſtant, becauſe it needs not, like other arts, time to arrive at that perfection, at which in every inſtant it is arrived already. Hence, by duration, it is not rendered either more or leſs perfect; completion, like truth, admitting of no degrees, and being in no ſenſe capable of either intention or remiſſion. And hence too by neceſſary connections (which is a greater paradox than all) even that Happineſs or Sovereign Good, the end of this moral art, is itſelf too, in every inſtant, conſummate and complete; is neither heightened nor diminiſhed by the quantity of its duration, but is the ſame to its enjoyers, for a moment, or a century.

Upon this I ſmiled. He aſked me the reaſon. It is only to obſerve, ſaid I, the courſe of our inquiries. A new hypotheſis has been advanced: appearing ſomewhat ſtrange, it is deſired to be explained. You comply with the requeſt, and in purſuit of the explanation, make it ten times more obſcure and unintelligible than before. It is but too often the fate, ſaid he, of us commentators. But you know in ſuch caſes what is uſually done. When the comment will not explain the text, we try whether the text will not explain itſelf. This method, it is poſſible, may aſſiſt us here. The hypotheſis, which we would have illuſtrated, was no more than this: That the Sovereign Good lay in Rectitude of Conduct; and that this Good correſponded to all our preconceptions. Let us examine, then, whether upon trial, this correſpondence will appear to hold; and for all that we have advanced ſince, ſuffer it to paſs, and not perplex us. Agreed, ſaid I, willingly; for now I hope to comprehend you.

Recollect, then, ſaid he. Do you not remember that one preconception of the Sovereign Good, was to be accommodated to all times and places? I remember it. And is there any time, or any place, whence Rectitude of Conduct may be excluded? Is there not a right action in proſperity, a right action in adverſity? May there not be a decent, generous, and laudable behaviour, not only in peace, in power, and in health,

but in war, in oppreſſion, in ſickneſs, and in death? There may.

AND what ſhall we ſay to thoſe other preconceptions; to being durable, ſelf-derived, and indeprivable? Can there be any Good ſo durable, as the power of always doing right? Is there any Good conceivable, ſo entirely beyond the power of others? Or, if you heſitate, and are doubtful, I would willingly be informed, into what circumſtances may fortune throw a brave and honeſt man, where it ſhall not be in his power to act bravely and honeſtly? If there be no ſuch, then Rectitude of Conduct, if a Good, is a Good indeprivable. I confeſs, ſaid I, it appears ſo.

BUT farther, ſaid he: Another preconception of the Sovereign Good, was to be agreeable to nature. It was. And can any thing be more agreeable to a rational and ſocial animal, than rational and ſocial conduct? Nothing. But Rectitude of Conduct is with us Rational and Social Conduct. It is.

ONCE more, continued he: Another preconception of this Good was, to be conducive not to mere being, but to well being. Admit it. And can any thing, believe you, conduce ſo probably to the well-being of a rational, ſocial animal, as the right exerciſe of that reaſon and of thoſe ſocial affections? Nothing. And what is this ſame exerciſe, but the higheſt Rectitude of Conduct? Certainly. HARRIS.

CHAP. III.

ON CRITICISM.

——AND how did Garrick ſpeak the ſoliloquy laſt night? Oh, againſt all rule, my lord; moſt ungrammatically! betwixt the ſubſtantive and the adjective, which ſhould agree together in number, caſe, and gender, he made a breach thus,—ſtopping, as if the point wanted ſetting;—and betwixt the nominative caſe, which your Lordſhip knows ſhould govern the verb, he ſuſpended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three ſeconds and three fifths, by a ſtop-watch, my Lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!—But in ſuſpending the voice—was the ſenſe ſuſpended likewiſe?

wife ? did no expreſſion of attitude or countenance fill up the chaſm ?—Was the eye ſilent: Did you narrowly look ?—I looked only at the ſtop-watch, my Lord.—Excellent obſerver.

AND what of this new book the whole world makes ſuch a route about ?—Oh, 'tis out of all plumb, my Lord,—quite an irregular thing ! not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compaſſes, &c. my Lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic !

——AND for the epic poem your Lordſhip bid me look at—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact ſcale of Boſſu's—'tis out, my Lord, in every one of its dimenſions—Admirable connoiſſeur !

——AND did you ſtep in to take a look at the grand picture in your way back ?—'Tis a melancholy daub, my Lord ! not one principle of the pyramid in any one group !—and what a price !—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expreſſion of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the corregieſcity of Corregio—the learning of Pouſſin—the airs of Guido—the taſte of the Carachii—or the grand contour of Angelo.

GRANT me patience, juſt Heaven !——Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—tho' the cant of hypocrites may be the worſt—the cant of criticiſm is the moſt tormenting !

I WOULD go fifty miles on foot, to kiſs the hand of that man, whoſe generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands——be pleaſed he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

STERNE.

CHAP. IV.

ON NEGROES.

WHEN Tom, an' pleaſe your honour, got to the ſhop, there was nobody in it but a poor Negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers, ſlightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them—

'Tis a pretty picture! said my uncle Toby—she had suffered persecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy——

——She was good, an' please your honour, from nature as well as from hardships; and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said Trim; and some dismal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they shall be told you with the rest of Tom's story, for it makes a part of it——

THEN do not forget, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

A NEGRO has a soul, an' please your honour, said the corporal, (doubtingly)?

I AM not much versed, corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me——

——IT would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.

IT would so, said my uncle Toby. Why then, an' please your honour, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?

I CAN give no reason, said my uncle Toby.——

——ONLY, cried the corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her——

——'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, which recommends her to protection, and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war, which has put the whip into our hands now—where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows!—but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will not use it unkindly.

GOD forbid, said the corporal.

AMEN, responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart. STERNE.

CHAP. V.

RIVERS AND SIR HARRY.

SIR HAR. COLONEL, your most obedient: I am come upon the old business; for unless I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

RIV.

RIV. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you perſonally, I cannot liſten to your propoſals.

SIR HAR. No, Sir!

RIV. No, Sir; I have promiſed my daughter to Mr. Sidney; do you know that, Sir?

SIR HAR. I do; but what then! Engagements of this kind, you know——

RIV. So then you do know I have promiſed her to Mr. Sidney?

SIR HAR. I do; but I alſo know that matters are not finally ſettled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine; therefore——

RIV. Sir Harry, let me aſk you one queſtion before you make your conſequence.

SIR HAR. A thouſand if you pleaſe Sir.

RIV. Why then, Sir, let me aſk you, what you have ever obſerved in me or my conduct, that you deſire me ſo familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you conſidered me as a man of honour?

SIR HAR. And ſo I do, Sir; a man of the niceſt honour.

RIV. And yet, Sir, you aſk me to violate the ſanctity of my word; and tell me directly that it is my intereſt to be a raſcal——

SIR HAR. I really don't underſtand you, Colonel; I thought when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world: and as you have not yet ſigned——

RIV. Why this is mending matters with a witneſs! And ſo you think becauſe I am not legally bound, I am under no neceſſity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour; they want no bond but the rectitude of their own ſentiments, and laws are of no uſe but to bind the villains of ſociety.

SIR HAR. Well, but my dear Colonel! if you have no regard for me, ſhow ſome little regard for your daughter.

RIV. I ſhow the greateſt regard for my daughter, by

by giving her to a man of honour: and I muſt not be inſulted with any farther repetition of your propoſals.

SIR HAR. Inſult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an inſult? Is my readineſs to make what ſettlements you think proper——

RIV. Sir Harry, I ſhould conſider the offer of a kingdom an inſult, if it was to be purchaſed by the violation of my word: Beſides, though my daughter ſhall never go a beggar to the arms of her huſband. I would rather ſee her happy than rich; and if ſhe has enough to provide handſomely for a young family, and ſomething to ſpare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I ſhall think her as affluent as if ſhe was miſtreſs of Mexico.

SIR HAR. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe——

RIV. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you pleaſe, retire to the ladies: I ſhall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a ſon-in-law; for a union of intereſts I look upon as a union of diſhonour, and conſider a marriage for money, at beſt, but a legal proſtitution.

FALSE DELICACY.

CHAP. VI.

SIR JOHN MELVIL AND STERLING.

STERL. WHAT are your commands with me Sir John?

SIR JOHN. After having carried the negotiation between our families to ſo great a length; after having aſſented ſo readily to all your propoſals, as well as received ſo many inſtances of your cheerful compliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cauſe of any uneaſineſs.

STERL. Uneaſineſs! what uneaſineſs? Where buſineſs is tranſacted as it ought to be, and the parties underſtand one another, there can be no uneaſineſs:— You agree, on ſuch and ſuch conditions to receive my daughter

daughter for a wife? on the ſame conditions, I agree to receive you as a ſon-in-law, and as to all the reſt, it follows of courſe, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill, after acceptance.

SIR JOHN. Pardon me, Sir, more uneaſineſs has ariſen than you are aware of. I am myſelf, at this inſtant in a ſtate of inexpreſſible embarraſſment; Miſs Sterling, I know, is extremely diſconcerted too; and unleſs you will oblige me with the aſſiſtance of your friendſhip, I foreſee the ſpeedy progreſs of diſcontent and animoſity through the whole family.

STERL. What the deuce is all this! I do not underſtand a ſingle ſyllable.

SIR JOHN. In one word, then, it will be abſolutely impoſſible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miſs Sterling.

STERL. How, Sir John? Do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What! refuſe to——

SIR JOHN. Be aſſured, Sir, that I neither mean to affront, nor forſake your family. My only fear is that you ſhould deſert me; for the whole happineſs of my life depends on my being connected with your family by the neareſt and tendereſt ties in the world.

STERL. Why did you not tell me but a moment ago, it was abſolutely impoſſible for you to marry my daughter?

SIR JOHN. True: But you have another daughter, Sir——

STERL. Well!

SIR JOHN. Who has obtained the moſt abſolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my paſſion to her; nay, Miſs Sterling herſelf is alſo appriſed of it, and if you will but give a ſanction to my preſent addreſſes, the uncommon merit of Miſs Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a perſon of equal, if not ſuperior rank to myſelf; and our families may ſtill be allied by my union with Miſs Fanny.

STERL. Mighty fine, truly! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John? Do you come to market for my daughters, like ſervants at a ſtatute-fair? Do you think that I will ſuffer you, or any man in the world

world, to come into my houſe, like the Grand Signior, and throw the handkerchief firſt to one, and then to t'other, juſt as he pleaſes? Do you think I drive a kind of African ſlave-trade with them? and——

Sir John. A moment's patience, Sir! Nothing but the exceſs of my paſſion for Miſs Fanny ſhould have induced me to take any ſtep that had the leaſt appearance of diſreſpect to any part of your family; and even now I am deſirous to atone for my tranſgreſſion, by making the moſt adequate compenſation that lies in my power.

Sterl. Compenſation! what compenſation can you poſſibly make in ſuch a caſe as this, Sir John?

Sir John. Come, come, Mr. Sterling; I know you to be a man of ſenſe, and a man of buſineſs, a man of the world. I will deal frankly with you; and you ſhall ſee that I do not deſire a change of meaſures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Sterl. What advantage can your inconſtancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir John. I will tell you, Sir. You know that by the articles at preſent ſubſiſting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miſs Sterling, you agree to pay down the groſs ſum of eighty thouſand pounds.

Sterl. Well!

Sir John. Now if you will but conſent to my waving that marriage——

Sterl. I agree to your waving that marriage? Impoſſible, Sir John!

Sir John. I hope not, Sir; as on my part, I will agree to wave my right to thirty thouſand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Sterl. Thirty thouſand do you ſay?

Sir John. Yes, Sir; and accept of Miſs Fanny, with fifty thouſand inſtead of fourſcore.

Sterl. Fifty thouſand——

Sir John. Inſtead of fourſcore.

Sterl. Why, why, there may be ſomething in that. Let me ſee; Fanny with fifty thouſand, inſtead of Betſy with fourſcore. But how can this be, Sir, John?

For

For you know I am to pay this money into the hands of my Lord Ogleby; who I believe, betwixt you and me, Sir John, is not over-ſtocked with ready money at preſent; and threeſcore thouſand of it, you know is to go to pay off the preſent incumbrances on the eſtate, Sir John.

SIR JOHN. That objection is eaſily obviated.—Ten of the twenty thouſand, which would remain as a ſurplus of the fourſcore, after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his Lordſhip for my uſe, that we might ſet off with ſome little eclat on our marriage; and the other ten for his own. Ten thouſand pounds, therefore, I ſhall be able to pay you immediately; and for the remaining twenty thouſand you ſhall have a mortgage on that part of the eſtate which is to be made over to me, with whatever ſecurity you ſhall require for the regular payment of the intereſt, till the principal is duly diſcharged.

STERL. Why to do you juſtice, Sir John, there is ſomething fair and open in your propoſal; and ſince I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family———

SIR JOHN. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling. And after all, the whole affair is nothing extraordinary; ſuch things happen every day; and as the world had only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiſer, if we have but diſcretion enough to keep our own counſel.

STERL. True, true; and ſince you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than tranſferring ſo much ſtock you know.

SIR JOHN. The very thing.

STERL. Odſo! I had quite forgot——We are reckoning without our hoſt here. There is another difficulty——

SIR JOHN. You alarm me—What can that be?

STERL. I cannot ſtir a ſtep in this buſineſs without conſulting my ſiſter Heidleberg. The family has very great expectations from her, and we muſt not give her any offence.

SIR JOHN. But if you come into this meaſure, ſurely ſhe will be ſo kind as to conſent——

STERL. I do not know that. Betſy is her darling; and I cannot tell how far ſhe may reſent any ſlight that ſeems to be offered to her favourite niece. However, I will do the beſt I can for you. You ſhall go and break the matter to her firſt, and by the time that I may ſuppoſe that your rhetoric has prevailed on her to liſten to reaſon, I will ſtep into reinforce your arguments.

SIR JOHN. I will fly to her immediately: you promiſe me your aſſiſtance?

STERL. I do.

SIR JOHN. Ten thouſand thanks for it; and now ſucceſs attend me!

STERL. Harkee, Sir John!——not a word of the thirty thouſand to my ſiſter, Sir John.

SIR JOHN. Oh, I am dumb, I am dumb, Sir,

STERL. You remember it is thirty thouſand.

SIR JOHN. To be ſure I do.

STERL. But, Sir John! one thing more. My Lord muſt know nothing of this ſtroke of friendſhip between us.

SIR JOHN. Not for the world. Let me alone! Let me alone!

STERL. And when every thing is agreed, we muſt give each other a bond to be held faſt to the bargain.

SIR JOHN. To be ſure. A bond by all means! a bond, or whatever you pleaſe. (*Exit* Sir John.

STERL. I ſhould have thought of more conditions, he is in a humour to give me every thing. Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality, that cry for a plaything one minute, and throw it by the next! as changeable as the weather, and as uncertain as the ſtocks. Special fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the intereſts of the nation truly; Here does this whirligig man of faſhion offer to give up thirty thouſand pounds in hard money, with as much indifference as if it was a China orange. By this mortgage, I ſhall have a hold on his Terra Firma; and if he wants more money, as he certainly will, let him have

children

children by my daughter or no, I ſhall have his whole eſtate in a net for the benefit of my family. Well thus it is, that the children of citizens who have acquired fortunes, prove perſons of faſhion; and thus it is, that perſons of faſhion, who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

CHAP. VII.

BELCOUR AND STOCKWELL.

STOCK. Mr. Belcour, I am rejoiced to ſee you; you are welcome to England.

BEL. I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long converſed at a diſtance; now we are met, and the pleaſure this meeting gives me, amply compenſates for the perils I have run thro' in accompliſhing it.

STOCK. What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have met a bad paſſage at this time o'year.

BEL. Nor did we: courier-like, we came poſting to your ſhores, upon the pinions of the ſwifteſt gales that ever blew; it is upon Engliſh ground all my difficulties have ariſen; it is the paſſage from the river ſide I complain of.

STOCK. Ay, indeed! what obſtructions can you have between this and the river-ſide?

BEL. Innumerable! your town's as full of defiles as the iſland of Corſica; and, I believe, they are as obſtinately defended; ſo much hurry, buſtle, and confuſion, on your quays; ſo many ſugar-caſks, porter-butts, and common council-men in your ſtreets; that unleſs a man marched with artillery in his front, it is more than the labour of a Hercules can effect to make any tolerable way through your town.

STOCK. I am ſorry you have been ſo incommoded.

BEL. Why, faith, it was all my own fault; accuſtomed to a land of ſlaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of cuſtom-houſe extortioners, boatmen, tide-waiters, and water-bailiffs, that beſet me on all

ſides, worſe than a ſwarm of muſquetoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to bruſh them away with my ratten; the ſturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob choſe different ſides, and a furious ſcuffle enſued; in the courſe of which, my perſon and apparel ſuffered ſo much, that I was obliged to ſtep into the firſt tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

STOCK. Well, Mr. Belcour, it is a rough ſample you have had of my countrymen's ſpirit; but I truſt you will not think the worſe of them for it.

BEL. Not at all, not at all; I like them the better: was I only a viſitor, I might perhaps wiſh them a little more tractable; but as a fellow ſubject, and a ſharer in their freedom, I applaud their ſpirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone of my ſkin.——Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the firſt time in my life, here am I in England; at the fountain-head of pleaſure, in the land of beauty, of arts, and elegancies. My happy ſtars have given me a good eſtate, and the conſpiring winds have blown me hither to ſpend it.

STOCK. To uſe it, not to waſte it, I ſhould hope; to treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vaſſal, over whom you have a wanton deſpotic power, but as a ſubject, which you are bound to govern with a temperate and reſtrained authority.

BEL. True, Sir; moſt truly ſaid; mine's a commiſſion, not a right: I am the offspring of diſtreſs, and every child of ſorrow is my brother; while I have hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them open to mankind; but, Sir, my paſſions are my maſters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reaſon and virtue nothing but my wiſhes and my ſighs.

STOCK. Come, come, the man who can accuſe, corrects himſelf.

BEL. Ah! that is an office I am weary of; I wiſh a friend would take it up: I would to heaven you had leiſure for the employ! but did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the taſk ſo toilſome as to keep me free from faults.

STOCK. Well, I am not diſcouraged; this candour tells

tells me, I ſhould not have the fault of ſelf-conceit to combat; that, at leaſt, is not among the number.

BEL. No; if I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do of myſelf, I would take up his opinion and forego my own.

STOCK. And, was I to chooſe a pupil, it ſhould be one of your complexion; ſo, if you will come along with me, we will agree upon your admiſſion, and enter upon a courſe of lectures directly.

BEL. With all my heart. WEST INDIAN.

CHAP. VIII.

LORD EUSTACE AND FRAMPTON.

LD. EUST. WELL, my dear Frampton, have you ſecured the letters?

FRAM. Yes, my Lord, for their rightful owners.

LD. EUST. As to the matter of property, Frampton, we will not diſpute much about that. Neceſſity, you know, may ſometimes render a treſpaſs excuſable.

FRAM. I am not cauſuiſt ſufficient to anſwer you upon that ſubject; but this I know, that you have already treſpaſſed againſt the laws of hoſpitality and honour, in your conduct towards Sir William Evans and his daughter.——And as your friend and counſellor, both, I would adviſe you to think ſeriouſly of repairing the injuries you have committed, and not increaſe your offence by a farther violation.

LD. EUST. It is actually a pity you were not bred to the bar, Ned; but I have only a moment to ſtay, and am all impatience to know if there be a letter from Langwood, and what he ſays.

FRAM. I ſhall never be able to afford you the leaſt information upon that ſubject, my Lord.

LD. EUST. Surely, I do not underſtand you.—You ſaid, you had ſecured the letters——Have you not read them?

FRAM. You have a right, and none but you, to aſk me ſuch a queſtion. My weak compliance with your firſt propoſal relative to theſe letters, warrants your thinking ſo meanly of me. But know, my Lord, that

 though

though my perſonal affection for you, joined to my unhappy circumſtances, may have betrayed me to actions unworthy of myſelf, I never can forget, that there is a barrier fixed before the extreme of baſeneſs, which honour will not let me paſs.

LD. EUST. You will give me leave to tell you, Mr. Frampton, that where I lead, I think you need not halt.

FRAM. You will pardon me, my Lord; the conſciouſneſs of another man's errors, can never be a juſtification for our own; and poor indeed muſt that wretch be, who can be ſatisfied with the negative merit of not being the worſt man he knows.

LD. EUST. If this diſcourſe was uttered in a conventicle, it might have its effect; by ſetting the congregation to ſleep.

FRAM. It is rather meant to rouſe than lull your Lordſhip.

LD. EUST. No matter what it is meant for; give me the letters, Mr. Frampton.

FRAM. Yet excuſe me. I could as ſoon think of arming a madman's hand againſt my own life, as ſuffer you to be guilty of a crime that will for ever wound your honour.

LD. EUST. I ſhall not come to you to heal the wound: your medicines are too rough and coarſe for me.

FRAM. The ſoft poiſon of flattery might, perhaps, pleaſe you better.

LD. EUST. Your conſcience may, probably, have as much need of palliatives as mine, Mr. Frampton; as I am pretty well convinced, that your courſe of life has not been more regular than my own.

FRAM. With true contrition, my Lord, I confeſs part of your ſarcaſm to be juſt. Pleaſure was the object of my purſuit, and pleaſure I obtained, at the expenſe both of health and fortune; but yet, my Lord, I broke not in upon the peace of others; the laws of hoſpitality I never violated; nor did I ever ſeek to injure, or ſeduce, the wife or daughter of my friend.

LD. EUST.

Ld. Eust. I care not what you did—give me the letters.

Fram. I have no right to keep, and therefore ſhall ſurrender them, though with the utmoſt reluctance; but, by our former friendſhip, I intreat you not to open them.

Ld. Eust. That you have forfeited.

Fram. Since it is not in my power to prevent your committing an error, which you ought for ever to repent of, I will not be a witneſs of it. There are the letters.

Ld. Eust. You may, perhaps, have cauſe to repent your preſent conduct, Mr. Frampton, as much as I do our paſt attachment.

Fram. Rather than hold your friendſhip upon ſuch terms, I reſign it for ever.——Farewel, my Lord.

Re-enter Frampton.

Fram. Ill treated as I have been, my lord, I find it impoſſible to leave you ſurrounded by difficulties.

Ld. Eust. That ſentiment ſhould have operated ſooner, Mr. Frampton. Recollection is ſeldom of uſe to our friends, though it may ſometimes be ſerviceable to ourſelves.

Fram. Take advantage of your own expreſſion, my lord, and recollect yourſelf. Born and educated as I have been, a gentleman, how have you injured both yourſelf and me, by admitting and uniting in the ſame confidence, your raſcally ſervant.

Ld. Eust. The exigency of my ſituation is a ſufficient excuſe to myſelf, and ought to have been ſo to the man who called himſelf my friend.

Fram. Have a care, my lord, of uttering the leaſt doubt upon that ſubject: for could I think you once mean enough to ſuſpect the ſincerity of my attachment to you, it muſt vaniſh at that inſtant.

Ld. Eust. The proofs of your regard have been rather painful of late, Mr. Frampton.

Fram. When I ſee my friend upon the verge of a precipice, is that a time for compliment? Shall I not rudely ruſh forward, and drag him from it? Juſt in that

that ſtate you are at preſent, and I will ſtrive to ſave you. Virtue may languiſh in a noble heart, and ſuffer her rival, Vice, to uſurp her power, but baſeneſs muſt not enter, or ſhe flies for ever. The man who has forfeited his own eſteem, thinks all the world has the ſame conſciouſneſs, and therefore is what he deſerves to be,——a wretch.

Ld. Eust. Oh, Frampton! you have lodged a dagger in my heart.

Fram. No, my dear, Euſtace, I have ſaved you from one, from your own reproaches, by preventing your being guilty of a meanneſs, which you could never have forgiven yourſelf.

Ld. Eust. Can you forgive me, and be ſtill my friend?

Fram. As firmly as I have ever been, my lord.—— But let us at preſent, haſten to get rid of the mean buſineſs we are engaged in, and forward the letters we have no right to detain.

SCHOOL FOR RAKES.

CHAP. IX.

DUKE AND LORDS.

Duke. NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not theſe woods
More free from peril, than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The ſeaſon's difference; as the icy phang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay
This is no flattery; theſe are counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.
——Come, ſhall we go, and kill us veniſon!

And

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gor'd.

LORD. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the airy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

LORD. O yes, into a thousand similies;
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left, and abandoned of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
The flux of company. Anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him! Ah, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greezy citizens,
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.
DUKE. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
LORD. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
DUKE. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.
LORD. I'll bring you to him straight.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. X.

DUKE AND JAQUES.

DUKE. WHY, how now, Monsieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friend must woo your company?
What! you look merrily!
JAQ. A fool! a fool!—I met a fool i' th' forest,
A motley fool! a miserable varlet!
As I do live by food I met a fool,
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms;
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good-morrow, fool, quoth I. No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till Heav'n hath sent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we see, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after an hour more 'twill be eleven:
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer;
That fools should be so deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.
DUKE. What fool is this?
JAQ. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder-buscuit
After a voyage, he has strange places cramm'd
With observations, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.
DUKE. Thou shalt have one.
JAQ. It is my own suit;
Provided that you weed your bitter judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wise. I must have liberty,
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please, for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly
They most must laugh. And why, Sir, must they so?
The way is plain as way to parish-church.
He whom a fool does very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squand'ring glances of a fool.
Invest me in my motley, give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my med'cine.
DUKE. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.
JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do but good?
DUKE. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very means do ebb?

What

What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, the city-woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her,
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays his bravery is not on my coſt;
Thinking, that I mean him, but therein ſuits
His folly to the metal of my ſpeech?
There then; how then! what then! let me ſee wherein
My tongue has wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild-gooſe, flies
Unclaim'd of any man. SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XI.

HENRY AND LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

CH. JUST. I AM aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.
P. HEN. No! might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me!
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon,
Th' immediate heir of England! was this eaſy!
May this be waſh'd in Lethe and forgotten!
CH. JUST. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
Th' image of his power lay then in me:
And in the adminiſtration of his law,
While I was buſy for the commonwealth,
Your highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and pow'r of law and juſtice,
The image of the king whom I preſented;
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at nought;
To pluck down juſtice from your awful bench;
To trip the courſe of law, and blunt the ſword
That guards the peace and ſafety of your perſon

Nay

Nay more, to ſpurn at your moſt royal image,
And mock your working in a ſecond body,
Queſtion your royal thoughts, make the caſe yours;
Be now the father, and propoſe a ſon;
Hear your own dignity ſo much profan'd;
See your moſt dreadful laws ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold yourſelf ſo by a ſon diſdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And in your pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a king, ſpeak in your ſtate,
What I have done that miſbecame my place,
My perſon, or my liege's ſovereignty.

P. HEN. You are right, Juſtice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore ſtill bear the balance and the ſword:
And I do wiſh your honours may increaſe,
Till you do live to ſee a ſon of mine
Offend you, and obey you as I did:
So ſhall I live to ſpeak my father's words:——
Happy am I, that have a man ſo bold
That dares do juſtice on my proper ſon;
And no leſs happy, having ſuch a ſon,
That would deliver up his greatneſs ſo
Into the hand of juſtice.——You committed me;
For which I do commit into your hand
Th' unſtained ſword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance, that you uſe the ſame
With a like bold, juſt, and impartial ſpirit,
As you have done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a father to my youth:
My voice ſhall ſound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will ſtoop and humble my intents,
To your well practis'd wiſe directions.
And, princes, all, believe me, I beſeech you,
My father is gone wild into his grave;
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down

After

After my ſeeming. Though my tide of blood
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now;
Now doth it turn and ebb back to the ſea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of floods,
And flow henceforth in formal majeſty.
Now call we our high court of Parliament;
And let us chooſe ſuch limbs of noble counſel,
That the great body of our ſtate may go
In equal rank with the beſt govern'd nation;
That war or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us,
In which you, father, ſhall have foremoſt hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd) all our ſtate,
And (Heav'n conſigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten Harry's happy life one day.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XII.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND BISHOP OF ELY.

CANT. MY Lord, I'll tell you; that ſelf bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year o' th' laſt King's reign,
Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſs'd,
But that the ſcrambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of further queſtion.

ELY. But how, my Lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

CANT. It muſt be thought on. If it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſions:
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By teſtament have given to the church,
Would they ſtrip from us: being valued thus;
As much as would maintain to the King's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good eſquires;
And to relief of lazars and weak age
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right-well ſupply'd;

And

And to the coffers of the king, beside,
A thousand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.
ELY. This would drink deep.
CANT. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
ELY. But what prevention?
CANT. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.
CANT. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
T' invelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor ever Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all once,
As in this king.
ELY. We'er blessed in the change.
CANT. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd say, it had been all in all his study.
Lift his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences:
So that the act and practic part of life,
Must be the Mistress to this theorique.
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;

And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration,
From open haunts, and popularity.
ELY. The ſtrawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholeſome berries thrive and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,
Grew like the ſummer graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſſive in his faculty.
CANT. It muſt be ſo: for miracles are ceas'd:
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means
How things are perfected. SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XIII.

HAMLET AND HORATIO.

HOR. HAIL, to your lordſhip!
HAM. I am glad to ſee you well;
Horatio——or do I forget myſelf.
HOR. The ſame, my Lord, and your poor ſervant ever.
HAM. Sir,—my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what makes you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
HOR. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.
HAM. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf. I know you are no truant;
But what is your affair in Elſinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
HOR. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
HAM. I pr'ythee do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
HOR. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
HAM. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage-tables.
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heav'n

Or ever I had ſeen that day, Horatio!
My father—methinks I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh! where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly king.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all
I ſhall not look upon his like again.
Hor. My Lord, I think I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw!—who?
Hor. My lord, the king your father!
Ham. The king my father!
Hor. Seaſon your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; till I deliver,
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For Heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd; A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pè,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppreſs'd and fear-ſurpriſed eyes
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the effect of fear)
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did:
But anſwer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak,
But even then the morning cock crew loud;

And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſhed from our ſight.
HAM. 'Tis very ſtrange!
HOR. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
HAM. Indeed, indeed, Sir, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to night?
HOR. We do my lord.
HAM. Arm'd ſay you?
HOR. Arm'd my lord.
HAM. From top to toe?
HOR. My lord, from head to foot.
HAM. Then ſaw you not his face?
HOR. Oh! yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
HAM. What, look'd he frowningly?
HOR. A count'nance more in ſorrow than in anger,
HAM. Pale or red?
HOR. Nay, very pale.
HAM. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
HOR. Moſt conſtantly.
HAM. I would I had been there!
HOR. It would have much amaz'd you.
HAM. Very like. Staid it long?
HOR. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
HAM. His beard was griſl'd——no——
HOR. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.
HAM. I'll watch to night; perchance 'twill walk again.
HOR. I warrant you, it will.
HAM. If it aſſumes my noble father's perſon
I'll ſpeak to it, tho' hell itſelf ſhould gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be ten'ble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoever ſhall befal to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your love: ſo fare you well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll viſit you.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS

CAS. WILL you go fee the order of the courfe?
BRU. Not I.
CAS. I pray you do.
BRU. I am not gamefome; I do lack fome part
Of that quick fpirit that is in Antony;
Let me not hinder, Caffius, your defires;
I'll leave you.
CAS. Brutus, I do obferve you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentlenefs,
And fhow of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too ftubborn and too ftrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
BRU. Caffius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myfelf. Vexed I am
Of late with paffions of fome difference—
Conceptions only proper to myfelf;
Which give fome foil perhaps to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, Caffius, be you one;
Nor conftrue any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himfelf at war,
Forgets the fhow of love to other men.
CAS. Then Brutus, I have much miftook your paffion;
By means whereof, this breaft of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you fee your face?
BRU. No, Caffius, for the eye fees not itfelf,
But by reflection from fome other thing.
CAS. 'Tis juft.
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no fuch mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthinefs into your eye,
That you might fee your fhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beft refpect in Rome,

(Except immortal Cæſar,) ſpeaking of Brutus,
And groaning under this age's yoke,
Have wiſh'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.
Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Caſſius,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf
For that which is not in me?
Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And ſince you know you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflection; I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf which yet you know not of
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love.
To every new proteſtor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know,
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.
Bru. What means this ſhouting; I do fear the
People chooſe Cæſar for their King.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then I muſt think you would not have it ſo.
Bru. I would not, Caſſius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be ought toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and Death i' th' other,
And I will look on Death indifferently:
For let the gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the ſubject of my ſtory.——
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as Cæſar; ſo were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

For

For once upon a raw and guſty day
The troubled Tyber chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſays to me, Dar'ſt thou, Caſſius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood
And ſwim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plung'd in,
And bid him follow; ſo indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd—Help me, Caſſius, or I ſink!
I, as Æneas, our great anceſtor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his ſhoulder
The old Anchiſes bear; ſo from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tir'd Cæſar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Caſſius is
A wretched-creature, and muſt bend his body,
If Cæſar careleſsly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake. 'Tis true, this god did ſhake!
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that ſame eye whoſe bend does awe the world,
Did loſe its luſtre! I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd—Give me ſome drink, Titinius—
As a ſick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtic world,
And bear the palm alone.

BRU. Another general ſhout!
I do believe that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heaped on Cæſar.

CAS. Why, man! he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus! and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men, at ſometimes, are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,

But

But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus—and Cæſar—what ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded, more than yours;
Write them together; yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with em'
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar.
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats does this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd!
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompaſs'd but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers ſay
There was a Brutus, one that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his ſtate in Rome
As eaſily as a king.

BRU. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim;
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter; for this preſent,
I would not, (ſo with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear; and find a time,
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things,
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of Rome
Under ſuch hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CAS. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but this much ſhow of fire from Brutus.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, AND ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. A GOODLY day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low as ours: See, boys! this gate
Inſtructs you how t' adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet through,
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the ſun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
We houſe i' th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do

GUID. Hail, heav'n!

ARV. Hail, heav'n!

BEL. Now for our mountain ſport, up to yond hill;
Your legs are young. I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which leſſens and ſets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee;
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh! this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than ruſtling in un-paid-for ſilk.
Such gain the cap of him that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd?—no life to ours.

GUID. Out of your proof you ſpeak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' th' neſt; nor know
What air's from home. Haply this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt: ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known; well correſponding
With your ſtiff age: but unto us, it is

A cell

A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor, that not dares
To stride a limit.
ARV. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? How,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing;
We're beastly; subtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
And sing our bondage freely.
BEL. How you speak?
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb,
Is certain falling; or so flipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling, the toil of war;
A pain that only seems to seek out danger
I' th' name of fame and honour; which dies i' the search,
And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
Must court'sy at the censure—Oh, boys, this story.
The world might read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
And left me bare to weather!
GUID. Uncertain favour!
BEL. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) swore to Cymbeline
I was confed'rate with the Roman's: so
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,

This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to Heaven than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountain!
This is not hunter's language; he that strikes
The ven'son first, shall be the lord o' th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.
I'll meet you in the vallies. SHAKESPEAR.

BOOK

BOOK VII.

Descriptive Pieces.

CHAP. I.

SENSIBILITY.

DEAR Senſibility! ſource inexhauſted of all that's precious in our joys, or coſtly in our ſorrows! thou chaineſt thy martyr down upon his bed of ſtraw, and it is thou who lifteſt him up to Heav'n. Eternal Fountain of our feelings? It is here I trace thee, and this is thy divinity which ſtirs within me: not, that in ſome ſad and ſickening moments, "my ſoul ſhrinks back upon herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel ſome generous joys and generous cares beyond myſelf—all comes from thee, great, great Senſorium of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our head but falls upon the ground, in the remoteſt deſerts of thy creation. Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languiſh; hears my tale of ſymptoms, and blames the weather for the diſorder of his nerves. Thou giveſt a portion of it ſometimes to the rougheſt peaſant who traverſes the bleakeſt mountains.—He finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock. This moment I beheld him leaning with his head againſt his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it.—Oh! had I come one moment ſooner!—It bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.

PEACE to thee, generous ſwain! I ſee thou walkeſt off with anguiſh—but thy joys ſhall balance it: for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the ſharer of it, and happy are the lambs which ſport about you. STERNE.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

DISGUISE thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill SLAVERY! ſtill thou art a bitter draught; and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account. It is thou LIBERTY, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs, whom all in public or in private worſhip, whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo, till Nature herſelf ſhall change—no tint of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron—with thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! grant me but health, thou great Beſtower of it, and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion; and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy Divine Providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them——

PURSUING theſe ideas, I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I WAS going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery, but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it nearer me, and that the multitude of ſad groups in it, did but diſtract me.——

I TOOK a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I BEHELD his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was, which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh; in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice. His children—

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the fartheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at his head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there—he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down —ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle —He gave a deep ſigh—I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul—I burſt into tears——I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

STERNE.

CHAP. III.

CORPORAL TRIM'S ELOQUENCE.

——MY young maſter in London is dead, ſaid Obediah——

—Here is ſad news, Trim, cried Suſannah, wiping her eyes as Trim ſtepped into the kitchen—maſter Bobby is dead.

I lament for him from my heart and my ſoul, ſaid Trim, fetching a ſigh—Poor creature!—poor boy! —poor gentleman!

He was alive laſt Whitſuntide, ſaid the coachman—Whitſuntide! alas! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling inſtantly into the ſame attitude in which he read the ſermon,—What is Whitſuntide, Jonathan, (for that was the coachman's name) or Shrovetide, or any tide or time paſt, to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal, (ſtriking the end of his ſtick perpendicular upon the floor, ſo as to give an idea of health and ſtability) and are we not (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone!—in a moment?—It was infinitely ſtriking! Suſannah burſt into a flood of tears. ——We are not ſtocks and ſtones—Jonathan, Obediah, the

the cook-maid—all melted.—The foolifh fat fcullion herfelf, who was fcouring a fifh-kettle upon her knees, was roufed with it.——The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

"ARE we not here now—and gone!—in a moment?" There was nothing in the fentence—it was one of your felf-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trufted more to his hat than his head, he had made nothing at all of it

"ARE we not here now," continued the corporal, "and are we not (dropping his hat plump upon the ground—and paufing before he pronounced the word) gone! in a moment?"—The defcent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expreffed the fentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it; his hand feemed to vanifh from under it, it fell dead, the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpfe—and Sufannah burft into a flood of tears.

STERNE.

CHAP. IV.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

——ALL our praifes why fhould lords engrofs?
Rife, honeft Mufe! and fing the MAN of ROSS!
Pleas'd Vaga, echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarfe applaufe refounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's fultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the fkies in ufelefs columns toft,
Or in proud falls magnificently loft,
But clear and artlefs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the fick, and folace to the fwain.
  Whofe caufeway parts the vale with fhady rows?
Whofe feats the weary traveller repofe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed fpire to rife?
"The MAN of ROSS!" each lifping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erfpread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-houfe, neat, but void of ftate,
Where Age and want fit fmiling at the gate:

Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick ! The MAN of ROSS relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance ! Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more;
Deſpairing quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile attornies, now a uſeleſs race.
Thrice happy man ! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the power to do !
Oh ! ſay what ſums that generous hand ſupply ?
What mines, to ſwell that boundleſs charity ?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man poſſeſs'd—five hundred pounds a-year.
Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh ! proud courts withdraw your
blaze !
Ye little ſtars ! hide your diminiſh'd rays.
And what ! no monument, inſcription, ſtone !
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown !
Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name :
Go ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory ;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between ;
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been. POPE.

CHAP. V.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden-flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe,
A man he was to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a-year :
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd nor wiſh'd to change his place :
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or ſeek for pow'r,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More ſkill'd to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.

His

His houſe was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay;
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhow'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe:
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave, e'er charity began.
  Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the ſkies;
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
  Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The rev'rend champion ſtood. At his controul,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt falt'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.
  At church, with meek and unaffected grace;
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honeſt ruſtic ran;
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile;
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heav'n.

As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and mid-way leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head. GOLDSMITH.

CHAP. VI.

THE WISH.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a ſtranger to our ſight,
Say, goddeſs, in what happy place,
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auſpices impart,
And for thy temple chooſe my heart.
They whom thou deigneſt to inſpire,
Thy ſcience learn, to bound deſire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleaſure all they find:
They both diſdain in outward mien
The grave and ſolemn garb of ſpleen,
And meretricious arts of dreſs,
To feign a joy and hide diſtreſs;
Unmov'd when the rude tempeſt blows,
Without an opiate they repoſe;
And, cover'd by your ſhield, defy
The whizzing ſhafts that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themſelves with diſtant cares;
But place their bliſs in mental reſt,
And feaſt upon the good poſſeſt.
Forc'd by ſoft violence of pray'r,
The blithſome goddeſs ſoothes my care;
I feel the deity inſpire,
And thus ſhe models my deſire,
Two hundred pounds, half-yearly paid,
Annuity ſecurely made,
A farm ſome twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, ſalubrious, and my own;
Two maids that never ſaw the town,
A ſerving-man not quite a clown;

A boy

A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive while t'other holds the plough;
A chief of temper form'd to pleaſe,
Fit to converſe and keep the keys;
And better to preſerve the peace,
Commiſſion'd by the name of niece;
With underſtandings of a ſize
To think their maſter very wiſe.
May Heav'n (it's all I wiſh for) ſend
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Diſplay benevolence, not ſtate.
And may my humble dwelling ſtand
Upon ſome choſen ſpot of land;
A pond before, full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geeſe may ſwim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambroſial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground,
Fenc'd by a ſlop with buſhes crown'd;
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a ſong;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which ſenſe and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which viſion bounds
Like amphitheatre ſurrounds,
And wood impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in duſk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here ſtilneſs, height, and ſolemn ſhade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of Fate,
And dreams beneath the ſpreading-beech
Inſpire, and docile fancy teach;
While ſoft as breezy breath of wind
Impulſes ruſtle through the mind:

Here Dryads, ſcorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In meaſur'd motions friſk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There ſee the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Freſh paſtures ſpeckled o'er with ſheep,
Brown fields their fallow ſabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden treſſes wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And ſilver ſtreams thro' meadow ſtray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And leſſer nymphs on ſide of hills
From play thing urns pour down the rills.
  Thus ſhelter'd, free from care and ſtrife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, ſafe in low degree,
As men at land ſee ſtorms at ſea,
And laugh at miſerable elves,
Not kind ſo much as to themſelves,
Curs'd with ſuch ſouls of baſe alloy,
As can poſſeſs but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleaſure to impart
By av'rice, ſphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard-earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankleſs heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by Guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry, ſmile,
Prone the diſtreſſed to relieve,
And little treſpaſſes forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And ſkill to make a buſy hour,
With trips to town, life to amuſe,
To purchaſe books, and hear the news,
To ſee old friends, bruſh of the clown,
And quicken Taſte at coming down.
Unhurt by Sickneſs' blaſting rage,
And ſlowly mellowing into age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall of like fruit grown fully ripe;

Quit a worn being without pain,
In hope to bloſſom ſoon again.

GREEN.

CHAP. VII.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple ev'ning lie,
On the mountain's lonely van
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man,
Painting fair, the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come and aid thy ſiſter muſe:
Now while Phœbus riding high
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar hill invites my ſong,
Draw the landſcape bright and ſtrong:
Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells
Sweetly muſing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt muſes made,
So oft I have, the evening ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd ſides I wind
And leave his brooks and meads behind.
And groves and grottoes where I lay.
And viſtoes ſhooting beams of day;
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal;
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later of all height!

Withdraw

Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe;
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly riſen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landſcape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay the open ſcene
Does the face of nature ſhow,
In all the hues of heav'n's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight,
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies!
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak, with broad-ſpread boughs?
And beyond the purple grove.
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye;
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an awful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps,

So

So both a ſafety from the wind
One mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode:
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds
And there the poiſ'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has been, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile complete,
Pig with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of Fate.
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And, ſee the rivers how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go,
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endleſs ſleep!
Thus in Nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſcape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky;
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r,
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide!
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream,
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face
Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glaſs;
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.
O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee!
Content me with a humble ſhade,
My paſſions tam'd, my wiſhes laid;
For while our wiſhes wildly roll,
We baniſh quiet from the ſoul:
'Tis thus the buſy beat the air;
And miſers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now my joys run high
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr ſings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmer deep;
While the ſhepherd charms his ſheep;
While the birds unbounded fly
And with muſic fill the ſky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts, be great who will,
Search for Peace with all your ſkill;
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor;
In vain you ſearch, ſhe is not there;
In vain ye ſearch the domes of Care!
Graſs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain heads,

Along

Along with Pleaſure cloſe ally'd,
Ever by each other's ſide:
And often, by the murm'ring rill
Hear the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar-Hill. DYER.

CHAP. VIII.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs power,
Thou tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tott'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy fire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the Heav'nly birth,
And bade the form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at other's woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Proſperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wiſdom in ſable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And melancholy, ſilent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy ſolemn ſteps attend
Warm Charity, the general friend,

With Juſtice to herſelf ſevere,
And Pity dropping ſoft the ſadly pleaſing tear.

Oh! gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band!
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh, goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart,
The gen'rous ſpark, extinct, revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are to feel, and know myſelf a man.

GRAY.

CHAP. IX.

ODE

ON A

DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE diſtant ſpires! ye antique tow'rs!
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her Henry's holy ſhade;
And ye that from the ſtately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary THAMES along
His ſilver-winding way.

Ah! happy hills; ah! pleaſing ſhade:
Ah! fields belov'd in vain;
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!

I feel

I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſoothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, father THAMES! (for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race,
Diſporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleaſure trace)
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy way?
The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome on earneſt buſineſs bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still, as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:
Theirs buxom Health of roſy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!

No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day:
Yet, ſee! how all around them wait,
The miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah! ſhow them where in ambuſh ſtand
To ſeize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah! tell them they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury Paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And ſhame that ſkulks behind;
Or pining Love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The ſtings of Falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt wo.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That ev'ry labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage;
Lo! Poverty to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming age.

To each his suff'rings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate?
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies;
Thought would destroy their paradise.——
No more! where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

CHAP. X.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn.
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys and deſtiny obſcure:
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of Heraldry, the pomp of Pow'r,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn aiſle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can honours voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſoothe the dull cold ear of Death.

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to ecſtaſy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of Time did ne'er unrol;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear;

Full

Full many a flower is born to blufh unfeen,
And wafte its fweetnefs on the defert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntlefs breaft,
The little tyrant of his fields withftood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may reft,
Some Cromwell guiltlefs of his country's blood.

Th' applaufe of lift'ning fenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to defpife,
To fcatter plenty o'er a fmiling land,
And read their hiftory in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: not circumfcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd,
Forbade to wade through flaughter to a throne,
And fhut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The ftruggling pangs of confcious Truth to hide,
To quench the blufhes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the fhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenfe kindled at the Mufe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ftrife,
Their fober wifhes never learn'd to ftray:
Along the cool fequefter'd vale of life
They kept the noifelefs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n thefe bones from infult to protect
Some frail memorial ftill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and fhapelefs fculpture deck'd,
Implores the paffing tribute of a figh.

Their name, their years, fpelt by the unletter'd Mufe,
The place of fame and elegy fupply;
And many a holy text around fhe ftrews,
That teach the ruftic moralift to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulnefs a prey,
This pleafing, anxious being e'er refign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor caft one longing ling'ring look behind?

On

On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires:
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our aſhes live their wonted fires,

For thee, who mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred ſpirit ſhall inquire thy fate;

Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
"Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dew away,
To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreaths its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

One morn I miſs'd him on the accuſtom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

The next with dirges due in ſad array
Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
Grav'd on the ſtone, beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here reſts his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere ;
Heav'n did a recompenſe as largely ſend ;
He gave to miſery—(all he had)—a tear ;
He gain'd from Heav'n—('twas all he wiſh'd)—a friend.

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God. GRAY.

CHAP. XI.

WARRINGTON ACADEMY.

MARK where its ſimple front yon manſion rears,
The nurſery of men for future years!
Here callow chiefs and embryo ſtateſmen lie,
And unfledg'd poets ſhort excurſions try:
While Merſey's gentle current, which too long
By fame neglected, and unknown to Song,
Between his ruſhy banks, (no poet's theme)
Had crept inglorious, like a vulgar ſtream,
Reflects th' aſcending ſeats with conſcious pride,
And dares to emulate a claſſic tide.
Soft muſic breathes along each op'ning ſhade,
And ſoothes the daſhing of his rough caſcade.
With myſtic lines his ſands are figur'd o'er,
And circles trac'd upon the letter'd ſhore.
Beneath his willows rove th' inquiring youth,
And court the fair majeſtic form of Truth.
Here Nature opens all her ſecret ſprings,
And heav'n-born Science plumes her eagle-wings;
Too long had bigot Rage with malice ſwell'd,
Cruſh'd her ſtrong pinions, and her flight withheld;
Too long to check her ardent progreſs ſtrove:
So writhes the ſerpent round the bird of Jove;
Hangs on her flight, reſtrains her tow'ring wing,
Twiſts its dark folds, and points its venom'd ſting.
Yet ſtill (if aught aright the Muſe divine)
Her riſing pride ſhall mock the vain deſign;

On

On founding pinions yet aloft fhe'll foar,
And thro' the azure deep unravell'd paths explore.
Where Science fmiles, the Mufes join the train;
And gentleft arts and pureft manners reign.
Ye generous youth, who love the ftudious fhade!
How rich a field is to your hopes difplay'd!
Knowledge to you unlocks the claffic page;
And virtue bloffoms for a better age.
Oh golden days! oh bright unvalued hours!
What blifs (did ye but know that blifs) were yours?
With richeft ftores your glowing bofoms fraught,
Perception quick, and luxury of thought;
The high defigns that heave the lab'ring foul,
Panting for fame, impatient of controul:
And fond enthufiaftic Thought that feeds
On pictur'd tales of vaft heroic deeds:
And quick Affections, kindling into flame
At virtue's or their country's honour'd name;
And fpirits light, to every joy in tune;
And Friendfhip, ardent as a fummer's noon;
And generous Scorn of Vice's venal tribe;
And proud Difdain of Intereft's fordid bribe;
And confcious Honour's quick inftinctive fenfe;
And Smiles unforc'd; and eafy Confidence,
And vivid Fancy; and clear fimple Truth;
And all the mental bloom of vernal Youth.
How bright the fcene to Fancy's eye appears,
Thro' the long perfpective of diftant years;
When this, this little group, their country calls
From academic fhades and learned halls,
To fix her laws, her fpirit to fuftain,
And light up glory thro' her wide domain!
Their various taftes in diff'rent arts difplay'd,
Like temper'd harmony of light and fhade.
With friendly union in one mafs fhall blend,
And this adorn the ftate, and that defend;
Thefe the fequefter'd fhade fhall cheaply pleafe,
With learned Labour, and inglorious Eafe:
While thofe, impell'd by fome refiftlefs force,
O'er feas and rocks fhall urge their vent'rous courfe:

Rich

Rich fruits matur'd by glowing ſuns behold,
And China's groves of vegetable gold;
From every land the various harveſt ſpoil,
And bear the tribute to their native ſoil:
But tell each land (while every toil they ſhare,
Firm to ſuſtain, and reſolute to dare,)
MAN is the nobler growth our realms ſupply,
And SOULS are ripen'd in our northern ſky.
Some penſive creep along the ſhelly ſhore,
Unfold the ſilky texture of a flower;
With ſharpen'd eyes inſpect a hornet's ſting,
And all the wonders of an inſect's wing.
Some trace, with curious ſearch, the hidden cauſe
Of Nature's changes, and her various laws;
Untwiſt her beauteous web, diſrobe her charms,
And hunt her to her elemental forms:
Or prove what hidden powers in herbs are found
To quench Diſeaſe, and cool the burning wound;
With cordial drops the fainting head ſuſtain,
Call back the flitting ſoul, and ſtill the throbs of Pain.
The patriot paſſion that ſhall ſtrongly feel,
Ardent and glowing with undaunted zeal;
With lips of fire ſhall plead his country's cauſe,
And vindicate the majeſty of laws.
This cloth'd with Britain's thunder ſpread alarms,
Thro' the wide earth, and ſhake the pole with arms,
That to the ſounding lyre his deeds rehearſe,
Enſhrine his name in ſome immortal verſe;
To long poſterity his praiſe conſign,
And pay a life of hardſhips by a line.
While others, conſecrate to higher aims,
Whoſe hallow'd boſoms glow with purer flames,
Love in their heart, perſuaſion in their tongue,
With words of peace ſhall charm the liſt'ning throng,
Draw the dread veil that wraps th' eternal throne,
And launch our ſouls into the bright unknown.

MRS. BARBAULD.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

ODE TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
O ſeldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the ſtorms that ſhake the pole
Can e'er diſturb thy halcyon ſoul,
And ſmooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in ſimpleſt veſt array'd;
With all thy ſober cheer diſplay'd
To bleſs my longing ſight;
Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaſte ſubdu'd delight.

No more by varying paſſions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in ſome pure and equal ſky
Beneath thy ſoft indulgent eye
The modeſt Virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic veſt,
And Innocence with candid breaſt
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to diſtant years
Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears
A viſta to the ſky.

There Health, thro' whoſe calm boſom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy ſiſter meek,
Preſents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian ſage
A tyrant maſter's wanton rage
With ſettled ſmiles to meet;

Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek ſubmitted head,
And kiſs'd thy ſainted feet.

But thou, oh nymph, retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet doſt thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowlieſt children of the ground,
Moſs-roſe and violet bloſſom round,
And lily-of-the-vale,

O ſay what ſoft propitious hour
I beſt may chooſe to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle ſway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muſe,
Shall thy own modeſt tints diffuſe,
And ſhed thy milder day.

When Eve, her dewy ſtar beneath,
Thy balmy ſpirit loves to breathe,
And ev'ry ſtorm is laid;
If ſuch an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy ſoothing voice
Low whiſpering through the ſhade.

MRS. BARBAULD.

CHAP. XIII.

ODE TO FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhown,
Who feel'ſt appall'd th' unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.
I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye:
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly;
For lo, what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round and hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,

Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep;
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind;
And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow wait:
Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

Thou, who ſuch weary lengths haſt paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad Nymph, at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in ſome hollow'd ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning ſeamen's cries in tempeſts brought?
Dark power! with ſhudd'ring meek ſubmitted thought,
Be mine to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told,
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice hallowed eve abroad,
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire or fen!
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Shakeſpear's breaſt!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee.

COLLINS.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

ODE TO TRUTH.

SAY, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,
Swift darting from his heav'nly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd ſtand ;
  Here wave his amber locks ; unfold
  His pinions cloth'd with downy gold ;
Here ſmiling ſtretch his tutelary wand ?
  And you, ye hoſt of Saints ! for ye have known
Each dreary path in Life's perplexing maze,
  Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
With harpings high of inexpreſſive praiſe,
  Will not your train deſcend in radiant ſtate,
To break with Mercy's beams this gathering cloud
    of Fate ?
  'Tis ſilence all. No Son of Light
  Darts ſwiftly from his heav'nly height :
    No train of radiant Saints deſcend.
  " Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
  If guilt, if fraud has ſtain'd your mind,
    Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend."
  So TRUTH proclaims. I hear the ſacred ſound
Burſt from the centre of her burning throne ;
  Where aye ſhe ſits with ſtar-wreath'd luſtre crown'd ;
A bright ſun claſps her adamantine zone.
  So TRUTH proclaims : her awful voice I hear :
With many a ſolemn pauſe it ſlowly meets my ear.
    " Attend, ye Sons of Men ! attend and ſay,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
  Break thro' the veil of your motality ?
  Say does not reaſon in this form deſcry
Unnumber'd, nameleſs glories, that ſurpaſs
The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace ?
  Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
  With me ? Shall ſhe, whoſe brighteſt eye
    But emulates the diamond's blaze,
  Whoſe cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
  Whoſe breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whoſe melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,

Shall ſhe be deem'd my rival? Shall a form
Of elemental droſs, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with theſe charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her conteſt vain. Life's little day
Shall paſs, and ſhe is gone: while I appear
Fluſh'd with the bloom of youth thro' Heav'n's eternal year.
Know, Mortals, know, ere firſt ye ſprung,
Ere firſt theſe orbs in æther hung,
I ſhone amid the heav'nly throng;
Theſe eyes beheld Creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught archangels their triumphant ſong.
Pleas'd, I ſurvey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant light with kindling luſtre ſpread,
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
And ocean heave on its extended bed,
Saw the tall pine aſpiring pierce the ſky,
The tawny lion ſtalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Laſt, Man aroſe, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image ſtamp'd upon his face,
And as he roſe, the high beheſt was giv'n,
That I alone of all the hoſts of heav'n
Should reign Protectreſs of the godlike Youth:
Thus the Almighty ſpake; he ſpake and call'd me Truth."

MASON.

CHAP. XV.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely Muſe,
Thy ſpirit o'er my ſoul diffuſe,
O'er all my artleſs ſongs preſide,
My footſteps to thy temple guide,
To offer at thy turf-built ſhrine,
In golden cups no coſtly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O Nymph, with looſely-flowing hair,
With buſkin'd leg, and boſom bare,

Thy

Thy waiſt with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy ſnowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid freſh gardens grow
'Mid cheerleſs Lapland's barren ſnow
Whoſe rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and ſea,
While the various landſcape lies
Conſpicuous to thy piercing eyes;
O lover of the deſert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathleſs vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's ſide,
'Midſt falls of water you reſide,
'Midſt broken rocks, a rugged ſcene,
With green and graſſy dales between,
'Midſt foreſt dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's ſtroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor e'en one ſtraw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature ſeems to ſit alone,
Majeſtic on a craggy throne:
Tell me the path, ſweet wand'rer! tell,
To thy unknown ſequeſter'd cell,
Where woodbines cluſter round the door,
Where ſhells and moſs, o'erlay the floor,
And on whoſe top a hawthorn blows
Amid whoſe thickly woven boughs
Some nightingale ſtill builds her neſt,
Each evening warbling thee to reſt:
Then lay me by the haunted ſtream
Rapt in ſome wild poetic dream,
In converſe while methinks I rove
With Spenſer thro' a fairy grove;
Till ſuddenly awak'd I hear
Strange-whiſper'd muſic in my ear,
And my glad ſoul in bliſs is drown'd,
By the ſweetly ſoothing ſound!
Me, Goddeſs, by the right hand lead
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,

Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace, resort,
And Venus keeps her festive-court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crown'd heads;
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song,
Yet not these flow'ry fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ:
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of Folly
To meet the matron melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye
That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of Wo,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where to avoid cold winter's show'rs,
The naked beggar shiv'ring lies,
Whilst whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire——
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear——
Give me another horse! I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly:
Whence is this rage!—What spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;

Where

Where, mad with pain, the wounded ſteed
Tramples the dying and the dead:
Where giant Terror ſtalks around,
With ſullen joys ſurveys the ground,
And pointing to th' enſanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-ſhield!
O guide me from this horrid ſcene
To high-arch'd walks and alley's green,
Which lovely Laura ſeeks to ſhun
The fervours of the mid-day ſun;
The pangs of abſence, O remove,
For thou canſt place me near my love,
Canſt fold in viſionary bliſs,
And let me think I ſteal a kiſs.
When young-ey'd Spring profuſely throws
From her green lap the pink and roſe;
When the ſoft turtle of the dale
To ſummer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns ſeeks,
And ſtains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his ſilver beard with cold;
At ev'ry ſeaſon let my ear
Thy ſolemn whiſpers, Fancy, hear,
O, warm, enthuſiaſtic maid!
Without thy pow'rful vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a ſoul to ev'ry line;
Ne'er may I ſtrive with lips profane
To utter an unhallowed ſtrain,
Nor dare to touch the ſacred ſtring,
Save when with ſmiles thou bidſt me ſing.
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakeſpear's tomb,
On which thou lov'ſt to ſit at eve,
Muſing o'er thy darling grave;
O, Queen of numbers! once again
Animate ſome choſen ſwain,
Who fill'd with inexhauſted fire
May boldly ſtrike the ſounding lyre,

May riſe above the rhyming throng,
And with ſome new unequall'd ſong
O'er all our liſt'ning paſſions reign,
O'erwhelm our ſouls with joy and pain;
With terror ſhake, with pity move,
Rouſe with revenge, or melt with love.
O deign t' attend this evening walk,
With him in groves and grottoes talk,
Teach him to ſcorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' enraptur'd heart;
Like light'ning let his mighty verſe
The boſom's inmoſt foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applauſe,
Beyond cold critic's ſtudied laws;
O let each muſe's fame increaſe,
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

WARTON.

CHAP. XVI.

L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy!
Of Cerberus, and blackeſt Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven ſings;
There under ebon ſhades and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddeſs, fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euproſyne,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as ſome ſages ſing)
The frolick wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,

There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blythe, and debonair.
Haſte thee, Nymph! and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides,
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe,
And in thy right-hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe:
Then to come in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the ſweetbrier or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack or the barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before,
Oft liſt'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Thro' the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Some time walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,

Rob'd

Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thoufand liveries dight,
While the ploughman near at hand
Whiftles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid fingeth blythe,
And the mower whets his fcythe,
And ev'ry fhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleafures,
Whilft the landfcape round it meafures,
Ruffet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ftray,
Mountains on whofe barren breaft
The labouring clouds do often reft,
Meadows trim with daifies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it fees
Bofom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps fome beauty lies,
The Cynofure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney fmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrfis met,
Are at their favoury dinner fet
Of herbs and other country meffes,
Which the neat handed Phillis dreffes;
And then in hafte her bower fhe leaves,
With Theftlis to bind the fheaves;
Or if the earlier feafon lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with fecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks found
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd fhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a funfhine holiday,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the fpicy nut-brown ale,

With

With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets ate;
She was pinch'd and pull'd ſhe ſaid,
And he by friar's lanthorn led:
Tells how the drudging goblin ſweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flail had threſh'd the corn
That ten day-lab'rers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubbar fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſp'ring winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
  Tow'red cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend:
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And Pomp, and Feaſt, and Revelry,
With Maſk and antique Pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful poets dream,
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Jonſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, Fancy's Child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild,
  And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long-drawn out,

With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony:
That Orphus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee I mean to live. MILTON.

CHAP. XVII.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain duluding joys,
The brood of Folly without Father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fix'd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams!
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnon's sister might beseen,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee, bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;

His

His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, penſive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of cypreſs lawn,
O'er thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait,
And looks commerſing with the ſkies,
Thy wrapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes;
There, held in holy paſſion, ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt,
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt:
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hear the muſes in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar ſing;
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure;
But firſt and chiefeſt with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheel'd throne,
The cherub Contemplation:
And the mute ſilence hiſs'd along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that ſhun'ſt the noiſe of Folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee chauntreſs, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening ſong:

And, miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon.
Like one that had been led aſtray
Thro' the heav'n's wide pathleſs way:
And oft as if her head ſhe bow'd
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off Curfew ſound
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers thro' the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of Mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth.
Or the bellman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes, or Pelop's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (tho' rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad virgin! that thy pow'r
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bow'r,

Or

Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wond'rous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else, great bards beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear;
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont,
With the attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a show'r still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring

With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream,
Wave at his wings in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid;
And as I wake ſweet Muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſp'rit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen genius of the wood:
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloiſter's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In ſervice high and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs thro' mine ear,
Diſſolve me into ecſtacies,
And bring all heav'n before my eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age,
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell
Where I may ſit, and rightly ſpell
Of ev'ry ſtar that heav'n doth ſhow,
And ev'ry herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live. MILTON.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE PROGRESS OF LIFE.

ALL the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Mewling

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping, like snail,
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his Mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise laws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XIX.

THE ENTRY OF BOLINGBROKE AND RICHARD INTO LONDON.

DUKE AND DUTCHES OF YORK.

DUCH. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
YORK. Where did I leave?
DUCH. At that sad stop, my Lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
YORK. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke!
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,

With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe;
While all tongues cried, "God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!"
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Thro' caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
"Jeſu preſerve thee!—Welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus, "I thank you countrymen;"
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſs'd along.
DUCH. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?
YORK. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard; no man cry'd, "God ſave him!"
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head:
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
(His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience)
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But Heav'n hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XX.

LIFE.

——REASON thus with life:
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the ſkiey influences
That do this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; merely thou art Death's fool;

For

For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet run'ſt toward him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſsly fear'ſt
Thy death which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call the ſire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
To curſe the Gout, Serpigo, and the Rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth nor age;
But as it were an after-dinners ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor bounty,
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear
That makes theſe odds all even. SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXI.

HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

I DO remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword,
Came there a certain lord, neat trimly dreſs'd;
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt home.

He

He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncit-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff.—And still he smil'd and talk'd;
And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He question'd me: amongst the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf,
I then, all smarting with the wounds; being gall'd
To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what:
He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds; (God save the mark)
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth,
Was parmacitti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly: And but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXII.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?
Clar. O! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights of ghastly dreams,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,

Though

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

BRAK. What was your dream, my lord, I pray you
tell me?

CLAR. Methought that I had broken from the Tow'r,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we pass'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and in falling
Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main:
Lord, Lord, methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sighs of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon:
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels;
Some lay in dead men's sculls: and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

BRAK. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

CLAR. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

BRAK. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

CLAR. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life,
O then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,

Unto

Unto the kingdom of perpetual Night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud—"What scourage for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud—
"Clarence is come! false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!"
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.
BRAK. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you:
I am affraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.
CLAR. Ah, Brakenbury! I have done those things,
That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me;
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children!
I pr'ythee, Brakenbury, stay by me:
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXIII.

QUEEN MAB.

O THEN I see Queen Mab hath been with you,
She is the Fancy's midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman;
Drawn by a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon spokes made of long spinner's legs;
The cover—of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces—of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars—of the moonſhine's watery beams;
Her whip—of cricket's bone; the laſh—of film;
Her waggoner a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops, night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees;
O'er ladies lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream;
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit;
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tythe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades,
Of healths five fanthom deep; and there anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
And being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXIV.

APOTHECARY.

I DO remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meagre were his looks;
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuff'd, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen-pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes,

Were

Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid,
An' if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in Mantua,
Here lives a catiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need!
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me——
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXV.

ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſooth thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales.

O nymph reſerv'd! while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits on yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak ey'd bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhrieks flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,

As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim borne in heedleſs hum,
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoftened ſtrain,

Whoſe numbers ſtealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial, lov'd return!

For when thy folding ſtar ariſing ſhows
His paly circlet, as his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who ſlept in flow'rs the day,

And

And many a nymph who wreaths her brow with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſh'ning dew, and lov'lier ſtill
The penſive Pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.

Then lead, calm Vot'reſs, where ſome ſheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or ſome time-hallowed pile,
Or up-land fallows grey
Reflect its laſt cool gleam.

But when chill bluſt'ring winds, or driving rain
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds and ſwelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.

While Spring ſhall pour his ſhow'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!
While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, ſure found beneath the ſylvan ſhade,
Shall fancy, Friendſhip, Science, roſe lip'd Health,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name! COLLINS.

CHAP. XXVI.

ODE TO SPRING.

SWEET daughter of a rough and ſtormy ſire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child: delightful Spring!
Whoſe unſhorn locks with leaves
And ſwelling buds are crown'd.

From the green iſlands of eternal youth,
(Crown'd with freſh blooms, and ever-ſpringing ſhade)
Turn, hither turn thy ſtep,
O thou whoſe powerful voice

More ſwift than ſofteſt touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can ſoothe the madding winds,
And thro' the ſtormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, beſt belov'd! the virgin train await,
With ſongs and feſtal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns

With untir'd feet; and cull thy earlieſts ſweets
To wave freſh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him the favoured youth
That prompts their whiſper'd ſigh.

Unlock thy copious ſtores; thoſe tender ſhowers
That drop their ſweetneſs on the infant buds,
And ſilent dews that ſwell,
The milky ear's green ſtem,

And feed the flow'ring oſier's early ſhoots;
And call thoſe winds which thro' the whiſp'ring boughs
With warm and pleaſant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me ſit beneath the whitening thorn
And mark thy ſpreading tints ſteal o'er the dale;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O Nymph, approach! while yet the temperate ſun
With baſhful forehead, thro' the cool moiſt air
Throws his young maiden beams
And with chaſte kiſſes woos.

The earth's fair boſom; while the ſtreaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent ſhade
Protects

Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short; the red Dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flow'rets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewel;
For O! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone.

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and thro' the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

MRS. BARBAULD.

CHAP. XXVII.

DOMESTIC LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

O HAPPY they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend,
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power:
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence: for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who alone, intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants from the light of heaven

Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High Fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;
Something than beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, Goodness, Honour, Harmony, and Love,
The richest bounty of indulgent Heav'n.
Mean-time a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows: and ev'ry day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender Thought,
To teach the young Idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast,
Oh! speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss;
All various Nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild:
When after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more resemblance swells,
With many a proof of recollected love,

Together

Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

THOMSON.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

O KNEW he but his happineſs! of men
The happieſt he, who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flatt'rers falſe, and in their turn abus'd!
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glitt'ring robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floated looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What tho', from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his inſatiate table heaps
With luxury and death! What tho' his bowl
Flames not with coſtly juice; nor ſunk in beds
Oft of gay Care, he toſſes out the night,
Or melts the thoughtleſs hours in idle ſtate!
What tho' he knows not thoſe fantaſtic joys
That ſtill amuſe the wanton, ſtill deceive;
A face of pleaſure, but a heart of pain;
Their hallow moments undelighted all!
Sure peace is his; a ſolid life, eſtrang'd
To diſappointment and fallacious hope:
Rich in Content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the ſpring,
When heav'n deſcends in ſhow'rs; or bends the bough
When ſummer reddens, and when autumn beams;
Or in the wint'ry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd and fattens with the richeſt ſap:
Theſe are not wanting: nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, ſpread o'er all the lowing vale:
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of ſtreams,

And hum of bees, inviting ſleep ſincere
Into the guiltleſs breaſt, beneath the ſhade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught beſide of proſpect, grove, or ſong,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells ſimple Truth; plain Innocence,
Unſullied Beauty; ſound unbroken Youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious Toil;
Calm Contemplation, and poetic Eaſe.
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the Man, who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats, and flow'ry ſolitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring, ſees her in her every ſhape;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what ſhe lib'ral gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhen'd ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom, breathes in vain.
In ſummer he, beneath the living ſhade
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muſe, of theſe
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy his heart diſtends
With gentle throes; and thro' the tepid gleams,
Deep muſing, then he beſt exerts his ſong.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliſs:
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſclos'd and kindled by refining froſt,
Pour every luſtre on the exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,

And

And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
O'er land and sea the imagination roams;
Or truth Divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine: the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twisted round his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns:
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself with man!

THOMSON.

CHAP. XXIX.

GENIUS.

FROM heav'n my strains begin; from heav'n descends
The flame of genius to the human breast,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inspiration. Ere the radiant sun
Sprang from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon suspended her serener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or streams adorn'd the globe,
Or Wisdom taught the sons of men her lore;
Then liv'd the Almighty ONE: then deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant sun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
And Wisdom's mein celestial. From the first
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame;

Hence

Hence the green earth, and wild reſounding waves;
Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal ſkies and vernal ſhow'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.
But not alike to every motley eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life, to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man; with wiſe intent
The hand of Nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a diff'rent bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heav'n; to ſome ſhe gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of Time, and Space, and Fate's unbroken chain,
And Will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins
Of herbs and flow'rs; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the fire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On every part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand;
In earth, or air, the meadows purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the Virgin's form
Blooming with Roſy ſmiles, they ſee pourtray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind ſupreme. They alſo feel her charms,
Enamour'd they partake th' eternal joy.

AKENSIDE.

CHAP. XXX

GREATNESS.

SAY, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation! why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,

With

With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame!
But that th' Omnipotent might ſend him forth
In ſight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chaſe each partial purpoſe from his breaſt;
And thro' the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And thro' the toſſing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his courſe unfault'ring, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the ſteep aſcent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding ſmile of Heav'n; Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? Wherefore darts the mind,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to embrace
Majeſtic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs controul of wilful Might;
Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heav'n's broad fire his unconſtrain'd view
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wild horizon, to ſurvey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with ſhade
And continents of ſand! will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heav'n-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Thro fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;
Rides on the volly'd light'ning thro' the heav'ns;
Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering round the ſun
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve

The

The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; thro' its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſts the Orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
Th' empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travell'd the profound ſix thouſand years
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half-recoiling down the headlong ſteep
She plunges; ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the ſovereign Maker ſaid,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, nor Pleaſure's flow'ry lap,
The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' aſcent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bond at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite Perfection cloſe the ſcene. AKENSIDE.

CHAP. XXXI.

NOVELTY.

CALL now to mind what high capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praiſe of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming ſoul. What pity then
Should Sloth's unkindly fogs depreſs to earth
Her tender bloſſom; choke the ſtreams of life,
And blaſt her ſpring! Far otherwiſe deſign'd
Almighty Wiſdom; Nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwiſe incline.

Witneſs

Witnefs the fprightly joy when ought unknown
Strikes the quick fenfe, and wakes each active pow'r
To brifker meafures: witnefs the neglect
Of all familiar profpects, tho' beheld
With tranfport once; the fond-attentive gaze
Of young aftonifhment; the fober zeal
Of Age, commenting on prodigious things;
For fuch the bounteous providence of Heav'n,
In ev'ry breaft implanting this defire
Of objects new and ftrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purfue
Thofe facred ftores that wait the ripening foul,
In Truth's exhauftlefs bofom. What need words
To paint its pow'r! For this the daring youth,
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the penfive fage,
Heedlefs of fleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the fickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted ftep,
The mazes of fome wife and wond'rous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy drefs that ftole
The wifhes of the youth, when ev'ry maid
With envy pin'd. Hence finally by night
The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
Sufpends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing aftonifhment! of witching rhymes,
And evil fpirits; of the death-bell call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion: of unquiet fouls
Ris'n from the grave to eafe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of fhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.
At every folemn paufe the crowd recoil
Gazing each other fpeechlefs, and congeal'd
With fhiv'ring fighs: till eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

AKENSIDE.

BOOK

BOOK VIII.

Pathetic Pieces.

CHAP. I.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies,——which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſide-board—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glaſs or two of ſack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing, till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack, and a thin toaſt,——*I think*, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead,—*it would comfort me.*——

IF I could neither beg, borrow, or buy ſuch a thing, added the landlord,—I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill——I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

THOU art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,——and take a couple of bottles, with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

THOUGH I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow

fellow—Trim—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt:—And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby—do Trim,——and aſk if he knows his name.

——I HAVE quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can aſk his ſon again: Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not ſtirred from the bedſide theſe two days.

MY uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——STAY in the room a little, ſaid my uncle Toby.

TRIM! ſaid my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and ſmoked about a dozen of whiffs—Trim came in front of his maſter and made his bow;——my uncle Toby ſmoked on, and ſaid no more.——Corporal! ſaid my uncle Toby——the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

TRIM! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before your Honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas,——and beſides it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your Honour your death, and bring on your Honour's torment in your groin.—I fear ſo, replied my uncle Toby: but I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given

 me,

me.——I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair —added my uncle Toby—or that I had known more of it——How ſhall we manage it?—Leave it, an't pleaſe your Honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your Honour a full account in an hour.——Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.——I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his ſecond pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a ſtraight line, as a crooked one,—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he ſmoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant——Is he in the army, then? ſaid my uncle Toby——He is, ſaid the corporal———And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle Toby——I'll tell your Honour, replied the corporal, every thing ſtraight forward as I learnt it——Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, Trim, in the window-ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it——“Your Honour is good:”——And having done that, he ſat down as he was ordered,——and begun the ſtory to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the the ſame words.

I despaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your Honour about the lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing that was proper to be aſked——

That's

That's a right diſtinction, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby ——I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your Honour, that he had no ſervant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man, we can hire horſes from hence. ——But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I WAS hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;——but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth.—Pray, let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.——I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.——I am ſure, ſaid I, his Honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier——The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.—Poor youth! ſaid my uncle Toby, he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend—I wiſh I had him here.

——I NEVER in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind for my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:——What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your Honour?—Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

WHEN I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your Honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father:—— And that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar (And thou might'ſt have added, my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it:———He

 made

made a very low bow, (which was meant to your Honour) but no anſwer——for his heart was full—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt;——I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.——Mr. Yorick's curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,——but ſaid not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.—I thought it was wrong, added the corporal——I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby.

WHEN the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.——I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,——for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-ſide, and as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.——

I THOUGHT, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—— Are you ſure of it? replied the curate.——— A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your Reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.——'Twas well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.——But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your Reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water——or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—haraſſed perhaps in his rear to-day;—haraſſing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;——reſting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his ſhirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on;—he muſt ſay his prayers *how* and *when* he can.——I believe, ſaid I,—for I was piqu'd, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' pleaſe your Rev'rence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier

ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon—though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy. ——Thou ſhouldſt not have ſaid that, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not:— At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)---it will be ſeen who have done their duties in this world,---and who have not; and we ſhall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.——I hope we ſhall, ſaid Trim. ——It is in the Scripture, ſaid my uncle Toby; and I will ſhow it thee to-morrow:---In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,---it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one;—— I hope not, ſaid the corporal. ——But go on Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, with thy ſtory.

WHEN I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes---he was lying in his bed, with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beſide it:——The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling---the book was laid upon the bed,——and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the ſame time. ——Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

HE did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bedſide:------If you are Captain Shandy's ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me;—if he was of Leven's—ſaid the lieutenant——I told him your Honour was—— Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him:——but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me——You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good nature has laid under obligation to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in

Angus's——but he knows me not,——said he, a second time, musing;——possibly he may my story—added he, —Pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the story, an' please your Honour, said I, very well.———Do you so, said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bedside,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,---then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I WISH, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,---I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

YOUR Honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned:——shall I pour your Honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?---Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I REMEMBER, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;——and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;---but finish the story thou art upon:——'Tis finish'd already, said the corporal,---for I could stay no longer,---so wished his Honour a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their rout to join the regiment in Flanders——But alas! said the corporal,---the lieutenant's last day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy! cried my uncle Toby.

IT was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,——though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves——That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege

ſiege of Dendermond, parallel with the Allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly, that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner —— that nevertheleſs he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterſcarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade —— he left Dendermond to itſelf, —— to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

—— THAT kind Being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompenſe thee for this.

THOU haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, —— and I will tell thee in what, Trim. —— In the firſt place; when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fevre, —— as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf, out of his pay, —— that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf. Your Honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders; —— True, quoth my uncle Toby, --- Thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier, --- but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby, —— when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe, —— thou ſhouldeſt have offered him my houſe too: —— A ſick brother-officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, --- we could tend and look to him: --- Thou art an excellent nurſe, thyſelf, Trim, --- and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs. ——

—— IN a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, ſmiling, —— he might march —— He will never march, an' pleaſe your Honour, in this world, ſaid the corporal;

corporal:——He will march; said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:---An' please your Honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:---He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,----he shall march to his regiment.-----He cannot stand it, said the corporal.----He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby;----He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?----He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly------A well-o'day!------do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, ----the poor soul will die:----He shall not die by G---, cried my uncle Toby.

—THE ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in——and the RECORDING ANGEL as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——MY uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

THE sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village But Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of Death, pressed heavy upon his eyelids,--and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,-——when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair, by the bedside, and independently, of all modes and customs, opened the curtain, in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him——

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle

uncle Toby, to my houſe,——and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,——and we'll have an apothecary,——and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe:——and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fevre.

THERE was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cauſe of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhowed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and ſpirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart——rallied back—the film forſook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then caſt a look on his boy,——and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.——

NATURE inſtantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place——the pulſe flutter'd——ſtopp'd——went on——throbb'd——ſtopp'd again——mov'd——ſtopp'd——ſhall I go on?——No. STERNE.

CHAP. II.

YORICK's DEATH.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his laſt, Eugenius ſtept in with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewel of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,—and after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever——I hope not, anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke,——I hope not, Yorick, ſaid he.

Yorick

Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand,---and that was all,---but it cut Eugenius to the heart.------Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him,------my dear lad, be comforted :---let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis, when thou moſt wanteſt them :———who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of God may yet do for thee ?-----Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head ; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,---I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is ſtill enough left of thee, to make a biſhop, and that I may live to ſee it.------I beſeech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand---his right ſtill being graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius------I beſeech thee to take a view of my head------I ſee nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then alas ! my friend, ſaid Yorick, let me tell you, that it is ſo bruiſed and mis-ſhapened with the blows which have been ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with Sancho Panca, that ſhould I recover, and " mitres thereupon be ſuffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it."------Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this ; ------yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantic tone ;——and as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could perceive a ſtream of lambient fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes ;——faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakeſpear ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar !

EUGENIUS was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broken : he ſqueezed his hand,------and then walked ſoftly out of the room, weeping as he walked.------Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,------he then cloſed them ;------and never opened them more.

HE lies buried in a corner of his churchyard, under a plain

a plain marble ſlab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe three words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph and elegy.

Alas! poor Yorick!

TEN times a-day has Yorick's ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him ;---a footway croſſing the church-yard cloſe by his grave---not a paſſenger goes by without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it and ſighing as he walks on——

Alas! poor YORICK!

STERNE.

CHAP. III.

THE BEGGAR's PETITION.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bleſs your ſtore.

Theſe tatter'd clothes my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon houſe erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road;
For Plenty there a reſidence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.

Oh!

Oh! take me to your hoſpitable dome!
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold;
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miſerably old.

Should I reveal the ſources of my grief,
If ſoft humanity e'er touch'd your breaſt,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repreſt.

Heav'n ſends misfortunes; why ſhould we repine?
'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the ſtate you ſee:
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
The child of ſorrow and of miſery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I ſprightly hail'd the morn;
But, ah! Oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care,
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell,---ling'ring fell, a victim to deſpair,
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bleſs your ſtore.

CHAP. IV.

ELEGY,

ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moonlight ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!---but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh, ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well?

On

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of kings and heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Unleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like eaſtern kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And, cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe, perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates.
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo, theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learnt to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' wo.
What can atone (oh, ever injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid!

No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd.
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of wo
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow;
What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face;
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy relics made.
So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!
Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more! POPE.

CHAP. V.

MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!
Almighty! thine this univerſal frame
Thus wond'rous fair! thyſelf how wond'rous then!
Unſpeakable! who ſitt'ſt above theſe heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen

In

In these thy lowliest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'd the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices all, ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heav'n-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail, univerſal Lord! be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark. MILTON.

CHAP. VI.

SATAN's SOLILOQUY.

O THOU that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride and worſe ambition threw me down,
Warring in heav'n againſt heav'n's matchleſs king.
Ah, wherefore! he deſerved no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs, than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompenſe, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice: lifted up ſo high
I 'ſdain'd ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me higheſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burthenſome, ſtill paying, ſtill to owe;
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd;
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharged? what burthen then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other power

As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt. Whom haſt thou then, or what t'accuſe,
But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal wo.
Nay, curs'd be thou! ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is hell; myſelf am hell!
And in the loweſt deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I ſuffer ſeems a heav'n.
O then at laſt relent: Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the ſpirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes, and other vaunts,
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell:
With diadem and ſceptre high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery: ſuch joy Ambition finds.
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former ſtate: how ſoon
Would height recal high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore! Eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void:
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep:
Which would but lead us to a worſe relapſe,
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart.
This knows my puniſher; therefore as far

From granting he, as I from begging peace;
All hope excluded thus; behold instead
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope! and with Hope farewel Fear!
Farewel Remorse! all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good: by thee at least
Divided empire with heav'n's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, shall know.

MILTON.

CHAP. VII.

JUBA AND SYPHAX.

JUB. SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eyes thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPH. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart:
I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

JUB. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their superior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

SYPH. Gods! where's the worth that sets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?
Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African instructs
The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
Loaden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

JUB.

Jub. These all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves,
A Roman soul is bent on higher views;
To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,
To lay it under the restraint of laws;
To make man mild, and sociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious savage
With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts;
Th' embellishments of life: virtues like these,
Make human Nature shine, reform the soul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, just heav'ns!---Excuse an old man's warmth.
What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,
This Romish polish, and this smooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to disguise our passions,
To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the starts and sallies of the soul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In short to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb; turn up thy eyes to Cato?
There may'st thou see to what a god-like height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat:
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverses our vast Numidian deserts
In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practises these boasted virtues.
Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;
Amidst the running streams he slakes his thirst,
Toils all the day, and at the approach of night
On the first friendly bank he throws him down
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,

And

And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.
JUB. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't diſcern
What virtues grow from ignorance and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute,
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleaſures, and the baits of ſenſe;
Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heav'ns! with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſuff'rings!
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thank the gods that threw the weight upon him.
SYPH. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtineſs of ſoul:
I think the Romans call it Stoiciſm.
Had not your royal father thought ſo highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cauſe,
He had not fall'n by a ſlave's hand inglorious:
Nor would his ſlaughter'd army now have lain
On Afric's ſands disfigur'd with her wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.
JUB. Why doſt thou call my ſorrows up afreſh?
My father's name brings tears into mine eyes.
SYPH. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!
JUB. What would'ſt thou have me do?
SYPH. Abandon Cato.
JUB. Syphax, I ſhould be more than twice an orphan
By ſuch a loſs.
SYPH. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unſeen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.
JUB. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I'll give it.
SYPH. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you ere forget
The tender ſorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewel?

Still

Still muſt I cheriſh the dear, ſad remembrance,
At once to torture and to pleaſe my ſoul:
The good old king at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brimful of tears) then ſighing cry'd,
Prythee be careful of my ſon---His grief
Swell'd up ſo high, he could not utter more.
JUB. Alas the ſtory melts away my ſoul:
That beſt of fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?
SYPH. By laying up his counſels in your heart.
JUB. His counſels bade me yield to thy direction:
Then, Syphax, chide me in ſevereſt terms,
Vent all thy paſſion, and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface,
SYPH. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your ſafety.
JUB. I do believe thou would'ſt; but tell me how!
SYPH. Fly from the fate that follows Cæſar's foes.
JUB. My father ſcorn'd to do it.
SYPH. And therefore dy'd.
JUB. Better to die ten thouſand thouſand deaths,
Than wound my honour.
SYPH. Rather ſay your love.
JUB. Syphax, I've promis'd to preſerve my temper;
Why wilt thou urge me to confeſs a flame
I long have ſtifled and would fain conceal?
SYPH. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis eaſy to divert and break its force;
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces fluſh'd with more exalted charms,
The ſun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.
JUB. 'Tis not a ſet of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin, that I admire,
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye and palls upon the ſenſe.
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her ſex:
True, ſhe is fair (oh, how divinely fair!)

But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners. Cato's ſoul
Shines out in ev'ry thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks,
While winning mildneſs and attractive ſmiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPH. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praiſe! CATO.

CHAP. VIII.

CATO's SOLILOQUY.

IT muſt be ſo---Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well——
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread and inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being;
Thro' what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before me:
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in muſt be happy.
But when, or where?---This world was made for Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures---this muſt end 'em.
Thus am I doubly arm'd---My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I ſhall never die
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,

Unhurt

Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crufh of worlds.

CATO.

CHAP. IX.

SOUTHAMPTON AND ESSEX.

OFFICER. MY lord,
We bring an order for your execution,
And hope you are prepar'd; for you muft die
This very hour.
SOUTH. Indeed! the time is fudden!
ESS. Is death th' event of all my flatter'd hope?
Falfe Sex! and Queen more perjur'd than them all?
But die I will without the leaft complaint,
My foul fhall vanifh filent as the dew,
Attracted by the fun from verdant fields,
And leaves of weeping flowers---Come, my dear friend,
Partner in fate, give me thy body in
Thefe faithful arms---and O now let me tell thee,
And you, my lords, and Heaven my witnefs too,
I have no weight, no heavinefs on my foul,
But that I've loft my deareft friend his life.
SOUTH. And I proteft by the fame powers divine,
And to the world, 'tis all my happinefs,
The greateft blifs my mind yet e're enjoy'd,
Since we muft die, my lord, to die together.
OFFICER. The Queen, my lord Southampton, has been pleas'd
To grant particular mercy to your perfon;
And has by us fent you a reprieve from death,
With pardon of your treafons, and commands
You to depart immediately from hence.
SOUTH. O my unguarded foul! Sure never was
A man with mercy wounded fo before.
ESS. Then I am loofe to fteer my wand'ring voyage;
Like a bab veffel that has long been croft,
And bound by adverfe winds, at laft gets liberty,
And joyfully makes all the fail fhe can,
To reach its wifh'd-for port---Angels protect
The Queen; for her my chiefeft prayers fhall be,
That as in time fhe has fpar'd my noble friend,
And owns his crimes with mercy, may fhe ne'er

Think

Think so of me too late when I am dead-----
Again, Southampton, let me hold thee fast,
For 'tis my last embrace.

SOUTH. O be less kind, my friend, or move less pity,
Or I shall sink beneath the weight of sadness!
I weep that I am doom'd to live without you,
And should have smil'd to share the death of Essex.

ESS. O spare this tenderness for one that needs it,
For her that I commit to thee---'tis all that I
Can claim of my Southampton---O my wife!
Methinks that very name should stop thy pity,
And make thee covetous of all as lost
That is not meant to her---be a kind friend
To her, as we have been to one another;
Name not the dying Essex to thy Queen,
Lest it should cost a tear, nor e'er offend her.

SOUTH. O stay, my lord! let me have one word more:
One last farewel, before the greedy ax
Shall part my friend, my only friend from me,
And Essex from himself---I know not what
Are call'd the pangs of death, but sure I am
I feel an agony that's worse than death------
Farewel.

ESS. Why that's well said---Farewel to thee---
Then let us part, just like two travellers,
Take distant paths, only this difference is,
Thine is the longest, mine the shortest way---
Now let me go---if there's a throne in heav'n
For the most brave of men and best of friends,
I will bespeak it for Southampton.

SOUTH. And I, while I have life, will hoard thy memory:
When I am dead, we then shall meet again.

ESS. Till then, Farewel.

SOUTH. Till then, Farewel. EARL OF ESSEX.

CHAP. X.

JAFFIER AND PIERRE.

JAFF. By Heaven you stir not!
I must be heard, I must have leave to speak!
Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow!

Had

Had not a dagger done thee nobler juſtice?
But uſe me as thou wilt, thou canſt not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the baſeſt injuries:
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me,
Shut not thy heart againſt a friend's repentance;
But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Liſten with mildneſs to my ſupplications.

PIER. What whining monk art thou? what holy cheat,
That would'ſt incroach upon my credulous ears,
And can'ſt thus vilely? hence! I know thee not.

JAFF. Not know me, Pierre!

PIER. No, know thee not: What art thou?

JAFF. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once-lov'd valu'd friend!
Tho' now deſerv'dly ſcorn'd, and us'd moſt hardly.

PIER. Thou Jaffier! thou my once-lov'd valued friend!
By heav'ns thou ly'ſt; the man ſo call'd my friend,
Was generous, honeſt, faithful, juſt, and valiant
Noble in mind, and in his perſon lovely,
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou a wretched, baſe, falſe, worthleſs coward,
Poor even in ſoul, and lothſome in thy aſpect:
All eyes muſt ſhun thee, and all hearts deteſt thee.
Pr'ythee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like ſomething baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

JAFF. I have not wrong'd thee; by theſe tears I have not,
But ſtill am honeſt, true, and hope, too, valiant;
My mind ſtill full of thee, therefore ſtill noble.
Let not thy eyes then ſhun me, nor thy heart
Deteſt me utterly: Oh! look upon me,
Look back and ſee my ſad, ſincere ſubmiſſion!
How my heart ſwells, as e'en 'twould burſt my boſom!
Fond of its goal, and labouring to be at thee;
What ſhall I do! what ſay to make thee hear me?

PIER. Haſt thou not wrong'd me? dar'ſt thou call thyſelf
That once lov'd valu'd friend of mine,
And ſwear thou haſt not wrong'd me! Whence theſe chains?

 Whence

Whence the vile death which I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?
JAFF. All's true; yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.
PIER. What's that
JAFF. To take thy life on such conditions
The council have propos'd: thou and thy friend
May yet live long, and to be better treated.
PIER. Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this cursed city
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few years longer,
To lose it, may be at last, in a lewd quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in't.
JAFF. By all that's just———
PIER. Swear by some other powers,
For thou hast broken that sacred oath too lately.
JAFF. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconcil'd,
However thy resentment deal with me.
PIER. Not leave me!
JAFF. No: thou shalt not force me from thee;
Use me reproachfully and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience:
I'll weary out thy most friendly cruelty:
Lie at thy feet and kiss 'em, though they spurn me,
Till wounded by my sufferings thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.
PIER. Art thou not———
JAF. What?
PIER. A traitor?
JAFF. Yes.
PIER. A villain?
JAFF. Granted.
PIER. A coward, a most scandalous coward;
Spiritless, void of honour, one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?

JAFF. All, all, and more, much more; my faults are numberlefs.

PIER. And would'ſt thou have me live on terms like thine:
Baſe as thour't falſe———

JAFF. No; 'tis to me that's granted:
The ſafety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompenſe for faith and truſt ſo broken.

PIER. I ſcorn it more, becauſe preſerv'd by thee:
And as when firſt my fooliſh heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, ſought thee in thy miſeries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy ſtate
Of wretchednefs, in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my liſt of noble friends:
All I receiv'd, in ſurety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthleſs pledge thou ſince haſt ſtol'n:
So I reſtore it back to thee again;
Swearing by all thoſe powers which thou haſt violated.
Never from this curs'd hour to hold communion
Friendſhip, or intereſt with thee, tho' our years
Were to exceed thoſe limited the world.
Take it---Farewel, for now I owe thee nothing.

JAFF. Say thou wilt live then.

PIER. For my life, diſpoſe of it
Juſt as thou wilt, becauſe 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

JAFF. Oh, Pierre!

PIER. No more.

JAFF. My eyes wont loſe the ſight of thee,
But languiſh after thine, and ache with gazing.

PIER. Leave me.---Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And curſes, great as is thy falſehood, catch thee.

VENICE PRESERV'D.

CHAP. XI

EDWARD AND WARWICK.

EDW. LET me have no intruders; above all,
Keep Warwick from my ſight------

Enter WARWICK.

WAR. Behold him here;

No welcome gueſt, it ſeems, unleſs I aſk
My lord of Suffolk's leave---there was a time
When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain
Admiſſion here.

EDW. There was a time, perhaps,
When Warwick more deſir'd and more---deſerv'd it.

WAR. Never; I've been a fooliſh, faithful ſlave;
All my beſt years, the morning of my life,
Hath been devoted to your ſervice: what
Are now the fruits? Diſgrace and infamy:
My ſpotleſs name, which never yet the breath
Of Calumny had tainted, made the mock
For foreign fools to carp at: But 'tis fit
Who truſt in princes, ſhould be thus rewarded.

EDW. I thought, my lord, I had full well repay'd
Your ſervices with honours, wealth, and pow'r
Unlimited: thy all-directing hand
Guided in ſecret ev'ry latent wheel
Of government, and mov'd the whole machine:
Warwick was all in all, and pow'rleſs Edward
Stood like a cypher in the great account.

WAR. Who gave that cypher worth, and ſeated thee
On England's throne? Thy undiſtinguiſh'd name
Had rotted in the duſt from whence it ſprang,
And moulder'd in oblivion, had not Warwick
Dug from its ſordid mine the uſeleſs ore
And ſtamp'd it with a diadem. Thou know'ſt
This wretched country, doom'd perhaps, like Rome,
To fall by its own ſelf-deſtroying hand,
Toſt for ſo many years in the rough ſea
Of civil diſcord, but for me had periſh'd.
In that diſtreſsful hour I ſeiz'd the helm,
Bade the rough waves ſubſide in peace, and ſteer'd
Your ſhatter'd veſſel ſafe into the harbour.
You may deſpiſe, perhaps, that uſeleſs aid
Which you no longer want; but know, proud youth!
He who forgets a friend, deſerves a foe.

EDW. Know too, reproach for benefits receiv'd
Pays ev'ry debt, and cancels obligation.

WAR. Why, that indeed is frugal honeſty,
A thrifty ſaving knowledge: when the debt,
Grows burdenſome and cannot be diſcharg'd,

A ſponge

A ſponge will wipe out all, and coſt you nothing.

EDW. When you have counted o'er the num'rous train
Of mighty gifts your bounty laviſh'd on me,
You may remember next the injuries
Which I have done you: let me know them all,
And I will make you ample ſatisfaction.

WAR. Thou can'ſt not; thou haſt robb'd me of a jewel
It is not in thy power to reſtore:
I was the firſt, ſhall future annals ſay,
That broke the ſacred bond of public truſt
And mutual confidence; ambaſſadors,
In after-times, mere inſtruments, perhaps,
Of venal ſtateſmen, ſhall recal my name
To witneſs, that they want not an example,
And plead my guilt, to ſanctify their own.
Amidſt the herd of mercenary ſlaves
That haunt your court, could none be found but Warwick,
To be the ſhameleſs herald of a lie?

EDW. And would'ſt thou turn the vile reproach on me?
If I have broke my faith and ſtain'd the name
Of England, thank thy own pernicious counſels
That urged me to it, and extorted from me
A cold conſent to what my heart abhorr'd.

WAR. I have been abus'd, inſulted, and betray'd;
My injur'd honour cries aloud for vengeance—
Her wounds will never cloſe!

EDW. Theſe guſts of paſſion
Will but inflame them; if I have been right
Inform'd, my lord, beſides theſe dangerous ſcars
Of bleeding honour, you have other wounds
As deep, tho' not ſo fatal: ſuch perhaps
As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.

WAR. Elizabeth!

EDW. Nay, ſtart not, I have cauſe
To wonder moſt; I little thought indeed
When Warwick told me I might learn to love,
He was himſelf ſo able to inſtruct me:
But I have diſcover'd all——

WAR. And so have I;
Too well I know thy breach of friendship there,
Thy fruitless, base endeavours to supplant me.
EDW. I scorn it, Sir:—Elizabeth hath charms,
And I have equal right with you to admire them:
Nor see I aught so godlike in the form,
So all commanding in the name of Warwick,
That he alone should revel in the charms
Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.
I knew not of your love.
WAR. By Heav'n 'tis false!
You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,
Whilst I was busied in the noble office
Your grace thought fit to honour me withal.
To tamper with a weak unguarded woman,
To bribe her passions high, and basely steal
A treasure which your kingdom could not purchase.
EDW. How know you that? But be it as it may,
I had a right, nor will I tamely yield
My claim to happiness, the privilege
To choose the part'ner of my throne and bed;
It is a branch of my prerogative.
WAR. Prerogative! what's that? the boast of tyrants;
A borrow'd jewel, glitt'ring in the crown
With specious lustre, lent but to betray:
You had it, Sir, and hold it—from the people.
EDW. And therefore do I prize it: I would guard
Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine:
But when proud Faction, and her rebel crew
Insult their sovereign, trample on his laws,
And bid defiance to his pow'r, the people,
In justice to themselves, will then defend
His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave.
WAR. Go to your darling people, then; for soon
If I mistake not, 'twill be needful: try
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,
If I forbid them.
EDW. Is it so, my lord!
Then mark my words: I've been your slave too long,
And you have rul'd me with a rod of iron;
But henceforth know, proud peer, I am thy master,
And

And will be ſo: the king who delegates
His pow'r to others' hand, but ill deſerves
The crown he wears.

War. Look well then to your own;
It fits but looſely on your head; for know,
The man who injur'd Warwick, never paſs'd
Unpuniſh'd yet.

Edw. Nor he who threaten'd Edward—
You may repent it, Sir—My guards there—ſeize
This traitor, and convoy him to the Tow'r,
There let him learn obedience.

EARL OF WARWICK.

CHAP. XII.

ORLANDO AND ADAM.

Orla. WHO's there?

Adam. What my young maſter? O my gentle maſter!
Oh, my ſweet maſter! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what makes you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony priſer of the humorous Duke?
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orla. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no; no brother; yet the ſon—
Yet not the ſon; I will not call him ſon
Of him I was about to call his father)
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſed to lie,
And you within it; if he fails of that,

He

He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices;
This is no palace, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

ORLA. Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.

ORLA. What wou'd thou have me go and beg my food!
Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This must I do, or know not what to do;
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

ADAM. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and he that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providentially caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you, let me be your servant:
Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

ORLA. Oh! good old man, how well in the appears
The constant service of the antique world;
When service sweat for duty, not for need!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion;
And having that do choke their service up
Even with the having; it is not so with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,

In

In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.
ADAM. Master, go on; and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty;
From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek,
But at fourscore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XIII.

SCROOP AND RICHARD.

SCROOP. MORE health and happiness betide my liege.
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him?
K. RICH. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold,
Say, is my kingdom lost? Why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it to be rid of care;
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects! that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God as well as us.
Cry wo, destruction, ruin, loss, decay!
The worst is death, and death, will have his day.
SCROOP. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
In stiff unweildly arms against thy crown.

The

The very beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double fatal yew, againſt thy ſtate:
Yea, diſtaff women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy ſeat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſby? where is Green?
——No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chooſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo—for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death:
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For Heaven's ſake let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings;
How ſome have been depoſed, ſome ſlain in war;
Some haunted by the ghoſt they diſpoſſeſs'd;
Some poiſon'd by their wives; ſome ſleeping kill'd;
All murder'd—For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court; and there the antic ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp;
Allowing him a breath a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks:
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores thro' his caſtle walls, and farewel king!
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn rev'rence! throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while;
I live on bread like you, feel want like you;
Taſte grief, need friends, like you: ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me I am a king? SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XIV.

HOTSPUR AND GLENDOWER.

GLEN. Sit, coufin Percy; fit good coufin Hotfpur;
For by that name, as oft as Lancafter
Doth fpeak of you, his cheeks look pale! and with
A rifen figh he wifheth you in heaven.

HOT. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower fpoken of.

GLEN. I blame him not. At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery fhapes,
Of burning creffets: know that at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.

HOT. So it would have done
At the fame feafon if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, tho' yourfelf had ne'er been born.

GLEN. I fay the earth did fhake when I was born.

HOT. I fay the earth then was not of my mind;
If you fuppofe, as fearing you, it fhook.

GLEN. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

HOT. O! then the earth fhook to fee the heav'ns on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Difeafed Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ftrange eruptions; oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vex'd,
By the imprifoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement ftriving,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth and topples down
High tow'rs and mofs-grown fteeples. At your birth,
Our grandam Earth, with this diftemperature,
In paffion fhook.

GLEN. Coufin, of many men
I do not bear thefe croffings; give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery fhapes:
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ftrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields;
Thefe figns have mark'd me extraordinary,
And all the courfes of my life do fhow

I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living clipt in with the ſea
That chides the banks of England, Wales, and Scotland,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOT. I think there is no man ſpeaks better Welch.

GLEN. I can ſpeak Engliſh, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the Engliſh court;
Where, being young, I framed to the harp
Many an Engliſh ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never ſeen in you.

HOT. Marry! and I'm glad of it with all my heart:
I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew!
Than one of theſe ſame metre-balad mongers!
I'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.——

GLEN. And I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep.

HOT. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come when you do call for them?

GLEN. Why I can teach thee to command the devil.

HOT. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the devil,
By telling truth: "Tell truth and ſhame the devil."
If thou haſt power to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn I've power to ſhame him hence.
Oh! while you live, "Tell truth and ſhame the devil!"

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XV

HOTSPUR READING A LETTER.

——"But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear your houſe." He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? "In reſpect of the love he bears our houſe!" He ſhows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome

more.

more. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous." Why, that is certain; it is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this nettle Danger, we pluck this flower Safety. "The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this!—By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty spirited rogue this is? Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Are there not my father, my uncle, and myself, Lord Edmund, Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king and lay open all our proceedings. O I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the king. We are prepared; I will set forward to-night.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XVI.

HENRY IV.'s SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

HOW many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep? O gentle Sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
Why rather, Sleep, lay'st thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,

And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why lay'st thou with the vile
In lothsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common larum bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes;
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude?
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy lowly clown;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XVII.

HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. I NEVER thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
I stay too long by thee—I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou will needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will o'erwhelm thee.
Stay but a little: for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling, with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not:
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crown'd, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my hearſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms;
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the fifth is crown'd; up, Vanity!
Down Royal State! All you ſage counſellors, hence;
And to the Engliſh court aſſemble now,
From ev'ry region, apes of idleneſs!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd Licence plucks
The muzzle of Reſtraint! and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent!
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What will thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.
P. Hen. O pardon me, my liege! but for my tears
(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech)
I had foreſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart: If I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhow the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt my liege, to think you were)

I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold:
Other leſs fine in carat is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable!
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up." Thus, royal liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy)
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or will my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride,
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my ſon!
Heav'n put in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
By what bye-paths, and indirect crook'd ways.
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the ſoil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace. All their bold feats,
Thou ſeeſt, with peril I have anſwer'd;
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,

Fall

Falls upon thee in a much fairer sort,
For thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends;
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
To be again displac'd; which to avoid
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds,
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came to the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. HEN. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be;
Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world, will rightfully maintain.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XVIII.

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS.

WHAT's he that wishes for more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are now enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost:
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my lord, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hopes I have. Don't wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it (Weſtmoreland) through my hoſt,
That he which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of Criſpian:
He that outlives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouſe him at the name of Criſpian:
He that outlives this day, and ſees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,
And ſay, To-morrow is Saint Criſpian:
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhow his ſcars.
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
The feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names
Familiar in their mouth as houſehold words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Saliſbury and Gloſter,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon;
And Criſpin Criſpian ſhall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers!
For he to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he e'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon St. Criſpian's day.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XIX.

HENRY VI. WARWICK, AND CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

K. Hen. HOW fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort to thy ſovereign.

Car.

CAR. If thou be'ſt Death, I'll give thee England's treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no pain.
K. HEN. Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!
WAR. Beaufort, it is thy ſovereign ſpeaks to thee.
CAR. Bring me unto my trial when you will;
Di'd he not in his bed? Where ſhould he die?
Can I make men live whither they will or no?
Oh, torture me no more! I will confeſs——
Alive again? Then ſhow me where he is;
I'll give a thouſand pounds to look upon him——
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them;
Comb down his hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,
Like lime-twigs to catch my winged ſoul.
Give me ſome drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.
K. HENRY. O thou eternal Mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
Oh, beat away the buſy meddling fiend,
That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,
And from his boſom purge this black deſpair.
—Peace to his ſoul, if God's good pleaſure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'ſt on Heav'n's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no ſign! O God, forgive him.
WAR. So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.
K. HENRY. Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the curtain cloſe,
And let us all to meditation. SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XX.

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

WOL. FAREWEL, a long farewel to all my greatneſs?
This is the ſtate of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope: to-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a-ripening, nips his ſhoot;
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory;

But

But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again!——
Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROM. I have no power to speak, Sir.

WOL. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
I'm fall'n indeed.

CROM. How does your grace?

WOL. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now, and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me;
I humbly thank his grace; and, from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.
O, 'tis a burthen, Cromwell! 'tis a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n!

CROM. I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.

WOL. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T' indure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

CROM. The heaviest and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

WOL. God bless him.

CROM. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

WOL. That's somewhat sudden——
But he's a learn'd man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice

For

For truth's ſake and his conſcience; that his bones,
When he has run his courſe, and ſleeps in bleſſings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
What more?

CROM. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome;
inſtall'd Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

WOL. That's news indeed!

CROM. Laſt, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in ſecrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to Chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

WOL. There was the weight that pull'd me down;
O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have loſt for ever.
No ſun ſhall ever uſher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my ſmiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I'm a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and maſter. Seek the king,
(That ſun I pray may never ſet) I've told him
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will ſtir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful ſervice periſh too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not: make uſe now, and provide
For thine own future ſafety.

CROM. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leave you! Muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his lord:
The king ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever ſhall be yours.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries, but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman——
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I'm forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard, ſay then I taught thee;
Say, Wolſey, that once rode the waves of glory,

And ſounded all the depths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in:
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then
(Tho' th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe hearts that wait thee;
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right-hand carry gentle Peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'ſt O Cromwell!
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the king——
And pry'thee lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny; 'tis the king's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM. Good Sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court! my hopes in Heaven do dwell.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXI.

LEAR.

BLOW winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanes, ſpout
Till you have drench'd our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Singe my white head. And thou all ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world!
Crack Nature's mould, all germins ſpill at once
That make ungrateful man!
Rumble thy belly-full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure.—Here I ſtand your brave,

A poor,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man;
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainst a head,
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.
Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhip'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
That art incestuous! catiff, shake to pieces,
That under cover of convivial seeming,
Has practis'd on man's life—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
Those dreadful summoners grace!——I am a man,
More sinn'd against than sinning. SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXII.

MACBETH's SOLILOQUY.

IS this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch thee—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heart-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw———
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest——I see thee still;
And on the blade o' th' dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing—
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now, o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings: and wither'd Murther,
(Alarm'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
With

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rds his design
Moves like a ghost.——Thou sound and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about:
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat he lives——
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me;
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heav'n or to hell! SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXIII.

MACDUFF, MALCOLM, AND ROSSE.

MAC. SEE, who comes here!
MAL. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
MACD. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
MAL. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!
ROSSE. Sir. Amen.
MACD. Stands Scotland where it did?
ROSSE. Alas! poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrows seems
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for whom: and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying or e'er they sicken.
MACD. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
MAL. What's the newest grief?
ROSSE. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker
Each minute teams a new one.
MACD. How does my wife?
ROSSE. Why, well——
MACD. And all my children?
ROSSE. Well too!
MACD. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
ROSSE. No, they were at peace when I did leave 'em.
MACD. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes it?
ROSSE. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour

Of

Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneffed the rather,
For that I faw the tyrant's pow'r a-foot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create foldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire diftreffes.
  MAL. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thoufand men;
An elder and a better foldier, none
That Chriftendom gives out.
  ROSSE. Would I could anfwer
This comfort with the like! but I have words
That would be howl'd out in the defert air,
Where hearing fhould not catch them.
  MACD. What, concern they
The gen'ral caufe? or is it a free grief
Due to fome fingle breaft?
  ROSSE. No mind that's honeft
But in it fhares fome wo; tho' the main part
Pertains to you alone.
  MACD. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
  ROSSE. Let not your ears defpife my tongue for ever,
Which fhall poffefs them with the heavieft found,
That ever yet they heard.
  MACD. Hum! I guefs at it.
  ROSSE. Your caftle is furpris'd, your wife and babes
Savagely flaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of thefe murther'd deer,
To add the death of you.
  MAL. Merciful Heav'n!——
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows,
Give forrow words; the grief that does not fpeak,
Whifpers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.
  MACD. My children too?——
  ROSSE. Wife, children, fervants, all that could be found.
  MACD. And I muft be from thence! My wife kill'd too!
  ROSSE. I've faid.
  MAL. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

 MACD

MACD. He has no children—All my pretty ones!
Did you ſay all? What all? Oh, hell-kite! All?
MAL. Endure it like a man.
MACD. I ſhall do ſo;
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me. Did Heav'n look on,
And would not take their part! Sinful Macduff,
They were all ſtruck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls. Heav'n reſt them now!
MAL. Be this the whetſtone of your ſword, let grief
Convert to wrath; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
MACD. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heav'n!
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: front to front,
Bring thus this fiend of Scotland and myſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
Then Heav'n forgive him too.
MAL. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may
The night is long that never finds the day.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXIV.

ANTONY'S SOLILOQUY OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

O PARDON me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Wo to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſy,
(Which like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curſe ſhall light upon the line of men;
Domeſtic fury, and fierce civil ſtrife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,

That

That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXV.

ANTONY'S FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them:
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grevious fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral,
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason.—Bear with me.—
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember,
The first time ever Cæsar put it own,
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii——
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made.——
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd:
And as he pluck'd his curled steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
Judge, oh ye gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him;
This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:
And in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody Treason flourish'd over us.
O, now ye weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors—
Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To any sudden flood of mutiny;
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That loves my friend; and that they know full well

That

That gave me public leave to ſpeak of him :
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utt'rance, nor the pow'r of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood ; I only ſpeak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourſelves do know ;
Show you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths !
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there was an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue,
In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

CAS. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letter, praying on his ſide ;
Becauſe I knew the man was ſlighted of.

BRU. You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.

CAS. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence ſhould bear its comment.

BRU. Yet let me tell you, Caſſius, you yourſelf
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To ſell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.

CAS. I an itching palm ?
You know that you are Brutus that ſpake this,
Or, by the gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.

BRU. The name of Caſſius honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.

CAS. Chaſtiſement !

BRU. Remember March ! the ides of March remember !
Did not great Julius bleed for juſtice' ſake ?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice ? What ! ſhall one of us
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers ; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes,
And ſell the mighty meed of our large honour

For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a Roman.
CAS. Brutus, bay not me ;
I'll not endure it ; you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in ; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf,
To make conditions.
BRU. Go to : you are not, Caſſius.
CAS. I am.
BRU. I ſay, you are not.
CAS. Urge me no more ; I ſhall forget myſe
Have mind upon your health.—tempt me no
BRU. Away, ſlight man !
CAS. Is't poſſible :
BRU. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and Rome to your raſh choler
Shall I be frighted when a madman ſtares ?
CAS. O gods ! ye gods ! muſt I endure all th
BRU. All this ? ay more. Fret till your prou
break ;
Go tell your ſlaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I bu
Muſt I obſerve you ? muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour ? By the gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you : For from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.
CAS. Is it come to this ?
BRU. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier ;
Let it appear ſo ; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own p
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.
CAS. You wrong me every way—You wr
Brutus ;
I ſaid an elder ſoldier, not a better :
Did I ſay better ?
BRU. If you did, I care not.
CAS. When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have
mov'd me.
BRU. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
CAS. I durſt not !

BRU.

BRU. No.
CAS. What! durst not tempt him?
BRU. For your life you durst not.
CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do what I shall be sorry for.
BRU. You have done what you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold which you deny'd me;
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heav'n, I had rather coin my heart
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts
Dash him to pieces.
CAS. I deny'd you not.
BRU. You did.
CAS. I did not——he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
BRU. I do not; still you practise them on me.
CAS. You love me not.
BRU. I do not like your faults.
CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
BRU. A flatterer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd by a bondman; all his faults observ'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd and con'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep,

My

My ſpirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt—within, a heart
Dearer than Pluto's mine, richer than gold!
If that thou need'ſt a Roman's take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didſt at Cæſar; for I know,
When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'd'ſt Caſſius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;
Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour.
O Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire:
Which much inforced, ſhows a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Caſſius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confeſs ſo much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Caſſius; and from henceforth
When you are over earneſt with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXVII.

OTHELLO AND IAGO.

Iago. MY noble Lord——

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, Iago!

Iago. Did Michael Caſſio, when he woo'd my lady,
Know of your love!

Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt: why doſt thou aſk?

Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

IAGO. Indeed!

OTH. Indeed! ay indeed. Difcern'ft thou aught in that?
Is he not honeft?

IAGO. Honeft, my Lord?

OTH. Honeft, ay honeft.

IAGO. My Lord, for aught I know,

OTH. What doft thou think?

IAGO. Think, my Lord!

OTH. Think, my Lord! Why, by Heav'n thou echo'ft me,
As if there were fome monfter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be fhown. Thou doft mean fomething.
I heard thee fay but now, "thou lik'ft not that,"—
When Caffio left my wife. What didft not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counfel,
In my whole courfe of wooing; thou cry'd'ft, "Indeed!"
And didft contract and purfe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadft fhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou doft love me,
Show me thy thought.

IAGO. My Lord, you know I love you.

OTH. I think thou doft:
And, for I know, thou art full of love and honefty,
And weigh'ft thy words before thou giv'ft them breath,
Therefore thefe ftops of thine fright me the more;
For fuch things, in a falfe difloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuftom; but in a man that's juft,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That paffion cannot rule.

IAGO. For Michael Caffio,
I dare be fworn, I think, that he is honeft?

OTH. I think fo too.

IAGO. Men fhould be what they feem;
Or, thofe that be not, would they might feem knaves.

OTH. Certain! men fhould be what they feem.

IAGO. Why, then I think Caffio's an honeft man.

OTH. Nay, yet there's more in this.
I pray thee fpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doft ruminate: and give thy worft of thoughts
The worft of words.

IAGO. Good my Lord, pardon me,
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all flaves are free to;

Utter

Utter my thoughts!—Why, say, they're vile and false;
As where's that palace, whereunto foul things
Sometimes intrude not: Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?
OTH. Thou dost conspire against thy friend Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
IAGO. I do beseech you,
Think I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
(As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To 'spy into abuse; and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not) I intreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
Your wisdom would not build yourself a trouble
Out of my scattered and unsure observance:
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, and wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
OTH. What dost thou mean!
IAGO. Good name in man or woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
OTH. I'll know thy thoughts——
IAGO. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not whilst 'tis in my custody.
OTH. Ha!
IAGO. O beware, my Lord, of jealousy:
It is a green-ey'd monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliss
Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves.
OTH. O misery!
IAGO. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough:
But riches endless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good Heav'n! the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

OTH. Why, why is this?
Think'ſt thou I'd make a life of jealouſy?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions?—'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe make more virtuous.
Nor from my own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, Iago,
I'll ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love or jealouſy.

IAGO. I am glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhow the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with Caſſio:
Wear your eye—thus; not jealous nor ſecure!
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In Venice they do let Heav'n ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhow their huſbands.

OTH. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

IAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

OTH. And ſo ſhe did.

IAGO. Go to then;
She, that ſo young could give out ſuch a ſeeming
To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak——
He thought 'twas witchcraft—But I'm much to blame;
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

OTH. I am bound to you for ever.

IAGO. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.

OTH. Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO. Truſt me, I fear it has:
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But I do ſee you're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, not to larger reach,

Than

Than to ſuſpicion.

OTH. I will not.

IAGO. Should you do ſo, my lord,
My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at. Caſſio's my worthy friend.
My lord, I ſee you mov'd ——

OTH. No, not much mov'd——
I do not think but Deſdemona's honeſt.

IAGO. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!

OTH. And yet how nature's erring from itſelf—

IAGO. Ay, there's the point!—as (to be bold with you)
Not to effect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things Nature tends.
Foh! one may ſmell in ſuch a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her; though I may fear,
Her will recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And haply ſo repent.

OTH. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t' obſerve. Leave me Iago.

IAGO. My Lord, I take my leave.

OTH. Why did I marry?——
This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more than he unfolds.

IAGO. My Lord, I would I might intreat your honour
To ſcan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that Caſſio have his place,
(For ſure he fills it up with great ability;)
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off awhile,
You ſhall by that perceive him and his means;
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity:
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I am to fear I am)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your honour.

OTH. Fear not my government.

IAGO. I once more take my leave. SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

HAMLET's SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER's MARRIAGE.

OH that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't; oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to ſeed; things rank and groſs in nature
Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two:
So excellent a king, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr; ſo loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember!—Why ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: yet within a month——
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere thoſe ſhoes were old
With which ſhe followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears—Why, ſhe, even ſhe——
(O Heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer)—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her galled eyes,
She married—O moſt wicked ſpeed to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXIX.

HAMLET AND GHOST.

HAM. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,

Be thy intent wicked or charitable,
That I will fpeak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: Oh! anfwer me;
Let me not burft in ignorance: but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearfed in earth,
Have burft their cearments? why the fepulchre,
Wherein we faw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his pond'rous and marble jaws,
To caft thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou, dead corfe, again in complete fteel,
Revifit'ft thus the glimpfes of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to fhake our difpofition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our fouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what fhould we do?
GHOST. Mark me.———
HAM. I will.
GHOST. My hour is almoft come,
When I to fulphureous and tormenting flames
Muft render up myfelf.
HAM. Alas, poor Ghoft!
GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy ferious hearing
To what I fhall unfold.
HAM. Speak, I am bound to hear.
GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou fhalt hear.
HAM. What?
GHOST. I am thy father's fpirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to faft in fire:
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But, that I am forbid
To tell the fecrets of my prifon-houfe.
I could a tale unfold, whofe lighteft word
Would harrow up thy foul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ftars, ftart from their fpheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks, to part,
And each particular hair to ftand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muft not be
To ears of flefh and blood. Lift, lift, oh lift!
If thou didft ever thy dear father love———
HAM. O heav'n!
GHOST. Revenge his foul, and moft unnatural murder.

HAM. Murder!
GHOST. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
HAM. Haſte me to know it, that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May fly to my revenge.
GHOST. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's wharf
Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now Hamlet, hear;
'Tis giv'n out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. So the whole ear of Denmark,
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.
HAM. O my prophetic ſoul! my uncle;
GHOST. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce?) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming virtuous Queen.
Oh, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
But ſoft! methinks I ſcent the morning air———
Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always in the afternoon,
Upon my ſecurer hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed ebony in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour
The lep'rous diſtilment———
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of Queen, at once bereft;
Cut off ev'n in the bloſſoms of my ſin;
No reck'ning made! but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head!
HAM. Oh horrible! oh horrible! moſt horrible!
GHOST. If thou haſt nature in thee bear it not;
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to Heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhows the matin to be near,

And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu! Remember me.
HAM. Oh, all ye host of heav'n! oh earth! what else!
And shall I couple hell? oh fie! hold, my heart!—
And you my sinews, grow not instant old!
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe! Remember thee!
Yea, from the tablet of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXX.

HAMLET's SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

TO be, or not to be?—that is the question.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die—to sleep—
No more: and by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to:—'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die---to sleep---
To sleep! perchance to dream!---ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.---There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns o' th' time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXXI.

SOLILOQUY OF THE KING IN HAMLET.

OH! my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't;
A brother's murder!---Pray I cannot:
Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent:
And like a man to double business bound
I stand in pause, where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in pray'r, but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down?---Then I'll look up:
My fault is past---But oh, what form of pray'r
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder?---
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder.
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by Justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the laws. But 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling: there the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! oh bosom black as death!

Oh limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! help angels! make assay!
Bow stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXXII.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA's DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthened notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn, organs blow.
Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steals upon the ear;
Now louder and yet louder rise,
And fill with spreading sounds the skies.
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;
Till by degrees remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

By music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds:
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds.
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions bear away their rage.

But

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic ev'ry boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms;
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade;
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when thro' all the infernal bounds
Which flaming Phlegethon ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd
O'er all the dreary coaſts?
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of wo,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſt reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Syſiphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale Spectres dance!
The Furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er the Elyſian flow'rs;
By theſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or amaranthine bow'rs;

By the heroes armed shades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wandering in the myrtle grove,
Reftore, reftore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the hufband, or return the wife!
He fung, and Hell confented
To hear the Poet's pray'r:
Stern Proferpine relented,
And gave him back the fair:
Thus Song could prevail
O'er death and o'er hell,
A conqueft how hard and how glorious
Tho' fate had faft bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet mufic and love were victorious.

But foon, too foon, the lover turns his eyes,
Again fhe falls, again fhe dies, fhe dies!
How wilt thou now the Fatal Sifters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Befide the fall of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoft
For ever, ever, loft!
Now with furies furrounded,
Defpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidft Rhodope's fnows:
See! wild as the winds, o'er the defert he flies!
Hark! Hæmus refounds with the Bacchanals' cries—
Ah fee he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he fung,
Eurydice ftill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice, the woods,
Eurydice, the floods,
Eurydice, the rocks and hollow mountains rung.
Mufic the fierceft grief can charm,
And Fate's fevereft rage difarm;

Mufic

Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful choir,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Her's lift the ſoul to heav'n. POPE.

CHAP. XXXIII.

ALEXANDER's FEAST.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt for Perſia won,
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The godlike hero ſat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtle bound:
So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his ſide
Sat like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair;.
Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove;
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant ſpheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,

And

And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world !——
The liſt'ning crow'd admire the lofty ſound ;
A preſent deity they ſhout around,
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

The praiſe of Bacchus then the ſweet muſician ſung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young ;
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums :
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhows his honeſt face.
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes !
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain :
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldier's pleaſure ;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure ;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

Sooth'd with the ſound, the king grew vain :
Fought all his battles o'er again :
And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe ;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd.
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe,
Soft pity to infuſe :
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood :
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.

With downcaſt look the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolting in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a ſigh he ſtole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd to ſee
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred ſoul to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures,
War, he ſung, is toil and trouble:
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thias ſits beſide thee
Take the good the gods provide thee.——
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.
The prince unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair,
Who cauſ'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again;
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſt,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder ſtrain;
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouſe him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the Furies ariſe,
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in the air,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!

Behold

Behold a ghoftly band,
Each a torch in his hand,
Thefe are Grecian ghofts that in battle were flain,
And unbury'd remain,
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they tofs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perfian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoftile gods!
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king feiz'd a flambeau with zeal to deftroy
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

[illegible] long ago,
[illegible]aving bellows learn'd to blow,
[illegible]le organs yet were mute;
[illegible]otheus to his breathing flute
[illegible]nd founding lyre,
[illegible]l fwell the foul to rage, or kindle foft defire;
At laft divine Cecilia came,
Inventrefs of the vocal frame;
[illegible]e fweet enthufiaft, from her facred ftore
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to folemn found,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before;
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the fkies,
She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

THE END.